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CHOY SUSAN.

I.

THE ADVENT OF TEN MOON.

LESTER BALDWIN, storekeeper down at Sloan's Camp, arrived one morning at a Chinese fishing-village on the shore of the wide Pacific Ocean, in search of a few more hands for the railroad.

Instead of inquiring for the "bossee man" of the village, it was, strangely enough, a woman, Choy Susan, to whom he directed himself. Choy Susan enjoyed in the Celestial community — partly through innate force of character, and partly as the only one who had mastered the English speech, and thus made herself of invaluable use in business dealings with the outside world — a position quite unusual with her sex.

For the moment she was not at home. Nor was her partner, Yuen Wa, a superannuated old man whom she employed to tend shop for her during her frequent absences, which often included even bold excursions to the fishing-grounds.

As the storekeeper stood knocking at her door, he may be described as a person of lank figure, "sandy-complected," as he himself would have said, with a sandy "goatee," and a slight cast in one eye. He had, when he spoke, a chronic huskiness of voice. He was known to his friends not at all as Lester, but "Yank," or Yankee, Baldwin.

A large green parrot, the unsociable "Tong," hung out in a wooden cage beside the door, woke up, and delivered a torrent of jargon, probably abuse, in response to his knock.

"Quack-a-lee! cack-a-lee-lee-ee! *whoo-oosh!* You're another," returned Yank Baldwin, in a facetious mood, by way of a reply in kind, and went on further in his search.

The village had a deserted look that day. Even some doors which had stood ajar on the storekeeper's first approach now churlishly closed. There was no one near the tawdry little out-of-doors theatre, no one at the fane of Hop Wo; there were no smooth polls being scraped at the barber-shop. A person at the smoky little cabaret, with its heavy wooden tables, who was engaged in preparing a confection of hog's fat and sweetmeats for the noonday meal, answered shortly to inquiries only "Twel' o'clock!" and could not be induced to say another word.

"I'd like to wring" — began Yank Baldwin, upon this, indignantly; but then, "Oh, well, what's the use!"

He saw some men at a distance, on the beach, by a smoking tar-kettle among the bowlders, apparently mending a boat. He was betaking himself thither, and had reached a point where a grotesque idol, a deity of fishermen, was squatted on a flat rock among the dwellings, when

he heard himself hailed: "Eh, one man! where you go?"

It was Choy Susan herself, who had perhaps observed his quest, and now came out, laying aside some occupation in a shed used for storage. She waddled towards him, her ample form costumed in wide jacket and pantaloons of a shiny black cotton, men's gaiters on her large feet, and a bunch of keys dangling from her girdle. Her skin was plentifully marked with the traces left by small-pox.

"Oh, is that you, Choy Susan? How dy do?"

"How do?" replied Choy Susan, severely.

"It's a month o' Sundays since I've seen you, Susan. I declare, it's good for weak eyes to set 'em on a fine, strappin', handsome woman like you, agin."

"Too much dam' talkee! What want?" responded the Chinese woman, treating this ingratiatory palaver with brusque contempt.

"Well, we'll get down to business right away, then, if you say so. Say! I want catchee about a dozen good China boys to go down workee on railroad, Miller's division."

"No, can't catchee nothin' here. Man all gone fish. Bimeby, some time, other day."

"Good pay! plenty eat! plenty mach rice!" said the other, continuing imperturbably, and making pantomime of raising food to the mouth with both hands. "I knew you was the one to come to. Sez I, 'If Choy Susan can't git 'em for us, nobody kin.'"

"Too much talkee! No, can't catchee nothing."

And she made as if about to bluntly conclude the interview and go back to her occupation.

"It's probably Easterby that would want 'em, if they was wanted," appealed the applicant. "You know Easterby, you know. He's a white man."

"Mist' Easte'by he a daisy," she re-

turned. She seemed mollified at the name, and gazed up the street as if now more inclined to consider the matter. This Easterby, in fact, had ingratiated himself with her of old by some politeness or service, — a way he had with people.

The village consisted of a long main street of wooden cabins, silvered gray by the weather, with a motley cluster, nearer shore, of fish-houses, strange dismantled boats, odd tackles, and, above them, frames of tall poles, along which were strung rows of fish to dry. The site was amid rugged bowlders, silvery-gray like the houses. Bright spots of color, the patches of red and yellow papers inscribed with hieroglyphics, a pennant, a tasseled glass lantern, a carved and gilded sign, scattered through it all, might serve from a distance as a reminder of the vivid spring wild-~~the~~ rest now vanished from the brown, dry, summer pastures.

Just in the edge of the expansive blue bay beneath lay at anchor the Chinese junk, the Good Success and Golden Profits, — to transcribe into practicable form the mystic blazonry of her title in the original, — which had come round on her periodic trip from San Francisco, to gather up the product of the fishing industry and bring a freight of salt and empty barrels. She had discharged cargo, and all at present was as quiet on board of her as elsewhere.

"That's right, now," pursued Yank Baldwin, following up his advantage. "Easterby's allers said your bark was worse than your bite."

Choy Susan's bark *was*, in fact, worse than her bite. She was plainly in the habit of being much bowed down before and deferred to; and this, together with her practice of defending herself against mockers, of whom she had met with many among "Melican" men, in a long experience, had given her a manner bluff, masculine, and inclining to surly rudeness. But this was in part a defense,

as has been said; and there were moments when, under her unsmiling exterior, she almost seemed to appreciate the humor of herself.

She prided herself on giving back to mockers as good as they sent, in their own vernacular. She had learned her English first at the Stockton Street Mission at San Francisco, of which she had once been an inmate, and perfected it at the mines at Bodie. Now Bodie was a place where it was charged that they would steal a red-hot stove with a fire in it, and "a bad man from Bodie" had passed into a proverb for what was lawless and terrorizing. At this university she had picked up a choice store of slang likely to be useful to her in her way of life, together with her half-English name and independent methods of action, which made her an awe-inspiring figure before the eyes of her fellow-countrymen.

The negotiation for laborers had progressed to about the point indicated when a prodigious clattering of hoofs was heard in the distance. On they came, drawing nearer, the sound increasing to a phenomenal racket.

"Ger-eat Scott!" cried Yank Baldwin, pulling his hat down upon his head and running around a corner to see the more clearly, followed by Choy Susan.

A horseman came tearing into the settlement like a comet come ashore. It was a Chinaman, mounted on a small roan steed, which snorted, wheezed, kicked, and bolted in the most extraordinary manner. The Chinaman's loose clothing ballooned in the wind, his eyes were starting from his head in terror, and at every plunge of the animal he bounded high from the saddle.

A stride or two more, and they were here; another, and they were gone far up the street.

A sudden population, now appearing, — wherever they had been, — rushed out and threw themselves in the track

of the flying cavalier, crying after him in tones of agonized entreaty, —

"Ten Moon! Ten Moon!"

"Ten Moon!" shrieked the parrot, Tong, at Choy Susan's door, in goblin-like mockery.

Never, perhaps, since the days of the "fiery untamed steed" of Mazeppa, or since Roland brought the good news to Ghent, had equestrian arrived anywhere in more redoubtable haste than this.

"Well, if it ain't Ten Moon, cook o' the Palace Boardin' House, on my pony, Rattleweed! Oho! ho! ho-o! The boys has put up a job on him!" cried Yank Baldwin, slapping himself on the thigh with a coarse big hand. "A Chinaman on horseback!" he continued: "that beats a sailor, and they beat the Dutch," and he doubled himself up in convulsions of delight.

Turning inadvertently about, in his amusement, he discovered a new figure, a pleasing young woman, standing behind him. He reported at camp afterwards that he was "dead gone on" her from the first instant. She had come quietly out of the storage shed, where she had been in conference with Choy Susan.

She was attired in brown merino, with several furbelows on the skirt, and at the neck a wide linen collar of fresh appearance, and her brown hair was neatly smoothed. Her girlish face, of a clear paleness, had the features rather small, and a somewhat long upper lip which contributed to give her a thoughtful cast. She wore a flamboyant hat, which might have been the mode on the Eastern seaboard some years before. The knowing in such matters would have detected considerable trace of rusticity, but to Yank Baldwin she seemed the epitome of elegant distinction, — a person far beyond all those he was in the habit of seeing in his way of life. He considered her "high-toned," or "tony," in the extreme; and a thought of infidelity to one Spanish Luisa occurred to him.

He immediately drew a long face, as if his mirth were not decorous before the stranger. He threw out, by way of overture at conversation, the remark, —

“A pleasant *day!*”

“Yes, it *is* a pleasant day.”

But she gave him very little heed; her glance was following with a painful intensity the flying form of Ten Moon.

“Oh, he will be hurt; he will be killed, will he not?” she cried, clasping her hands tightly as the rider disappeared brusquely around a turn.

“Yes, I s’pose so; that is, I hope so,” replied the storekeeper nonchalantly, quite as if it were a matter of course.

The trio were walking onward to witness the end of the adventure, which must certainly now be near its close, among the narrow by-ways of the place; and Choy Susan was a little behind the two.

“You talk so about a fellow-being?” said the young girl, turning upon him indignantly.

“Well, may be they is feller-bein’s. I dunno but they is,” he returned, weakening under her glance, and taking an apologetic tone. “I dunno’s I’ve got anything so particular agin ’em, if *you* hain’t.”

He apparently began to admire the spirit and originality of her ideas, as well as her good looks.

“The Chinese has got to *go*, though, I s’pose?” he suggested inquiringly.

“Well, that’s no reason for wanting them all to be fatally injured while they’re here.”

But she had a much closer interest than general benevolence for the race in this, her messenger; for her messenger Ten Moon was.

“What is the matter with the pony, and why do they call him Rattleweed?” she now condescended to inquire.

“They’ve got to call him *something*,” he replied, as if this were a full and complete explanation.

“Oh!” was her only comment, taking him in his own way, which pleased him; and before he could begin the further explanation he intended, he was suddenly called away to take part in a curious *mêlée* which met their eyes in front.

The fiery little animal, after circulating impatiently in various by-ways, had been checked by rocks and fishing paraphernalia, forming a *cul-de-sac*. This had given time for assistance to come up. Some had thrown their arms wildly about his neck; others had seized Ten Moon’s legs; still others endeavored, with ropes, sticks, and poles, to snare the fuming pony and throw him down.

Taken thus at a disadvantage, Rattleweed now at last succumbed, with a certain expression of duty accomplished. He went down amid great clamor. Ten Moon still in the saddle, and the falling upon these in a confused mass.

All emerged from this chaos, miraculous to say, with but few bruises and practically unharmed. When Ten Moon had well felt of his bones and found that none of them were broken, he began a voluble recital of his story to the crowd. The young surveyors down at Sloan’s Camp, he said, had mounted him on this never-to-be-sufficiently-accursed animal, under pretense of kindness, on his return from an errand to that place. The audience looked at each other in indignant disgust, and expressed in shrill tones their opinion of the baseness of the surveyors aforesaid.

Choy Susan, with her air of authority, strode forward and interrupted this. She touched the narrator on the shoulder, took him aside, and listened to a report of his mission. Then she returned to her companion, the stranger, and reported in turn: —

“Ten Moon no got answer. No could find Mist’ Easte’by. Easte’by gone way now, down Miller’s Camp. They send letter if he no come back light away, bimeby, plitty click.”

The girl seemed to make an effort at first to repress strong feeling; then broke out with a despairing cry, "Oh, what *shall* I do if he does not get my letter at all?"

The female interpreter and autocrat of the Chinese village looked at her in open surprise. An expression of shrewd insight succeeded this.

"You want marry Mist' Easte'by? He you' beau?" she asked in a tone of bluff friendliness.

"Oh, Choy Susan, my father is going to make me marry another man! He has gone down to Soledad now, to bring him back with him. When they return, it will have to be done. My father is a—a bishop of our faith, and he will marry us himself."

"Why you stay here, then?"

"I got my father to leave me under pretense of sickness. I told him I could not travel any further in the jolting stage."

"So you want see East'by?"

"It was by the merest accident I knew he was here. I saw his name in a newspaper as among the surveyors at this place."

"How you come know he?"

Choy Susan propounded her questions with a dry, almost inquisitorial air.

"I used to know him when he was surveying down at Lehi, on the Utah Central, and afterwards at Salt Lake City. It is a very long time since I have seen him. He used to talk to me about—about—running away, and going to join his mother and sisters."

"So you goin' run away, now?"

"Oh, Choy Susan, how can I? He has n't asked me. He does n't know I am here—I don't want to marry *anybody*—*ever*. I only want somebody to *sympathize* with me—to *know*."

She burst into hysterical sobs, and put her handkerchief to her face.

"Finding you here, I—I thought I would get you to take a note to him," she added: "but he will never get it."

"Um!" commented Choy Susan. "This new husbin, he Mormin, too? Takee plenty more wife, alle same likee Chinaman?"

"Yes, he is Mormon, too. They would not let me marry any other. They would call it my everlasting perdition. He is a relation of mine. I've only seen him once—and he is old, and—and ugly—and I *hate* him."

"No good for woman to marry man what got plenty otha wife," said Choy Susan, with a philosophic and final air, after a pause. "My makee big mistake myself."

"Ah?"

The listener turned an attentive ear to sympathetic wisdom even from this rude source.

"Yes. You heap good look, but heap good look can catch all same plenty bad time,"—a way of saying, no doubt, that beauty may be coupled with a hapless fate, which we know is true enough. "My know how it was myself," she continued. "My husbin name Hop Lee. I marry Hop Lee when I Jesus girl, down Stockton Street Mission. He Jesus boy, too."

"Oh, you were Christians?"

"One time; not now. I tellee you. Hop Lee he say, 'You marry me; I got heap big store, heap money. You no work sewin'-m'chine; you catch plenty good time, plenty loaf. I no takee more wife.'"

"He promised you not to marry again?"

"He plomise." The speaker closed an eye shrewdly; then, reopened it. "Bimeby plitty click I get sick, small-pock. He say, 'You no good. Shut up! I goin' bling otha wife.' He bling two more wife. They beatee me; make work sewin'-m'chine all time, all time, likee slave."

"Poor Choy Susan!"

"So one day I run away. Catch money and man clothes, catchee railroad, and come Salt Lake."

"And that was the time when you broke your arm, and I met you there?"

"Yes, you helpa me. Bimeby I go Bodie; then come here, get pardner, go fish, and kleep store."

"And what has become of Hop Lee?"

"He dead," said Choy Susan contemptuously. "I pray Jesus 'ligion first time makee Hop Lee die, but it no makee die. Then I pray China 'ligion makee die, and China 'ligion makee die, and both wife too, right away, plitty click. China joss much good. Jesus 'ligion no good."

"Oh, no, you must not say that!" expostulated the girl; but she was soon led back to her own affair, to which the Chinese interpreter returned.

"When your father and other man comin' back?" inquired the latter.

"Inside of four or five days; and then it will have to be done." The fair speaker whimpered tearfully again.

"Oh, plenty much time! plenty much time!" reassuringly. "Easte'by he get letter, he come. You see!"

Yank Baldwin came up and interrupted, having now rescued his eccentric pony from the chaotic scramble, and secured him in a place of safety.

"Crazy as a bedbug!" he now condescended to explain. "He's eat some o' this here rattle-weed, or loco-weed, what grows in the pastures. It gives 'em kind o' jim-jams. He goes like that every time he starts out. Never knows when to stop. He'd run himself to death if he had room. Run away once in a paymaster's wagon, with seven thousand dollars under the seat. Was out all night, and found in the woods next mornin', fast asleep on his feet."

His new acquaintance made a polite pretense of listening, but was furtively edging off at the same time to take her departure.

"He'll go down, some day, all of a heap, like the sun in the tropics," said the man, following her up. "There's

folks like that, too,—always on the dead jump, always burnin' the candle at both ends. I dunno but what I've been a good deal that way myself 'fore now. I've been thinkin', though, that it's 'bout time for me to settle down, and get me a good, spry, harnsome wife."

He accompanied this speech with such a glance of bold admiration that his meaning was plainly evident.

Yank Baldwin's theory was that of "love at first sight," and not confined to a special occasion, either. His stock of devotion lay very near the surface, and he made prompt demands upon it. It was told of him that he had once proposed to a waiter-girl at Frisco on her bringing him his second cup of coffee, and was only distanced by a companion who had already secured her after the first.

The stranger did not remain long to listen to his gallantries, but now tripped demurely away from the hamlet in the direction of the Palace Boarding House, at no great distance.

"Who is she?" inquired Baldwin sententiously, looking after her.

"She one o' them Mormins,—friend o' mine over to Salt Lake."

"She ain't no Mormon," he said, in strong incredulity.

"She *Mormon*,—you hear me?" severely. "Goin' marry man with heap other wife all same like Chinaman."

"Go way!" He whistled softly.

"You go way!" returned Choy Susan, in her most rowdy manner.

"Where's she stoppin'?" the store-keeper inquired again, after a reflective pause.

"Palace Boardin' House."

"That's where I take my meals myself, when I'm here from camp. I'm goin' there now."

He whistled several times more,—low whistles of peculiar meaning.

"What was Ten Moon up to, down to camp?" he asked.

"I guess he gone down see China

cook there," his informant responded nonchalantly. "He goin' back China day after to-morra. He take boat down there," pointing to the junk on the bay; "then big boat on big water from Frisco."

With this they returned again to the matter of the hands needed for the railroad. Yank Baldwin interrupted once more in the midst of it, however, as if dismissing, in a final way, an absurd idea that might have flashed through his brain.

"No Mormon in *mine*! Not any! That ain't what I'm *after*. Spanish Luisa's better 'n *that*, a mighty sight."

It was necessary to see Yuen Wa, Choy Susan's "pardner," about the negotiation. He had been a contractor for labor in his time, and still kept, more or less, the run of such matters. He was found at his place now in the stuffy little shop, full of curious budgets, specimens of the fine large *avallonia* shells found on the beach, dried *avallonia* meats and dried goose livers, opium pipes, sticks of India ink, silver jewelry, and packets of face powder. He sat behind the counter, a wizened little old man, with a thin, piping voice, reticent of speech, and more like one of his own idols than anything else. It was easy to see that he was a person of minor importance as compared with his more vigorous feminine associate.

"All our available labor," explained Yuen Wa in substance, "will be needed to-morrow and the day after for getting the Good Success and Golden Profits off to sea. After that, I must tell you, we begin a season of 'good' days, a festival of a week or so, when nobody will work at anything. But after that" —

"Never mind," replied Yank Baldwin. "I'll go over and see them Eye-talians at Monterey. May be I kin get enough o' them. If I can't, I'll come and see you again. And may be they won't be needed at all. It's kinder on-sartain."

Upon that he was going away, when the Chinese woman picked up from the top of a box in a corner a couple of small English volumes.

"B'long to she," she said. "Leaveve here when she come see me, yest'd'y, I guess."

"Whose? Hern?" said Yank Baldwin, standing beside her as she opened them. "I'm goin' back that way. I'll give 'em to her," and he took, almost snatched, them from her.

One was a book of theological doctrine of the church of Mormon, or Latter-Day Saints; the other, a novel, of peculiarly affecting and tender love passages. In the former was inscribed, in a prim, small, girlish hand, a name — probably that of the owner — in full, as thus: *Marcella Eudora Gilham, Deseret University, Salt Lake City*. Under it was a date of about three years earlier, when she had no doubt been attendant upon that institution.

Chosen passages of doctrine were heavily underscored with pencil, as if they had been the subject of peculiar wrestling and study, or perhaps, again, in triumphant recognition of their force against error.

Yank Baldwin turned these volumes musingly, as he went along, — more than once nearly coming to grief over obstructions on the road, — and whistled softly to himself a great many times.

II.

THE PALACE BOARDING HOUSE.

The Palace Boarding House had once been an inn. It enjoyed a slight revival of prosperity at present from the recent burning down of the only hotel in the American town of Monterey, adjoining on the one hand, as did the Chinese village on the other. It lay at the intersection of cross-roads, leading up and down the coast and back into the

country. Behind it were great dusky woods of a moss-hung pine and cypress peculiar to the place, and in front was the sea, palisaded by high cliffs.

The building was a large shingle edifice, in but shabby repair. Its title was not borne out by the facts, but was only a tribute from the florid imagination of the place.

At a corner of the shabby veranda creaked a signboard, reading

PALACE BOARDING HOUSE.

SQUARE MEALS, \$1.00.

BY MRS. JANE McCURDY.

Some hens were scratching about the sterile door-yard, and a colt, his head triced up in a breaking-bridle, was wandering there, with a portentous air of feeling the indignity of his situation.

Yank Baldwin was late at dinner, and it happened that his new acquaintance, Miss Marcella Eudora Gilham, was the only guest with him at table. He was so impressed anew that he forgot for some time to give her back her books. He paused at times with his fork half raised to his mouth, in admiration. She had made some little new adjustments to her toilette. Her hair was smoother than before. He contrasted her with the somewhat frowzy style of Spanish Luisa, of Monterey; and though the raven tresses, the heavy brows, and the soft and melting mouth of this latter were of genuine attraction, he felt the contrast as most unfavorable to her memory.

Finally he bethought him of the recovered books, and made various other ingratiating advances, but without notable success.

"If she wa'n't Mormon, I don't s'pose I could expect her to look at the same side o' the road I was on," he thought.

Mrs. Jane McCurdy, the landlady, now came in from her labors in the kitchen to her own dinner.

"Mr. Bald'in, he's connected with the new railroad," she said to Marcella, by way of aiding to bring about a sociable feeling between the two.

"My son, he's allers follered firin', on the railroad, too, or else teamin', one. I dunno just what *is* become of him now," she continued, foraging about and making judicious selections among the lukewarm viands.

It seemed as if Marcella regarded the storekeeper with an increase of interest after this. She took a certain meditative way of looking at him, and talked amiably on general topics.

"Somebody was sayin' she was a Mormon," suggested Yank Baldwin to the landlady, when the girl had left the room.

"I expect she is," sighed that hard-worked woman in a weary way.

"Josephite, then, most likely? I've seen Josephites down San Bernardino way. They ain't no great different from other folks."

"No, I expect she's one o' the reglar uns."

"Not solid Mormon?"

"*Solid*," said Mrs. McCurdy, shutting out the last ray of hope, as she peeled a cold boiled potato.

Yank Baldwin groaned mentally.

"Her father, he's a kind o' bishop, or apostle, among 'em, I guess," went on the landlady in a gossiping way; "round this way to visit among the brethren and do a stroke o' business too in introducin' goods. I see his cards with Zion's Co-oppyrative Bazaar on 'em, and a pile o' tracts on religion, in his room. They went over to sell some things to the China stores the day they came, and the girl run acrost Choy Susan, who, it 'pears, she knew of old."

"So I hear."

"There's a kind o' scatterin' of the brethren round through here, I understan', on account o' some bein' left after the Mexikin war, and they're formin' new settlements, too. They say they're

a-goin' to settle all over everything after a while."

"Sho!" said Yank Baldwin.

"I've had consid'able many of 'em stop with me. Fact is, I had a sister among 'em oncet. They roped her in, some way, down in Illinois, in early times. She used to see hull quires of angils; I dunno but what 't was reams."

"Well, how 's business?" inquired the storekeeper, affecting a brisk air as he put on his wide slouch hat, after finishing his meal.

"You know of any good China cook?" returned the landlady, answering this question with another. "Ten Moon, he's goin' away, goin' back to his own country, and I've got to have somebody else. Them camp-meetin' folks'll be down this way, too, pretty quick, to open up at Pacific Grove, and that allers makes consid'able extra eatin'. Rev. Samyil Snow has writ. He gin'rally writes to let me know they're comin'."

"You better hustle round lively, then," said Baldwin. "The head o' construction 's goin' to be moved up this way, from Sloan's Camp. I should n't wonder if we started in three or four days. That'll make *more* square meals for you."

Marcella Gilham was waiting for him on the veranda, as he came out. She talked awhile on general matters; then asked as if by the way, —

"Oh, are you acquainted with a young man on the railroad named Rufus D. Easterby?"

"What, *Rufe*? Rufus D? I should say so."

"He is a chain-man, with the surveyors."

"He ain't no chain-man *now*. He's got to be transit-man now, at seventy-five dollars a month and found. Picked it up himself. Picks up everything. You know him?"

"I have met him," she replied evasively.

"Well, you've met a bang-up smart

feller, and a good un, — that 's all I've got to say. He's bound to be division engineer himself 'fore a great while, is Rufus."

"If you happen to see him, perhaps you will mention that you have seen me here."

"O' course I will; o' course I'll mention it. He often comes into my tent of an evening and chins. He's give me advice more 'n once that I've follered out and made money on it."

Marcella was very gracious, at considerable length, to the storekeeper. As he mounted to ride off she said, —

"I hope I shall have the pleasure of seeing you again."

Then she turned away, and said to herself mournfully, "If I have made a sufficiently good impression, and the letter should miscarry, this man may still bring me news of him."

"Well, be good to yourself!" said Yank Baldwin, galloping away on his queer pony, who had no terrors for him. He was immensely flattered by her favor.

"Hopes she'll have the pleasure o' seein' me again, does she?" he soliloquized. "*Pity*, her bein' a Mormon. Should n't wonder, now, if I could convert that there girl over, if I was a mind to, as easy as rollin' off a log."

He repeated many times more in the course of that evening, "*Pity*, her bein' Mormon, ain't it?" together with the reflection about converting her. Converting her to what? Yank Baldwin's own theological convictions would have been extremely hard to determine.

He wandered in an aimless way about his store, where he had a stock of overalls, cowhide boots, blankets, tin cups, powder and shot, kerosene, and bags of meal and potatoes, distributed on the ground and upon a rude counter and shelves. The usual visitors came in, and sat around a barrel in the centre.

The inspiration suddenly took him that he might as well move his store on

the morrow, and not wait. He should be near her and would have leisure in the few days before the rest of the camp should follow to amply cultivate her acquaintance. Some Indians, a mongrel, beggarly set of the neighborhood, came in to buy stove-blackening. They were using it now as a choice article of face-paint; and the transaction, almost the only one of the evening, completed his readiness to go.

"No use o' stayin' here; there ain't no business doin'," he said, addressing a couple of young fellows who had hauled supplies into camp, and had a team there vacant. "Say, young roosters! what'll you take, to move me and fixtures complete up to the new place, right away to-morrer?"

The teamsters thus addressed named a price.

"You don't want the *job*," he said curtly, upon hearing it.

"The feed of the horses will cost so much," they argued.

"No livin' horses can eat so much," he returned.

"The tent alone will make one load."

"No, it won't make not half a load."

"It will take a couple of days to do it."

"Why, you'll have it all done by to-morrer noon."

The "young roosters" united in a cry of indignation.

"Oh, I mean if you *work*," said the storekeeper contemptuously; "and when I say work, I don't mean dawdlin' and goin' to sleep over it, the way you do for the railroad, either."

The spectators took sides for and against in the argument. The teamsters went outside the tent and laid their heads together confidentially, and returned with a new price. This in its turn was rejected, and the negotiation seemed wholly at an end.

"Well, I'll raise you the five dollars," said Yank Baldwin finally, infusing as much superciliousness as possible into

his tone. "But see you get started at daybreak, d'ye understand? And don't you forget it!"

He felt that feminine influence — and not for the first time, either — had disabled him in a business transaction which, if left unbiased, he should have brought to a much more advantageous issue.

Marcella hovered near, on his arrival at the new site with his second load of effects, and spoke with him. As he volunteered nothing about Easterby, she came to the point directly.

"No, I hain't seen him," said the new-comer. "Fact is, he's off somewheres. I guess he'll be back 'fore a great while. A letter came for him yest'd'y, too, and is waitin' for him, unless they've sent it on."

The girl turned away to hide her despair.

Whether aroused by the movement of its storekeeper or, not, it is certain that the whole of Sloan's Camp also got in motion that day, in advance of its original intention. By nightfall a number of tents were pitched, and the head of construction was definitely transferred to the new location.

It was a charming little steep valley, traversed by a brook, amid embowering woods. The rattle of the powder blasts in the adjoining canyon already began to resound there, as the new railroad came rapidly on.

Yank Baldwin, as soon as installed, began his court to Marcella. He invited her down to camp after supper, to witness the moons of Jupiter (said to be of a notable clearness just then) through the glass of the surveyors' transit. She accepted, taking Mrs. McCurdy, however, for fuller companionship. Baldwin had brought her no news that day; perhaps she might happen upon some at camp. Perhaps, even, — but that was too good to be true, — Easterby might have arrived himself.

The tents glowed translucent, like

large lanterns, in the dusk; the noise of the clear brook smote musically on the ear; the stars peeped over the margin of the valley, and Jupiter was in fact exceptionally brilliant. The engineer, the rod-man, the two chain-men, the axe man, and others had come, and there was a very polite man temporarily in charge of the transit instrument. But Easterby had not arrived, nor did the timid inquiries which alone the visitor dared propound bring definite information about him, if indeed there were any to be had.

She bore up, however. On the return she artfully drew out Yank Baldwin on the subject of railroad constructors and their habits, and especially on surveyors.

"Are they usually married?" she inquired. "Is Mr. Easterby, for instance?"

"If not, have they often — sweet-hearts? Has Easterby?"

"I should n't wonder if he 'd been in love afore now, or may be is yet," explained her informant, "in some such way as to take his mind off the girls. I've kinder thought so. He don't take no shine to 'em at all. — Why? Was you particular interested in him?" he broke off sharply, perhaps inspired with a sudden suspicion.

"Oh, not at all. I — only it is easier to talk about some one we both know; that is all."

The storekeeper even ventured into the "settin'-room" of the Palace Boarding House, though not greatly at home in such places, and the interview was prolonged. The session there that night was later than usual. Ten Moon, the departing cook, was to "set a table to the devil" for a favorable journey, and there was a desire on the part of some to witness it. The table was in fact set out, with the proper allowance of rice, rice-brandy, roast fowl, and sweet-meats.

Marcella, meantime, whether through

desire for distraction in her anxieties, or to continue the chance of new discoveries, brought forth a photograph album to show her visitor.

"My brother, — my sister," she said, gravely pointing out in it one young face after another, with much dissimilarity of looks.

"Large fambly!" commented Yank Baldwin dryly.

He was burning to accost the subject of her creed, and make a beginning of the conversion which he believed his personal influence would render so easy.

She let fall inadvertently some expression about the "celestial marriage." This was his opportunity.

"Celestyil humbug!" he broke out. "You ain't one o' them that believes in lettin' a husband have 'bout forty-'leven other wives, are you?"

The girl sighed heavily.

"You ought to tie up to some good, strong, likely feller that 'ud look out for you, and nobody else," he continued.

Marcella Eudora Gilham sighed more heavily than before. The strange thing was that she showed no resentment.

"What does it say in these here novels?" bringing his hand down on the one he had returned to her the day before. "Why, they show just two, and no more, a-lovin' each other for keeps; a-stickin' to each other through thick and thin, and nobody else; a-havin' no end o' trouble, but comin' out all right in the wind-up."

Marcella looked at the book; then took it up herself, affectionately, as if mindful of certain passages that may have been an influence in her life. But she said, —

"I suppose I ought not to read novels. Our Book of Nephi calls them 'the vain imaginations and pride of the children of men.'"

"Book of" — began her exhorter in disgust. "Well, I can't say I've seen much o' your kind o' folks myself, but I know all about 'em from Rufe East-

erby. He's ben there and seen the whole thing. He says the women is the wust."

"Did he say that?" exclaimed Marcella, starting now with warm indignation.

"He says they're the biggest fools that ever was heard of," pursued Yank Baldwin imperturbably. His best point was not refinement, either of argument or of speech. "The head men preaches to 'em that it's their duty to git their own livin'; and they take it all in, and grub their fingers off. The thing can be run *ad liberty* that way, without its costin' the men a cent."

Perhaps there reëchoed through the listener's brain at this point the sonorous words of sermons she had heard preached in the Tabernacle:

"In that day seven women will plead with one man to take them as wives, promising to eat their own bread and wear their own apparel, if he will only consent for them to be called by his name."

"The women even makes the men take more wives when they was n't goin' to," continued Yank Baldwin. "The poor benighted creeturs thinks all hands'll git a higher place in heaven. Oh, they're too cute for anything, them sly old Mormon foxes!"

With this onslaught Yank Baldwin was about to depart in triumph, considering that the successful end of his crusade could not now be far distant; but Marcella let fall an inoffensive-seeming remark, which checked him in full career.

"The greatest men of ancient times," she said, "those of the Bible, had many wives at once."

"They *did n't*?"

She brought him the Scriptures, and showed him the cases of Abraham, Jacob, David, and other of the famous polygamists.

It was news to Yank Baldwin, as very much more in the sacred books

would also have been. He felt himself getting beyond his depth, and went off in a dazed way. He recalled clearly, however, how charmingly the color came and went in her complexion as they argued. Dusky Spanish Luisa, of the raven hair and melting mouth, had vanished completely out of sight.

"May be Mormon ain't no such great difference from Spanish, any way," he mused, making provision in case that the conversion might not succeed. "I s'pose it could n't do any great hurt, *her* belongin' to 'em."

III.

THE SAILING OF THE GOOD SUCCESS AND GOLDEN PROFITS.

As there was no news for the Mormon girl from any source, on the following morning, and the time for action upon her impending fate was growing perilously short, she could not forbear approaching the storekeeper on the subject of Easterby again.

"The fact is," now said this person, "he's ben sent down the line to stave off a strike among some Mexican laborers, and I ben seein' if I could help git some extry hands here in case they was needed. They may strike, and may not. It's a secret, and we did n't want nothin' said about it till we see how it was all a-comin' out."

"And why was *he* sent? *He* is a surveyor."

"Well, he's picked up their lingo some way, and he's got a takin' way with him. If *he* could n't do it, nobody could."

She hurried with this statement to Choy Susan, in the Chinese village. She was in utter despair, believing now that Easterby would not come at all, would not be found. And even if he *were* found, what would he think of her? Oh, surely, *now* nothing could

be done! The Chinawoman tried again to comfort her.

"You got more money?" she said. "Ten Moon no can go, but send one more time messagy, and bling light away back."

"Oh, Choy Susan, I *have* no more money," and she let her hand fall helplessly on her pocket.

"All lite!" said Choy Susan, and she summoned Qum Tock, a bright, intelligent boy, swift of foot, and sent him off on her own account, with instructions to find Rufus Easterby at all hazards, and bring him back if it were a possible thing. The boy's employer, Mow the emblem-maker, came presently to complain on account of the boy's being taken from his work; but Choy Susan opened her batteries of invective upon him with excellent effect, using English for the greater impressiveness.

"Shut up!" she said. "Git out! Hire some hall! Don't you forget how!" Upon which Mow the emblem-maker retired, totally discomfited.

Yank Baldwin came to Choy Susan the same morning, to ask her "to speak a good word" for him with Marcella. This point had he now reached in his going away, as it were, after the woman of Moab. He offered a considerable reward if he should succeed by her aid. She showed no great surprise at the proposition.

"All lite!" she answered; "but you plomise me you say nothin' 'bout to she till I fix. See?"

To this he assented. He fervently met once more Marcella herself. She was wandering disconsolately on the cliffs, and he joined her. They sat a while at a charming point where old trees of gnarled roots gripped the rock, and the spray dashed up into the air from curious caverns below. Thence they went down to the beach. There were curious large shells, one seaweed red as coral, and another of a single long smooth stem, coiled like a huge whip or

serpent. Gulls and pelicans hovered above a neighboring reef in chattering conventions.

In front the blue water of the bay stretched out to meet the illimitable ocean. Across it came a sail-boat from the direction of Santa Cruz. Looking towards the Chinese village, they could see that the junk, lately arrived, was no longer moored off shore, but had drawn up alongside a small pier, and was the centre of an active bustle of departure.

Yank Baldwin adhered in the main to his agreement with Choy Susan. He could not forbear throwing in, however, some few words concerning himself and prospects by way of commending himself to favor.

"There's other bisnisses I could go into, if I was a mind to, more settled down like," he said. "I've sometimes thought o' startin' a fruit drier and cannery. There's big money in it. Or I would n't wonder if I could even pick up surveyin', if that was wanted, same as Easterby. There's your thermomyster for takin' levils, and so on; then you have your baromyter for seein' how hot it is, you know."

Marcella showed no great interest in this. She was feverishly excited; in need of movement, distraction, forgetfulness. She wished to go back to the Chinese village, to witness the sailing of the junk. Her cavalier wondered at her taste, but offered her such explanations of things there as he could; few of them, it is to be feared, accurate, and none of them free from race prejudice.

"It's no place for a feller to saloon his girl," said he, in contempt. "I don't see what's the use o' comin'."

There was a plentiful population abroad now. Many had stayed at home from the fishing-grounds, and chosen to begin, with the day, the festal season opening on the morrow. It was a time favorable for trade, and the merchants burned in their interiors old clothes and mock money, to bring custom and keep

away that class of shoppers who come only to price things, and not to buy.

A moral drama would be begun at the little theatre that evening. The fane of Hop Wo — to which an inscription, for the benefit of strangers, directed, "By This Way Go Up Stairs" — was freshly adorned. The deity Tien How, propitious to sailors, was set out upon the flat boulder in place of the usual joss, and a pig, roasted whole and adorned with ribbons and gilt papers, lay before her. In the restaurant, dusky with smoke, games of dominoes, fan-tan, and blowing the fist were in progress.

"Yet!" (one) cried the players in this latter, shrilly, throwing out fingers to correspond. "Two!" "Three!" "Four!" "Eng!" "Look!" "Tak!" "What!!" "Gue!!!" "Skip!!!!"

They rose in the end to a climax of uproar that drowned for the moment the monotonous whine of Ah Wai's fiddle and the clack of Chin Moy's ebony sticks on an ebony block.

Our couple came to where the school-master was teaching some school-children to kow-tow decorously before Tien How. The quaint, doll-like figures, in swaddling-ropes of green, red, and yellow, put their small hands together and bowed till their foreheads well-nigh touched the ground. The school-master, a man not without courtliness, smiled benevolently at our friends, and expended upon them his only English speech, "Good-by!"

Choy Susan came by, and explained to them, in substance, — stopping as she bustled down to the junk, for she was one of the most active with bills of lading and the like in preparing it for sea, — that he was a person rather above his station here. He was one who said philosophically, —

"It is better to be honored among the small than despised among the great."

She might have told, too, how he had in his cabin the Ju-pieu, or dictionary

of twenty-six thousand characters. He read in the Chi Kang, the national book of poetry, in which heroines are described, soft as the willow seen through the mists of spring, and with brows as arching and delicate as the opening willow leaf. He taught the three thousand proprieties, and how it is polite to offer things, but more polite to refuse; and how the first person must never be used in speech, but only terms of deference and eulogy to the auditor instead.

But now the final moment had come for the junk to take her departure. The gallant Good Success and Golden Profits began to cast off her lines. The peak of her mainsail was hauled up. A pennant was loosed from her mast-head, with the inscription, —

"May this bark brave the storms of a thousand years!"

Our couple found a favorable lookout point on the brow of a rise of ground. They saw two merchants embark, neither of whom would trust the other with the control of a venture they had in common; hence both were going. Lastly came Ten Moon, hurrying from a final trip to the Palace Boarding House for his effects, and, embracing friends along the way, tumbled precipitately on board.

The Good Success and Golden Profits was a vessel of perhaps fifty feet in length by fifteen in the beam. She had a great rudder, with carven tiller, which served partly as a keel, her actual keel being of but small dimensions. Her motive power was a principal sail, lateen-shaped, with a jib or foresail, both braced with reefing-poles, so that they lay flat to the breeze instead of bellying. It might be expected that such a craft would be fairly good before a wind, but would not tack easily.

A fusillade of crackers and revolver shots rattled briskly before the shrine of Tien How, and last fervent wishes were breathed. A new pennant, with the lucky Yin and Yang, the male and female principle, was run up on the

junk. She drifted off from shore. Her hardy skipper raised aloft three cups of wine of rice, and poured a libation on the deck. Then he took in his hands a fowl, kow-towed thrice, reverently, cut off its head, and scattered the blood on silvered papers of inscriptions before him. His sailors, assisting in this nautical manoeuvre, seized upon these papers, and ran with all haste to affix them to different parts of the ship.

There were already painted on each side the prow an open eye to spy out dangers ahead, and on the stern the phoenix, Foong, sitting on a rock and defying storms. With all this, if there were now no Jonah-like person on board to bring ill-fortune, it might be expected that the winds and waves, and especially the wild Sui Tow Foong, or devil's head-winds, were appeased in advance, and a prosperous voyage insured.

All at once a loud outcry went up. Luckless Ten Moon, not yet, as it seemed, at the end of his misadventures, was in the way of one of the sailors running to affix an inscription to his quarters. There was a collision. The ex-cook toppled over the gunwale and fell into the sea.

But a more singular thing happened. The outcry abated, and not a hand was raised in assistance. From both sea and shore his countrymen looked on in apathy at his fate. The sail-boat from Santa Cruz, which appeared to carry a load of tent apparatus, was now in the vicinity. She changed her course, — and there was a kind of vicious snap in the suddenness of the change, — and ran down to the spot, but she was not near enough to be of any avail.

The man was choking, struggling, sinking; he would surely drown.

Yank Baldwin bolted, without a word, from the side of Marcella, ran down to the pier, and leaped off. He swam with vigorous strokes to the drowning man, soon had him by the collar, and dragged him unceremoniously ashore.

There was a clamor of a different kind during this performance. It seemed to have rage, expostulation, and lugubrious wailings in it; and when the rescuer reached shore it almost looked as if he were going to be the victim of personal violence.

"Hang 'em!" said he, returning presently to Marcella. "I thought first they was going to *mob* me. A sick way of showin' gratitude they've got!"

"They don't believe in saving persons from drowning," she replied.

"They *don't*?"

"No. They think there are wandering spirits on the lookout to drag such persons under, and that they revenge themselves on those who balk them in their purpose."

Choy Susan had been with her in the mean time, and made her this explanation hastily, in connection with another, which confused her in presence of Yank Baldwin. He, too, had learned that Choy Susan had spoken the promised word, but did not know its definite result.

Down below, the sail-boat loaded with tent equipage touched shore, and a ministerial-looking man leaped out of it. He raised his hands in prayer and repulsion at the superstitious indifference to a human life he had witnessed, then seized upon Choy Susan and drew her aside. She explained, when he had embarked, and some time later to Marcella, that it was the Reverend Samuel Snow.

"He talkee my be Jesus woman and go back Stockton Sleet Mission. My ask him buy lottely tickets," she said, in a hardened way.

The rescued Ten Moon was rowed out in a small boat, and grudgingly received on the deck from which he had fallen. The junk then sailed away, and was slow in disappearing over the horizon. She would cruise homeward along the hundred miles of intervening coast,

enter at the Golden Gate, unload at Yslas Creek, and make her next trip probably to the shrimpers at San Bruno Point, twenty miles down San Francisco Bay.

IV.

VACILLATIONS OF YANK BALDWIN.

"Oh, *that's* what they think, is it?" said Yank Baldwin, continuing his interview with the engaging Marcella Eudora Gillam. "Howsumdave, it don't make no difference to me what they think. I'd see the hull bang of 'em at the bottom of the Red Sea, so fur as I'm concerned. I done it just for *one* thing. Do you want to know what that is?"

Marcella did not ask for information on the point; she feared she knew too well already; but this discretion did not avail her.

"I want to marry you," he said. "Choy Susan's broke it to you. Bein' as you took a notion to look at 'em as feller creeturs, and so on, and as the rest was so skulkin' mean, I thought I'd haul him out to please you. Now, what do you *say*? Will you have me?"

He stood before her in his wet apparel, streams of water running down and forming in pools about his feet, as if this were the most propitious of aspects for a wooer.

"Oh, I—I can't," she replied, timidly.

"You *can't*? Why not? I ain't agoin' to say nothin' agin your folks. I've give that up. You was brought up so, and can't help it, I s'pose."

"My father would n't let me marry anybody who was not—a Mormon—one of the Saints," replied the girl, taking quite a different ground from that which he so complacently adopted.

"Saints be blowed! There ain't no saints about it. Joe Smith, what founded 'em, was a lazy money-digger, that's

all. Oh, Easterby's told me all about it, and I know. He could n't make out a livin', Smith could n't, so he pretended he'd found gold plates with hydroglyphics on 'em. How could he ever ha' read any gold plates, s'pose he *had* found 'em?"

"The Urim and Thummim, set in silver bows, were deposited with them in the hill of Cumorah, and by the aid of these he was able to translate them."

The countenance and tone of the young woman expressed perhaps a rapt devotion to her creed, yet a skeptical observer might have thought that he discerned a trace of hypocrisy in it all.

"Oh, yes, he was a sweet one, Joe was!" continued Yank Baldwin, suffering himself to be led away in heated sarcasm into a side issue. "I s'pose he got all them there revelashins straight from heaven, too. He used to come down every mornin' with things fixed just as he wanted. Got one revelashin tellin' his regular wife to shut up and not say nothin' when he took a lot more, or she'd be cut off into everlastin' fire and brimstun."

"Verily a commandment I give unto mine handmaid, Emma Smith. . . . But if she will not abide this commandment she shall be destroyed, saith the Lord," said Marcella, quoting the exact words of the text piously.

"He got a one-horse school-master, old Oliver Cowdery, and a one-horse lawyer, old Sidney Rigdon, to help him."

"Oh, you ought to go right home and get dry clothes. You will catch your death!" cried the girl, directing her attention, as for the first time, to his condition, and endeavoring thus to create a diversion.

"Never mind about *that*! That's all right," he responded morosely, putting up a hand to wring further moisture from his lank locks. "As I was a-sayin', they're all a set o' first-class frauds."

"Joseph and Hyrum were martyred

in Carthage jail, and there were many more who suffered for the faith."

Still the keen observer would have fancied in the fair devotee a certain evasion. Was she possibly fending off with her doctrines a suitor with whom it was not policy to quarrel outright?

"Oh, what's the use o' argying?" now broke out this latter in a final way. "*You* kin b'long to 'em, if you want to. I s'pose *your* belongin' can't do no great hurt. But you don't mean to say that you won't have me unless I jine 'em, too?"

The object of his ardor bowed her head distinctly, but in a sorrowful way, as if this were indeed her ultimate conclusion.

"Oh, that's just a little *too* much!" cried the storekeeper, starting off indignantly. "That settles it. You don't look like it, but I s'pose it's been grimed into you, and you can't help it. — So long!"

And he tramped away in high dudgeon, to put himself into dry clothing.

He hovered about the Palace Boarding House again towards evening, preserving a far-off, resentful air towards Marcella. He happened to be in her presence when a communication was handed her by a messenger, Qum Tock. She clapped her hands in rapture upon receipt of it and cried, —

"Oh, he is coming! he is coming!"

"Who 's coming?" inquired the storekeeper, startled into the involuntary question.

"Oh — a — that is — my father," she answered, recalled to her self-possession.

But it was curious that the message, if from her father, should have been brought by Qum Tock, who came from Choy Susan.

After this circumstance, Marcella Gilham began to act towards Baldwin in a totally different manner. She was gay, loquacious, and treated him with a delightful coquetry.

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The honest storekeeper, enraptured beyond all control, took the landlady, Mrs. McCurdy, aside, and said to her, —

"Say! borry some o' those there doctrine books o' hers for me, will you?"

Mrs. McCurdy obligingly borrowed them for him, taking them without asking permission, and he put them under his arm and trudged away to his tent.

When the shades of evening had fully fallen, that same day, a bronzed young man, alert of movement, short, stout, with a good round head and a bright eye, hurried into camp, threw off a canvas working-suit he wore, spruced up, and emerged from his tent again almost immediately. As he was coming out, he was saluted by Yank Baldwin, who had caught sight of him, with —

"Hay, Easterby, old man! Back again? What's the news?"

"The Mexicans are quieted down. They're not going to strike. And I've got a leave of absence and raise of pay."

"Good enough! I'm glad of it. Say!" approaching nearer, confidentially, "you're the one I ben a-waitin' for. I want a little advice. There's a Mor-mon gal here what" —

"Not now! not now, old man! Can't stop now, Yank. I've got business to attend to on the instant. See you later."

The young surveyor threw this back over his shoulder in a cheery voice, and was off without stopping for further parley.

Had the storekeeper followed instead of returning, as he did, to his tent to pore over the strange books of doctrine, he would have seen him joined by Marcella at the Palace Boarding House, and the two steal discreetly away toward the cliffs. He would have seen them find a sheltered seat there, just over the verge, screened by cedar boughs. He would have heard them set

to work to talk of earlier times; of a correspondence that had been interrupted, misunderstandings that had arisen. He would have heard argument then of a theological sort, and might have judged from a plaintive tone of the girl that she was struggling anew with old doubts and fears, once perhaps happily resolved.

"Oh, I *have* read, I *have* thought," she said. "Can you be so sure? Can the sufferings of all of our people, the blood of martyrs, been in vain?"

"Blood of martyrs," replied the young man, "has been shed for every absurdity under the sun. We are left to grope in darkness, for the most part, — Heaven help us; but we have our little spark of reason, and it must save us at least from gross impostures."

The night was dark in the absence of a moon, but the stars cast a pale radiance down upon the water. The milky way, scattered like breadths of daisies in a pasture, stretched from horizon to zenith and down again. The young girl said, turning a fair face up to it from below the cedar boughs, —

"When worlds are so plentiful as that, of what importance are we? How can it make any conceivable difference what we think, or do, or are?"

Her companion answered, holding her hand in both of his, —

"Those worlds are so far off, cold and uncertain, and we are here and warm and living, and we want our happiness."

None of this, however, Yank Baldwin saw or heard, wrestling in his tent as he was till well-nigh morning over uncouth doctrinal problems.

The pair on the cliffs heard the stage come in with a boom and rattle. When they parted, in the friendly obscurity of a thicket by the Palace Boarding House, Marcella turned to go within and Easterby back to his tent.

A door opened, letting out a bright light; and a rusty-looking man, with

beard and shaven upper lip, stepped forth upon the veranda, clearly revealed in it.

"Father!" exclaimed the girl, with a frightened intonation. "You are back so soon?"

"Yes; Erastus and I have come. 'Rastus did n't want to wait no longer. The ceremony'd better be to-morrow noon. I feel to rejoice that you're going to have such a good husband. Wa'n't that somebody *with* you, just now?" said the Mormon father.

He took his daughter by the arm; they disappeared within, and the door closed upon them.

Rufus Easterby overheard. With the alert, energetic manner characteristic of him he altered his course, and turned now towards the abode of Choy Susan. It was not yet so late that she could not be aroused; he found her, and the two held significant conference together.

A morning of fog, such as is common on the coast, succeeded the starry night. Fog dragged in the short grass, dripped from the tree branches, shut out the water, veiled the cliffs, and gave the hamlets a mysterious looming outline.

The day was long in coming. At breakfast-time a note was brought to Marcella, with whose own mood the gloom was well in keeping. The missive was from Choy Susan, in a peculiar handwriting that she had learned at the Stockton Street Mission. Marcella showed it freely to the Mormon father and the Mormon lover, "Erastus," another rusty-looking man, of the same general pattern.

"Choy Susan wants me to come over, if I can," she said. "She thinks she will buy some goods of us, if I will explain them a little more. She — wants me to — come alone."

The Mormon father looked inquiringly at the Mormon lover. The latter returned a glance inclining to suspicion. But there really was no good reason for

objection, and the passion for gain was strong in both of them.

"You can go, my daughter," said the father; "but be brief! You know what is to be done at noon."

Ah, yes, Marcella Eudora Gilham woefully remembered her pressing appointment for that hour.

Yank Baldwin, the storekeeper, had overslept himself that morning, after his long vigil. He hurried to find Mr. Easterby at once he was awake, but the latter was not in his tent.

"Never mind, then!" said the storekeeper. "I don't want no advisin' now."

He had the air of a man with a purpose inflexibly fixed.

He inquired at the Palace Boarding House for Marcella. Mrs. McCurdy told him that she had gone to the Chinese village, and her object. He directed himself thither thereupon with all expedition.

The Mormon father also, as it happened, heard this inquiry, and observed its manner. He chose to identify Yank Baldwin with the man he had seen with his daughter the night before. She had been gone well-nigh an hour, and should have returned. He counseled with Erastus. The two put their heads together, and in growing apprehension set out in pursuit.

As Yank Baldwin went along, with firm front and beating heart, he fanned his purpose with muttered words.

"Oh, I'll jine 'em," he said. "It comes high, but I'll do it. I'll jine 'em and git her, if I bust."

The enamored storekeeper had gone over to the Moabitish woman, horse, foot, artillery, and camp equipage, and was ready to embrace her faith. From time to time, languid airs drove back the smoke-like mist from the edge of the water, and showed a single milk-white breaker coming lazily in, and the gulls and pelicans standing motionless on wet films of the beach, in which their shapes were reflected. Then it swept down

again, and swallowed up alike Yank Baldwin and the Mormon parent and suitor following after.

In the Chinese village, that morning, there was rumor of something unusual afloat. Choy Susan had been seen to go at an early hour to the camp-meeting ground of Pacific Grove. She was dressed in her gala costume. She wore a wide-sleeved tunic of dark blue silk, and her earrings were large hoops of gold and malachite. Her black hair was smoothly oiled, and held up in loops by filigreed gold pins.

She returned presently, and soon afterward came the Reverend Samuel Snow, and entered her cabin. It was rumored with dread that she was to go back to the Christian faith, as the result of yesterday's conference with the minister. The girl, Marcella, who arrived and entered in her turn, was no doubt to be a witness to the ceremony. The young man, Easterby, was probably another.

Excitement grew apace. Heads were laid together; then a crowd assembled around Choy Susan's closed door. The morose parrot, Tong, poured out upon these his choicest vocabulary of abuse.

Yank Baldwin pushed his way hastily through, reached and knocked at the door. It was not opened immediately, and he knocked again. Marcella herself set it ajar with a peculiarly shy and blushing manner. The moment he saw her he began impetuously, —

"I'll jine. I'll b'long. You kin have it all your own way. I" —

But further speech seemed to stick in his throat. The door was thrown widely open. Beside Miss Marcella Eudora Gilham appeared, with smiling face, Rufus D. Easterby. Behind him appeared the Rev. Samuel Snow, and behind the Rev. Samuel Snow, Choy Susan. All had a significant air. Something unusual had certainly happened.

"My *wife*, old man!" exclaimed Easterby, pulling him socially forward.

"Holy smoke!" cried the astounded

storekeeper. "You hain't turned Mormon?"

"Not in the least. She's as good a Gentile as any of us. She had to keep quiet a bit, that's all."

"Well, carry me out, and put me away in some orphim asylum!" said Yank Baldwin, in utter collapse. He directed upon the delusive fair one, all of whose duplicity was at last exposed, a glance of meaning too deep for words.

"It's all Choy Susan's doing," said

Easterby, extending a friendly hand to the interpreter.

"And we hope Choy Susan will come and live with us, when we settle down," added Marcella sweetly, not unwilling perhaps to withdraw attention from the more exciting issue.

Puffing out of the fog at the same moment came a Mormon father and Mormon lover, with presage of ill written on their faces.

William Henry Bishop.

FIVE QUATRAINS.

I.

Romeo and Juliet.

FROM mask to mask, amid the masquerade,
Young Passion went with challenging, soft breath:
"Art Love?" he whispered; "art thou Love, sweet maid?"
Then Love, with glittering eyelids, "I am Death."

II.

Circumstance.

LINKED to a clod, harassed, and sad
With sordid cares, she never knew life's sweet
Who should have moved in marble halls and had
Kings and crown-princes at her feet.

III.

Evil easier than Good.

ERE half the good I planned to do
Was done, the short-breathed day was through.
Had my intents been dark instead of fair,
I had done all, and still had time to spare.

IV.

Omar Khayyám.

(AFTER FITZGERALD.)

SULTAN and Slave alike have gone their way
With Bahrám Gúr, but whither none may say;
Yet he who charmed the wise at Naishápúr
Seven centuries since still charms the wise to-day.

V.

Two things there are with Memory will abide —
 Whatever else befall — while life flows by:
 That soft cold hand-touch at the altar side;
 The thrill that shook you at your child's first cry.

T. B. Aldrich.

THE GOSPEL OF DEFEAT.

"We are much bound to those who do succeed,
 But, in a more pathetic sense, are bound
 To those who fail: they all our loss expound;
 They comfort us for work that will not speed,
 And life itself — a failure."

JEAN INGELOW.

IN the first week of May, 1881, there died at Geneva a man little known to the great world of his contemporaries, and lightly held, even to the lesser world, by family and social ties, yet possessed of the utmost distinction both of mind and character. Henri Frédéric Amiel had been a professor in the Academy of Geneva for precisely a generation, or from the year 1849, when he returned to his native city after an exceedingly honorable four years' course at the University of Berlin. Until 1854, he held the chair of æsthetics, during the rest of his life that of philosophy; and doubtless the results of his learned and conscientious instruction have been, and are still, fructifying silently in the minds of many scores of pupils throughout the length and breadth of Europe. But of that more personal, remunerative, and brilliant fame, to which the few who both knew his resources and remembered his early promise believed him to have been, at least once upon a time, so richly entitled, he certainly won very little; and when he died, unmarried, at sixty, his death, in the sense of solid and satisfying achievement, might almost have been called premature. He

had a few cherished friends, to whom he revealed himself more freely than to the world at large, and whose enthusiastic faith in his possibilities took on, as the irrevocable years went by, a touch of something not very unlike indignation at his obstinate sterility. Chief among these was Edmond Scherer, the first of living French critics, and the greatest, upon the whole, since Sainte-Beuve. Scherer was so deeply impressed by the belief that the genius of his shy friend needed only to be *disengaged*, so to speak, by a happier arrangement of external circumstances that he never desisted, until Amiel was forty years of age, from his endeavors, by exhortation and practical suggestion, to bring about the required change. In a most interesting essay prefixed to the lately published volume of Amiel's Remains,¹ Scherer has given us an account of the last of these systematic efforts, and of its failure simply, as it seemed, through the lack of Amiel's own cordial concurrence in the plan devised for his assistance. In this case (what was very rare with him, and repugnant to his retiring nature), Amiel had even made a sort of appeal to his friend to help him to a freer use of his ineffectual faculties. "Is there yet time," he had diffidently asked, "for me to speak from my soul and win a hearing of my fellow-men?" And Scherer had responded briskly that

¹ *Henri-Frédéric Amiel: Fragments d'un Journal Intime. Précédés d'une Étude par EDMOND*

SCHERER. Vol. I. Paris, Neuchâtel, et Genève. 1884.

there was both time and place, and had proposed to him a congenial subject, and shown him an open channel for the communication of his thoughts to the world. Nothing came of it. Months elapsed before Amiel even answered his friend's letter, and then he wrote sadly and with compunction, saying how sweet to him had been the taste of Scherer's encouragement, but pleading, with scarce an attempt either at explanation or excuse, his powerlessness to profit by it. Instead of the original work to which he had been incited, Amiel published soon after a small volume of French translations from Goethe and Schiller: marvelous feats of fidelity and prosodic mechanism, as Scherer impatiently owned, but open in other respects to grave criticism, which he bestowed upon them unsparingly, when requested by the translator to pronounce a public judgment upon his work. Amiel quietly accepted the castigation in the sweetest of notes to his "dear Rhadamanthus," and Scherer says, with sorrowful candor, "I do not reproach myself with having been sincere. What I do regret is, that I should have learned too late, from the perusal of the *Journal Intime*, the key to a problem which then seemed to me barely serious, but which I now feel to have been tragic. I experience a sort of remorse for not having divined Amiel sufficiently to have soothed his sufferings by a sympathy which would have been compounded of pity and admiration."

Movements of poignant compassion, like that expressed in the above passage, are rare with Scherer, who usually holds himself well *outside* of even the most interesting subject. If it had been Sainte-Beuve, indeed, — the softest hearted and most sympathetic critic who ever lived, despite the stinging severity of which he was capable, — we might have suspected some obscure fact of spiritual kinship between him and his subject, and have taken the word *tragic* with a

comfortable grain of salt. But when Edmond Scherer calls a man's life a tragedy, we may be sure that he means what any sensitive person this side of Geneva would call a *supplice*.

And such is indeed the revelation of the very remarkable and affecting private journal of the Genevan professor, a part of which has just been given to the world, with Scherer's introduction. The man who saw himself predestined to the renunciation of his own worldly hopes, and the disappointment of those which others had founded upon him, was unconsciously appealing from the judgment of his contemporaries in pages of the subtlest and most penetrating reflection. He was exploring the deepest mysteries of our mysterious being by the concentrated light of an exceedingly vivid intelligence, and under the guidance of a consciousness often exalted to that point where every pulsation is a pang. He was expressing in secret the fragrance of one of the rarest of moral natures, and holding a colloquy with his own soul and the material universe and the Author of them both, unsurpassed for sincerity and scope.

"Sunt lacrimæ rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt."

There are tears in the not unmanly voice which speaks to us from these posthumous pages. It is almost smothered, at intervals, in the sorrow of time, but it thrills none the less with the intuitions of eternity.

Let the reader judge of the exquisite quality of the whole book by a few specimens: —

May 3, 1849. "Thou hast never felt the internal assurance of genius, the presentiment either of glory or of happiness. Thou hast never foreseen thyself as great and famous, nor even as husband, father, influential citizen. This indifference to the future, this complete distrust, are doubtless signs. That which thou dreamest is vague, indefinite. Thou oughtest not to live, for thou art

now no longer capable of living. Keep thyself in order, then; let the living live, but do thou resume thy thinking. Make a bequest of thy thought and thy heart: it is the most useful thing that thou canst do. Renounce thyself, and accept thy chalice, with its honey and its gall. What matter! Let God descend into thee; make haste to *embalm* thyself in him; make of thy soul a temple for the Holy Ghost. Do good. Make others happier and better. Have no more any personal ambition, and then thou wilt be consoled for life or death, or whatever may come."

April 6, 1851. "'Blessed,' says the apostle, 'is he who condemneth not himself in the thing which he approveth.' This internal identity, this unity of conviction, becomes more and more difficult the more the mind becomes analytic, discerning, and clairvoyant. It is hard indeed for freedom to recover the frank unity of instinct."

"Alas, we must then reascend a thousand times the peaks to which we had already climbed,—reconquer the points of view once attained. The heart is like those kings who, under the form of a perpetual peace, sign only truces. Alas, yes! Peace also is a conflict, or rather it is *the* conflict. We find rest only in effort, as flame exists only in combustion. Oh, Heraclitus! the image of happiness is the same as that of suffering; unrest and advancement, hell and heaven, are equally in flux. The altar of Vesta and the torments of Beelzebub shine with the same fire! Ah, well, yes; this is life,—double-faced and two-edged life! The fire which illumines is the fire which consumes. The element of the gods may become that of the damned."

April 28, 1852. "Languors of spring, you are come again! You visit me after a long absence. This morning the song of the birds, the tranquil light, the freshening fields; all went to my heart. Now all is silent; and silence, thou

art terrible!—terrible as that calm of the ocean which allows us to look into unfathomable depths. But thou lettest us see depths within ourselves which are dizzying, unquenchable desires, treasures of suffering and regret."

"Do thyself no violence. Respect the oscillations of feeling within thee. A wiser than thou is their cause. Do not abandon thyself wholly either to instinct or to will. Instinct is a siren; will, a despot. Be the slave neither of thy momentary impulses and sensations, nor that of a more abstract and general plan. Open thyself to what life brings thee, whether from without or from within, and welcome the unforeseen; but *unify* thyself always, and bring the unforeseen within the lines of thy plan. Let nature exalt itself to spirit within thee, and spirit resolve itself into nature. It is thus that thy development will become harmonious, and the peace of heaven irradiate thy brow; always on condition that thy peace has been made, and that thou hast climbed thy Calvary."

Afternoon of the same day. "Shall I never again experience one of those prodigious reveries such as I used to have—one at dawn, on a certain day of my youth, seated among the ruins of the chateau of Faucigny; another, among the mountains, above Lavey, under a noonday sun, reclining at the foot of a tree, and visited by three butterflies; another still upon the sandy shore of the North Sea, lying on my back upon the beach and gazing into the Milky Way,—sublime, immortal, *cosmogonic* reveries, in which one takes the world to one's heart, touches the stars, possesses the infinite. Divine moments, those; hours of ecstasy, when thought flies from world to world, pierces the great enigma, breathes freely, tranquilly, deeply, as with the respiration of the great sea, serene itself and limitless like the firmament of blue; visits of the muse Urania, who draws around the forehead

of those she loves the phosphorescent nimbus of contemplative power, and floods the heart with the tranquil intoxication of genius, if not with its authority; instants of irresistible intuition, when one feels one's self great as the universe, calm as a god? From the celestial spheres down to the moss or the shell, all creation is, then, subordinated to us, lives in our bosom, accomplishes in us its eternal work, with the regularity of fate and the passionate ardor of love. What hours! what memories! Even the traces which they leave behind suffice to fill us with reverence and enthusiasm, like the visits of the Holy Spirit. And then to fall from those heights of the boundless horizons into the muddy ruts of triviality! What a fall! Poor Moses! Thou sawest afar the swelling outline, the ravishing boundaries, of the promised land, but thou hadst to lay thy weary bones in a desert grave. Which one of us has not his promised land, his day of rapture, his end in exile? How pale a counterfeit is our real life of the life whereof we have had glimpses, and how the blazing lights of our prophetic youth do dim the more the twilight of our mournful and monotonous virility!"

January 27, 1860. "Order! Oh, Order! material order, intellectual order, moral order! What solace, what power, what economy! To know whither one goes and what one wills, — this is order. To keep one's word, to arrive in season, this also is order. To have everything at hand, to manœuvre one's army, to employ all one's resources, — it is all order. To discipline one's habits, one's volitions; to organize one's life, to distribute one's time, to measure one's

duties, and fairly estimate one's rights; profitably to invest one's capital, one's talents, one's chances, — it is still and always order. Order is light, peace, internal freedom, the possession of one's self; it is power. To conceive order, to return to order, to realize order, in one's self, around one's self, by one's own means, — this is æsthetic and moral beauty, this is well-being, this is what must be."

There are even better things than these in Amiel, from the point of view of the general reader; delicacies of literary criticism and positive inspirations in the way of metaphysical definition. Nothing would be easier or pleasanter than to fill a score of pages with quotations; and Amiel's own thoughts are doubtless more striking and suggestive, more conclusive of their own value, than anything which can be said about them. But our present purpose is not so much to review in detail this particular Journal Intime as to compare it with certain other more or less renowned works of its own class, and to inquire a little into the psychological and moral significance of the type to which it belongs.¹

To any one at all well read, or specially interested in the private history of human souls, Amiel's journal will awaken a perfect chime of echoes, — clashing, contending, blending. It reminds us of the prophet Job and the royal David and the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, of À Kempis and Pascal, of Senancour and Maine de Biran and Maurice de Guérin, as a matter of course, but also of Shakespeare as Hamlet and Châteaubriand as Réné, of Leopardi and Shelley and Alfred de Musset

that the lady is Mrs. Humphrey Ward, of London, niece of Matthew Arnold. It certainly furnishes a curious illustration of the kinship of minds that Amiel should have found in her no less admiring and sympathetic an interpreter than her uncle proved himself, a generation ago, to Amiel's elder brother, in solitary and sorrowful speculation, the author of Obermann.

¹ Amiel's journal, or rather the first installment of it, has already been introduced to the English reading public by a most interesting essay, published in Macmillan's Magazine for February, 1884. It is from the pen of the accomplished lady who proposes to translate the whole work when its publication at Geneva shall have been completed; and there can be no harm in saying, what will greatly add to its interest with American readers,

at their sanest and simplest, of Matthew Arnold in his dreaming youth. What, then, is the one quality — for there must at least be one — common to all this incongruous company of so many climes and ages, saints and sinners, kings and paupers, the misanthrope and the man of gentlest charity, poets and men of the world, *l'homme de bien* and the flagrant ne'er-do-weel?

Primarily, it is nothing more nor less than their abnormal capacity for mental suffering. *Pain*, pure and simple, in its last essence, indefinable, incorporeal, and from a vulgar point of view impossible, has constituted the *cachet* and the calling not merely of certain men like these, whom the world knows by the accident of their genius, but of many nameless and voiceless human creatures. Even physical pain is sufficiently mysterious, and takes us, when we attempt to analyze it, to the very edge of the unfathomable gulf, through which the little world floats onward to its doom. But of the nerves and senses we cannot say the same. In the most cases, *I ail here, or here*; thus binding the strange fact of our anguish to one, at least, of the recognized conditions of our mortal existence. With that subtler order of pain, experienced by Amiel and other intellectual sufferers, it is not so. *That* is a tyrannous and terrible something (we have no choice but to call it a *something*; we know not whether it is essence or agency), free of all the categories and conditions which we can name or comprehend, in whose power men remain, they know not how; in the wheels of whose invisible machinery they are often most horribly entangled, when the world deems them fairly, or more than fairly, fortunate.

It is probably this last circumstance of the frequent disproportion between what such people suffer and the obvious conditions of their lot which has led to the belief, so common among common men, that these woes of the spirit are

for the most part imaginary, or at least unnecessary; in one word, as these cheerful critics are wont to say, in a sense of their own, *morbid*. Morbid, in the true meaning of the term, they undoubtedly are. A state of mind like that which became chronic with the brilliant Amiel (who, by the way, was more than commonly genial, and even playful and gay, in his intercourse with men) is as truly a malady as phthisis or hemiplegia. It defeats no less inevitably the ambitions and destroys the delights of life, but it no more deserves to be qualified with a *nuance* of righteous disapprobation than do those melancholy inflictions. A fashion prevailed in France, a generation or two ago, — originating, perhaps, in the vogue of René, — of calling this atrophy of the spirit by the special misnomer of the *mal du siècle*. In truth, it is a malady of all the ages, raging, like other plagues, with greater virulence in some, but reappearing continually, — sporadic here, and epidemic there; one, and not the least, of the essential ills of time, ineradicable, as it would seem, from the constitution of the species, though men, like Châteaubriand himself, have been known to recover from its attacks. Let us now try, by comparing a few of the most famous and fully reported cases, to gain some insight into the workings of this obscure and pitiful ill. If we fail to perceive any palliative for the individual sufferer, we may at least strengthen our sense of that oneness of our humanity, by virtue of which sympathy becomes the counterpoise, if not the cure, of pain, and suffering voluntarily undergone often seems to be, in a peculiar and mystical sense of the word, *salutary*.

The two private journals which most obviously suggest themselves for comparison with Amiel's are those of Pivert de Senancour and Maine de Biran. These are at once the most complete of these introspective chronicles which we possess, the most sincere and the most intelligible. Scherer, in his pref-

ace to Amiel's journal, finely contrasts the three, associating in the comparison the slight but peculiarly subtle notes of Maurice de Guérin. George Sand, in a somewhat explosive preface to one of the later editions of Senancour's book, can compare it only with Réné. But Maurice de Guérin died early of his malady, and Châteaubriand recovered early from his; so that their experiences have not the same value and significance as theirs who were called upon for the dry courage of mature manhood, the unmitigated patience of a long series of disillusioned years. Of the relative merits of the two who remain, we have by no means the same opinion as Scherer, who dismisses Maine de Biran with a page or two of rather supercilious comment. To ourselves, he is, of all the great introspectionists, not the most amiable, not the most eloquent and fascinating, but the most original and instructive; he who has made his long and painful self-examination best worth while to his fellow-men; and it is matter of curiosity and surprise to us that even the modest and magnanimous Amiel should have found his merits as a thinker exaggerated by his ablest biographer, Ernest Naville.

Senancour, it can hardly be necessary to say, is Obermann,¹ — "the master of my wandering youth," in the words of Matthew Arnold, and a somewhat infirm master, truly. He is so entirely Obermann that the real personality seems to have counted for nothing, even with his most sympathetic readers, beside the fictitious one. Born in 1770, he was but nineteen years of age when he renounced the priesthood, for which he had been educated, and went to live in Switzerland, where he wrote, under the thinnest possible disguise of fiction, his famous book of meditations on nature and man. "He obscured himself, he

effaced himself," says George Sand in the preface already mentioned; "the silence of the valleys, the peaceful cares of pastoral life, the satisfactions of a durable friendship, — we have here the last phase of Obermann." The real Senancour, however, returned to Paris in 1814, and continued for many years longer to eke out by literary hack-work a sickly and precarious existence. He was living and struggling there at the very time when Sainte-Beuve said so eloquently of Obermann, "He is the type of the dumb and abortive genius, of the full spring of sensibility wasted upon desert sands, of the hail-smitten harvest which never matures its gold." He lived on for a full generation longer, in the selfsame city where, about the year 1820, a certain group of gifted young men with a taste for melancholy — J. J. Ampère, Jules Bastide, Auguste Santelet — formed themselves, as Sainte-Beuve tells us, into a sort of Obermann society (the sympathy of the author of *Volupté* with their objects is readily conceivable), and fairly "steeped themselves" in him. He even published, as late as 1833, an instantly forgotten novel, and he could hardly have been dead above a year, if he were not even then living, when Matthew Arnold first took Obermann for his guide in Switzerland. For Senancour, delicate as was his organization, had fifteen more years of life to accomplish than either De Biran or Amiel, neither of whom passed his grand climacteric.

Maine de Biran was a Frenchman of distinction, born under the old *régime*, who at the age of twenty was a member of the body-guard of Louis XVI., and bearing his part in all the mad gayeties of the Versailles of Marie Antoinette, on the eve of the great Revolution.

During one of the *émeutes* of 1789 he received a wound which disabled him from military service, and thus it happened that when the tempest finally

¹ *Obermann*. Nouvelle édition, revue et corrigée, avec une Préface par GEORGE SAND. Paris: Charpentier. 1874.

broke he was in shelter from its fury, leading an entirely retired life on his beautiful but lonely estate of Bergerac; for, like Amiel, he had early been left an orphan. There he remained unmolested until the guillotine had done its savage work, and it had fallen to the lot of a young Corsican officer to reestablish the reign of law and order in the intellectual capital of the world. A consistent royalist always, he was destined to return to civic life in 1809, as a member of the Corps Legislatif, and to pass his remaining fifteen years chiefly in Paris, where he held high office under the Restoration. During the period of his comparative obscurity he had enjoyed a few years of happy married life; but his young children, after their mother's early death, were confided to the care of their maternal aunt, Madame Gérard, and in his thirty-ninth year Maine de Biran found himself once more alone. His was, however, no idle solitude. He had early plunged into metaphysical and medical studies. "I passed," as he himself says, half humorously, of the first years of his retirement, "at one bound from frivolity to philosophy;" and in the years 1803, 1805, and 1807 he competed successfully for prizes offered by the French Institute and the Academy of Berlin for essays on philosophical subjects. He began his career as a disciple of the fashionable philosophy of his day, the sensationalism of Locke and Condillac; but the line of his always independent researches led him far away from the somewhat brutal conclusions of the latter. In the end he became a pronounced spiritualist, hailed by Cousin as "the most original of modern thinkers," and of whom Royer-Collard, who met him occasionally during his later years in Paris, at the reunions of a small society for philosophical discussion, to which they both belonged, said, admiringly, "Il est le maître de nous tous."

But it was only on rare occasions that

Maine de Biran could thus convince either himself or others of his personal power, and he has left behind him no complete exposition even of his philosophical creed. The essays and memorials upon which his fame chiefly rests were fragments, never incorporated into a symmetrical whole, and published, almost all of them, before the date at which the painful private journal¹ becomes continuous and full; and we should have no need to concern ourselves with his speculative views at all but for the light which they indirectly shed on the pathology of the human soul. As it is, we must attempt a brief account of them.

Starting, as we have said, from the then prevalent point of view, that the mind contains nothing except what enters it by the senses, and that thought itself is but a function or secretion of its material organ, through the very refinement of his own sensibilities he soon discovered another order of facts. He found within himself the power to observe, and, up to a certain point, to modify and regulate, the chaotic world of his own sensations,—that world which, in his own words, "is composed of impressions without consciousness, and of reflex movements which are likewise unconscious." "This," he goes on to say, "is the life of the animal, in which being becomes in fact the modification from which it does not distinguish itself. Here is to be found the *brute matter* of the phenomena of the human mind. At the moment in which consciousness awakes, in the mystery of a first effort of the will, the personal force finds a preëxisting material, in the bosom of which it develops itself. It acts upon this material. It takes possession of it. It does not emanate from it."

It will thus be seen that M. de Biran allows a large and most important place

¹ *Maine de Biran. Sa Vie et ses Pensées. Publiées par ERNEST NAVILLE. Paris: Didier et Cie. 1877.*

to the phenomena of sensation, at the same time that he differentiates himself from the true sensationists by recognizing the sense of *effort*, the capacity for self-modification, as the fundamental fact of consciousness, — that which distinguishes the ego from the non-ego, the thinker from the thought. Descartes had said, *I think, therefore I am*; De Biran said, *I will, therefore I am*. Inside the mysterious limits of his own individuality, he perceived a process analogous to that cosmic one described in the majestic and mystical words, "The spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." The chaos, the brute material of our conscious activities, he called the *système affectif*, or life of the animal; the same under the influence of consciousness, the *système perceptif*, or life of the man.

At this point the development of Maine de Biran's psychology rested for a time. That rarely exalted consciousness of his was destined to make him yet other and more solemn revelations, but slowly, imperfectly, and by means of an experience so dolorous that he who has once perused, with a certain sympathy, the private record of the philosopher's later years shrinks even from reopening the book and retracing the process. It is in this "*selv' oscura*" of their middle life that our three self-analysts are continually meeting upon common ground, and here, for a time, their subdued voices are hardly to be distinguished from one another.

"Man," says Obermann, always the most poetic of the three in his forms of expression, — "man, who toils to elevate himself, is like those evening clouds which are displayed for an hour, which become vaster than their causes, which appear to increase in bulk even as they waste away, which disappear in one instant."

"Our life," says Amiel, "is but a soap-bubble suspended on a reed; it is born, it widens, it clothes itself with the fairest

of prismatic colors, by moments it even escapes from the action of the law of gravity. But the black point soon appears; the globe of gold and emerald vanishes in space, and is resolved into a single drop of impure liquid. All the poets have made this comparison. Its verity is striking. To appear, to shine, to vanish; to be born, to suffer, to die, — is not this the universal summary of life for an ephemerid, for a nation, for a heavenly body?"

"Time," says Maine de Biran, "carries away all my opinions, engulfs them in a perpetual flux. I have taken note of these varying points of view from my youth up. I thought to find, as I advanced in life, something fixed, some loftier point of view, whence I might embrace the entire sequence, correct its errors, reconcile its contradictions. And now, here I am, already well on in years, but still uncertain and vacillating in the way of truth. Is there a point of support, and where is it?"

So, too, both Amiel and De Biran speak repeatedly of a sense of *somnambulism*, — of living surrounded by illusions which have no counterpart in any reality, of walking in a vain show and disquieting themselves for naught. There is also common to all three an intense and altogether peculiar susceptibility — now taking the form of sympathy, and now of revolt — to what may be described as the pulsations of the life of external nature, to the variations of the sky and the procession of the seasons, with its attendant phenomena. Spring, which often brings even to the most thoroughly acclimated and contented children of earth light touches of vague sadness, is for them a season of acutest pain. It is as if they experienced in their own persons the peculiar anguish which attends the return of life after a temporary suspension, the recovery from a swoon. It is noticeable, however, that Maine de Biran, who was less an artist than either of the others,

and with whom individuality was, in some sort, a matter of conscience as well as of consciousness, here suffers most keenly of them all. The other two have, to some extent, the power of absorbing themselves in nature. Amiel has it, at times, in a very extraordinary degree. He is subject to what he calls *Proteism*, and he finds wonderful words for describing the strange experience. The mounting flood of the century's pantheism came nearer, than in the case of his predecessors, to submerging him in its "vast and wandering grave."

Long before the day of either of them (there were only three years during which they were all contemporary) Pascal had broached the theory that the life of the soul, like that of the bodily organs, is revealed to the subject only through the medium of pain; and that suffering and self-knowledge not merely imply, but continually react upon and enhance one another. The positive and scientific side of Maine de Biran's mind, together with his long practice in analytic thinking and writing, enabled him both to observe with steadiness and record with precision certain phases in the progress of the "long disease" of life, which in the case of his more imaginative compeers either evaporated in reverie, or exhaled in inarticulate sighs. Of that free-will, whose existence his early meditations had so clearly revealed to him, whose claims to philosophic recognition he had so strikingly vindicated, he was now to experience with an equally abnormal intensity the shackles and the limitations; the misery of the incessant struggle by virtue of which it maintains its place for a time in our perishable organism. Physiology tells us that every one of those facts of *effort*, of which Maine de Biran had perceived the central importance, is accompanied by a disintegration of the material substance of the muscles and the brain. It is almost as if this man had had a nervous system delicate

enough to report the progress of this obscure and incessant dissolution, of which the mass of men are, Heaven be praised, entirely unconscious. We are the more prone to believe it because his mental misery increased so noticeably from about that fifth decade, in which the decline of human life begins, and the waste of substance inevitably exceeds its repair. Saint Paul, who was also curiously and keenly conscious of his own mortality, had said, "I die daily;" but Maine de Biran might have said, "I die hourly, momentarily." In September, 1816, he writes, "It is not surprising that as we advance in life we are more and more tempted to seek distraction, and to avoid ourselves. We no longer find within those engaging sentiments of youth which make a man dear to himself. As we descend into the depths of our being, we are forced to recognize the losses which we have sustained and are sustaining daily. No more future, no more hope, no more progress! We discover a mass of those miseries, pettinesses, vices, which are the accompaniment of old age. We feel that we can go no farther, that the end is near." And in May, of the succeeding year, "There is within me a faculty of reason and reflection, which judges and controls all the rest. My constant exercise of this faculty at a time when I was younger and stronger and in better intellectual condition is to-day a disadvantage. I assist as witness at the degradation and successive loss of the faculties which gave me value in my own eyes. It would be better, perhaps, not to take account of one's self, to cherish illusions with regard to one's own value. But if I am led by the sense of my intellectual and moral decadence to look beyond myself for consolation and support, reason and reflection, after having been the occasion of suffering, will doubtless have rendered me the greatest service of which they are capable." And again, more simply and

brokenly, "I have no basis, no constant motive. I suffer, — I *suffer*. I will take refuge in the thought of God."

There is little enough of the joyous enthusiasm of "conversion" here, yet Maine de Biran *was* led, slowly always, and at first very blindly, in the direction thus indicated. Before attempting, however, to trace the latest development of his speculative thought, let us say that it seems to us past a doubt that we have precisely here, in the mysteriously exaggerated sufferings of these distinguished patients, one, if not an all-sufficient, explanation of their practical inefficiency, — their failure to take that place in the world of men to which their native power would seem to have entitled them. They are simply exhausted by their conflict with the sinister powers of the air, — anæmic from the loss of their life-blood by invisible wounds. The water which a man has once seen under a microscope will never quench his thirst. But to return to the speculations of Maine de Biran.

That central will, which he found so painfully baffled and thwarted, as the years went on, by the wearing out of its corporeal instruments, he nevertheless felt to subsist within him, intact in its essence and unaltered by the wreck of matter; and he began to consider, with more and more of assurance, the possibility that its roots go deeper than the beginnings of human life, and that its final attachments are altogether outside the world of time and sense, — are, in fact, religious. Still groping cautiously, therefore, by the guiding-thread of a carefully noted experience, he evolved the notion of a third *system*, in addition to the sensitive and perceptive, — the *système relatif*, — wherein he finds room for the connection of the soul with God. The will which rebels and contends against the great unseen necessity and the will which submits doggedly to its omnipotency are still in chains. The will which ranges

itself on the side of its Ruler is free, and in so far as free the equal of its cause. The poet laureate of England, in the preface to his most profound work, has furnished in a single couplet an exactly appropriate motto for the philosophy of Maine de Biran: for its first two divisions, "Our wills are ours, we know not how;" for the third and last, "Our wills are ours, to make them thine." Epictetus, as well, had ages before condensed into one succinct exhortation the essence of the Frenchman's supposed discovery, "*Choose the inevitable*;" and some of the most interesting pages, from a literary point of view, of Maine de Biran's later journal are those in which he compares, with extreme sympathy of mind on either hand, and subtlety of analysis, the greatest of the Stoics with some of the most spiritual of Christian writers, — Marcus Aurelius with À Kempis and Fénelon. The grounds on which he finally awards his firm preference to the latter illustrate at once his disinterestedness and his humility, Stoicism he finds possible only for the elect of the elect, the fewest of the few; Christianity is applicable to all mankind.

"And is this all?" exclaims poor Amiel, with the true impatience of fever, as he flings aside the memorial of his elder brother in sorrow, complaining that the book has given him "a sort of asphyxia," "paralysis by assimilation and fascination by sympathy." "I pity him, and I am afraid of my pity, knowing that his faults and his disease are mine." And then he falls into somewhat captious criticism: "It took this thinker thirty years to advance from Epicurean quiescence to Fénelonian quietism, and his whole anthropological discovery consists in having reiterated the theory of the triple life, — the inferior, the human, and the superior, — which is in Pascal and in Aristotle. Is this what they call a phi-

losopher in France?" If Amiel had further known that Maine de Biran's views were, ere long, to be pompously cited as authority for the tawdry phantasmagoria of Bulwer's *Strange Story*, he would have found the fact rather grateful than otherwise, in the momentary wretchedness of his unreasonable disappointment. Scherer, too, in his preface to Amiel's book, sums up the results of Maine de Biran's researches into the secrets of human suffering with a certain clear and cold disdain: "The interest of the book" (Maine de Biran's *Pensées*) "consists in the contradiction between the moral sense of the author which supposes responsibility and a psychological analysis which suppresses it. It is stoicism contending against fatality, and taking refuge in the doctrine of grace."

In effect, this is Maine de Biran's final word, and, from the point of view of the student of human philosophies, the conclusion is undoubtedly both slight and trite. No better one has ever yet been offered, to be sure, but that matters little. It interests us more at the present moment to know that the resolution of discord thus foreshadowed sufficed for the assuagement of Maine de Biran's protracted mental sufferings. He was never positively happy in his faith, if faith it may be called, but he began to *rest*. The tension was relaxed. There stole over his long strained and tortured faculties that blessed beginning of quietude, the sight of whose counterpart in the bodily frame has caused how many a helpless watcher over agonies beyond his power to relieve to lift his eyes and involuntarily murmur those old, old words of tremulous gratitude and appeal, "Lord, if he *sleep* he shall do well!"

Before his death, on the 20th of July, 1824, Maine de Biran received the last rites of the Roman Catholic church, in which he had been born and bred. The wholly orthodox tendency of his final

speculations naturally approved and endeared him to the foremost apostles of that Catholic revival which had been heralded by the author of the *Génie du Christianisme*. Nevertheless, his spiritual condition and "exercises" do not appear to have been entirely satisfactory to the closer Christian critics of any school. His Catholic biographer, Auguste Nicolas,¹ laments that, while the last word of Maine de Biran's journal, entered about two months before his death, concerns the Mediator by whose side man walks in the presence of God, he should yet have experienced so little of the solace which the majority of those bearing the Christian name have certainly derived from confiding in the actual and miraculously protracted presence of Christ in the midst of them. His Protestant biographers would have been better satisfied if they had been able to discover in the candid pages of the journal any definite sense of original sin, or need of an external atonement. Nevertheless, it is one of the latter, Ernest Naville, who has illustrated the tale of M. de Biran's spiritual struggles most fully, and who has prefixed to his edition of the *Pensées* the singularly appropriate motto from St. Augustine: "Domine, fecisti nos ad te, et inquietum est cor nostrum donec requiescat in te."

Amiel, too, had his religion, and that not merely an inward motion, but an outward habit, — the habit of his youth, which he never abandoned. There are frequent notes of sermons in the *Journal Intime*, and an exceedingly interesting commentary on a course of lectures delivered at Geneva by Ernest Naville himself on *La Vie Eternelle*. There is indeed a peculiarly pathetic entry in the diary, dated March 17, 1861, and beginning, "Langueur homicide! tristesse mortelle!" in which he goes on

¹ *Étude sur Maine de Biran*. D'après le journal intime de ses pensées. Par AUGUSTE NICOLAS. Paris: Auguste Vaton. 1858.

to say, "Our church ignores the sufferings of the heart. She does not divine them. She has little of compassionate precaution or wise regard to delicate pains, no intuition of the mysteries of tenderness, no religious suavity. Under a pretext of spirituality, we crush legitimate aspiration. We have lost the mystic sense; and can there be a religion without mysticism, a rose without perfume? We are always saying *repentance, sanctification*, but *consolation, adoration*,—these also are two of the essential elements of religion." Nevertheless, Protestantism is still to him a church; and *his church* and the shadow of its unsculptured porch is grateful to his aging eyes.

For Senancour alone there seem to have been no simple mother cares in his last agony. He died as he had lived, exceptionally alone. But let us not fail to note one or two particulars, in which he seems, half unconsciously, to draw nearer to the spirit of the founder of Christianity than either of the others. He is less a spiritual *aristocrat* than they. The sentiment which secludes him from his fellow-men is not so much one of fastidiousness or disdain—even for the intellectually poor—as of utter helplessness. He finds himself in the ranks of humanity with no arms for bearing his part in the battle. Maine de Biran knew that he had a will which was thwarted by circumstance. Senancour mourns that he has none whatever. But his power of passive sympathy with others is intense; and with him, often more than with either De Biran or Amiel, the sickening accuracy of description, the piercing, blind appeal, are for sorrows which are not his own.

The application of the words "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these," etc., to works of practical benevolence is happily universal in our day among all who bear the Christian name. Our object has been to call attention for a moment to miseries of a no less poignant reality which are beyond relief by gifts of clothing, food, and shelter; and he whose brief life in Judea, whether or no it have the unique and eternal significance which his professed followers assign it, did certainly epitomize in a remarkable degree the numberless varieties of human woe, had his full share in this nameless and incorporeal anguish. Over and above its privation of all that have ever been held the prizes of human existence,—love, honor, beauty, riches, and power,—that life of thirty-three years passed encompassed by a great sphere of spiritual sorrow, into the mysteries of whose awful culmination a not too reverent theology has, for the most part, peered in vain. Reflecting upon these things, we are more and more confirmed in our impression that there is a fixed place in the mundane order for souls whose too keen sense of its imperfection deprives them of the little power they might otherwise possess to disguise, or modify, or ameliorate it. The average world, which shakes its wise head over their inexplicable inefficiency and needless enervation, still dates its daily doings from the commencement of a life which called forth the saddest commentary ever yet pronounced upon a so-called, unsuccessful human career: "He was in the world, and the world was made by him, and the world knew him not. He came unto his own, and his own received him not."

Harriet Waters Preston.

A COOK'S TOURIST IN SPAIN.

I.

THE choice spirits of our day have found a term of contempt stronger than that of "Philistine," namely, "Cook's Tourist." Indeed, it includes the other, for who but a Philistine would go to a land of art, historical associations, and natural beauty for a four weeks' trip with a return ticket? Yet I am ready to make the humiliating confession that I have done this thing, and found so much to see and enjoy, even under those galling circumstances, that a short account of my journey may amuse other Philistines, and point out a new path for their innocent pleasures.

Experienced friends who know Spain well, and have known her for over a quarter of a century, warned me against disappointment. I was not to expect customs, or costumes, or fine cities, or fine scenery, or comfort in traveling, or ease in an inn, or, above all, "local color;" *that* had vanished before the approach—the distant approach, it would seem—of civilization. Indeed, they were so anxious that I should not expect too much that they had some difficulty in specifying what I was to expect: pictures, to be sure, such as could not be seen anywhere else, and a few fine churches, and the Alhambra,—they would not promise anything more; yet they urged me to go, by all means. Over-persuaded in this singular manner, I set out with my expectations pitched at a moderate height, and here offer my thanks to those friends for the delightful surprise they prepared for me.

At Bayonne, a pretty town with a physiognomy of its own, there are indications of Spain perceptible even from the railway: notices printed in Spanish and French, and coachmen in Figaro jackets. There we had the first glimpse of the bay

of Biscay,—a mere peep between the harbor fortifications,—standing on its head in a truly traditional manner. The French frontier towns either stretch along the sandy shores or cling high up on the cliffs of these turbulent waters, which are so shut in by headlands as to resemble a series of fiords or lakes; the short, sharp spurs of the Pyrenees strike into them, a succession of abrupt hills and deep dells covered with slender pine-trees, an undergrowth of golden gorse and broom lighting up the ever-green gloom like sunshine. Every town has its church and its ruined fortress on a rising ground above the cross-timbered, many-storied, deep-eaved, galleried Basque houses. Hendaye stands on a promontory so isolated by intervening knolls that it looks like a conical island covered with a cluster of picturesque houses, no two alike, encircled by walls, climbing from the water's edge to the castle at the summit. Another—San Sebastian, I think—is separated from the mainland by a tiny land-locked bay, joining the sea by a straight, narrow creek between two steep ridges. The smiling little town, with its white dwellings, blue balconies, and red roofs, is built in two regular lines on each side of the chancel, as if it were a street; seen across the intervening water, the effect is strange and charming. The robust, well-knit peasantry, with hawk noses, wild, bright brown eyes, bronzed skin, and strong white teeth, recall the Welsh type. They have no resemblance to the people at the stations north of Bordeaux, who are unmistakably French; the dissimilarity is a striking illustration of the difference between a nation and a race. They almost universally wear the Basque costume, a blue *berret*, or round woolen cap, and blue or brown homespun jacket and trowsers; a few, prin-

cipally public coachmen, sport jacket and breeches gay with embroidery, silver braid, and double rows of silver buttons, high leather gaiters, a bright sash, and a little varnished black hat with a silver band, worn jauntily over one ear. They are very proud of their nationality and language; there is a guide-book story that they consider it the original one spoken by Adam and Eve in Paradise. Their farming implements might be made on the model of those used by our first parents after leaving the garden of Eden, and are not designed to mitigate the curse and spare the sweat of the brow of their descendants. Nevertheless, the Basque peasantry contrive to till their valleys and hillsides very well. At Irun the type and dress disappear; the next stations show only mongrel Spanish.

My first contact with the new country was at Irun, in the custom-house, and all the boding words of the guide-book had not sufficiently forewarned me. There were but few travelers, and there were, relatively, a great many officials. The time-table announces three quarters of an hour's delay to examine luggage, but we stopped an hour and a half; the additional respite being explained by the difference between Paris and Madrid time, which is made good out of the patience of the passengers. Three dignified personages, each with a long cloak thrown gracefully over his left shoulder and smoking a cigarita, took my modest baggage into examination, while my fellow travelers had about as many apiece to investigate theirs. The slowness, the seriousness, the silence, and the suspicion with which this investigation was carried on were entirely unprecedented in my experience, although I had made acquaintance with the custom-houses of half a dozen European countries, some of them in time of war. Articles of the most trifling value and common use excited the deepest doubts in those mistrustful breasts.

A woolen wrapper, the first thing which met their eyes, spread frankly over the contents of the lower compartment of the trunk, was taken out, weighed, measured, tested by four of the five senses, and regarded with much shaking of heads. I was asked whether it was new, whether it was for sale, and a number of other questions, which I did not understand. As the successive layers of my wardrobe were subjected to the same scrutiny, my patience gradually gave way. There is one piece of advice in which all guide-books concur, and which had been repeated to me by everybody who knew anything of Spain, on hearing that I was bound thither: Never lose your temper. There is nothing, they said, which a Spaniard cherishes like his self-love; he cannot bear the slightest offense to his dignity, and unless you wish to have the worst of it you must treat him with the utmost forbearance, even under the utmost provocation. It is proverbially difficult for one of an English-speaking race to keep his temper with anybody who does not understand the English language; and when, in addition to this, the delinquent does not understand the use of a sponge the difficulty is aggravated. In spite of these trials, I controlled myself until the three officials, having tossed about the contents of my trunk and strewn the custom-house counter with them, dismissed me with a condescending wave of the hand, and turned away. Then my temper was too quick for me, and I informed them in the plainest English that they must put back what they had pulled out, and leave my effects in the order in which they had found them. They looked at me inquiringly and seriously. I repeated my words in a louder voice and with emphatic gestures, whereupon they gravely refolded and repacked the clothes, tucking and patting them under their covers, and locked the trunk; a porter seized it and rushed off with it to the luggage-car, the officials

and I parting with a pantomime of mutual esteem. This little prefatory incident sent me into Spain in a good humor which withstood all subsequent trials of the journey, so that I cannot say whether the same plan would have answered invariably.

At Irun the scenery changes. Leaving the bold, warm-colored cliffs and blue coves, the road passes into a dreary and uninteresting region, without trees, rocks, or striking outlines; poorly cultivated hillsides rising steeper as they draw back toward the distant Pyrenees. But as night approached, so did the mountains, their grand and rugged profiles breaking through masses of golden and crimson cloud, into which the fog of the day rolled at sunset. It was a gorgeous, profuse, dazzling change, and amid the heavy purple peaks a silvery wedge of solid white gleamed through the rifts of the splendor. At twilight we were rushing between high walls of rock, rising sheer from their foundations like titanic masonry, and through gray wintry forests of great trees, twisted and torn by the winds into the semblance of monstrous hobgoblins. A depressing series of tunnels ushered us into the darkness of night. It had been as warm as June when we left Bayonne, at noon; it was as cold as December before midnight, when we stopped at Burgos.

I had heard so much of the dirt and discomfort of Burgos that nothing but the length of the journey from Bayonne to Madrid, twenty hours, decided me to halt there, the other towns on the route dividing the distance too unequally. As I walked up the wide, easy, dingy staircase of the Gran Hotel de Paris (Antigua Fonda de Rafaela), having previously made my bargain (without doing which nobody should enter either public abode or conveyance in Spain), the unscrubbed paint of the walls and the odor of mouldy cheese, which got the better even of strong smells of tobacco

and garlic, made me quail a little. I never saw a less prepossessing hostelry except in out-of-the-way towns in the old Italian States of the Church, or in one of our second-rate Southern cities, twenty years ago. My bedroom was a large, bare, square chamber, fully twenty feet high, with whitewashed walls rudely painted to imitate panels and wainscot; the furniture consisted of a shabby, uncomfortable sofa, a chest of drawers, above which hung a distorting mirror, a small and rickety wash-stand, a huge brazier of dead ashes, and two or three new cane chairs, the single rung of which was but six inches below the seat, so as to defy even an American's attempts to use it as a foot-rest. The floor was covered with a straw matting; the bed stood in an alcove, with green merino curtains. Although there was a thick layer of dust over everything, the bedding proved to be perfectly clean, the wash-stand well supplied with water and towels, and there was no difficulty in having a traveling bath-tub filled. This was a fair sample of my lodgings throughout Spain, and travelers should not expect more. To conclude the chapter of creature comforts, let me say that at Burgos and everywhere else the two essentials, bed and board, were not only irreproachably clean, but in all respects tolerable. I here first made acquaintance with *tortillas*, or eggs scrambled with tomatoes, a very nice breakfast dish; with omelets fried in olive oil instead of butter or lard, which had too unfamiliar a taste to be pleasant at first, but which I soon learned to prefer to those fried in grease. The bread was excellent: a little salt and not very white nor too light, — something like a home-made loaf; an agreeable change after the spongy French rolls. Then there was rice cooked in various ways, all of them good, and macaroni savory with cheese or gravy. The coffee was delicious; but cow's milk must always be asked for, or otherwise

the traveler will be given goat's milk, which spoils tea, coffee, and every other beverage. Here, too, I had my first cup of Spanish chocolate, thick and frothing, but overspiced; it tasted of cinnamon rather than chocolate, as did all that I drank in Spain. Salad is always served at dinner, very nice, of fresh, crisp lettuce, and excellent oranges are never failing. This is a Grahamite bill of fare, but one need not starve upon it; and there were many strange dishes of meat, plentifully seasoned with garlic and several varieties of beans, for those who liked them. The wine was sweet and strong, with a family flavor of port, and as violet-colored as in the days of Théophile Gautier. The demeanor of the servants at the Gran Hotel de Paris teaches a wholesome lesson to those who find cause of complaint on this head in American hotels. There were two in the dining-room, a man and a maid, — the latter a most slatternly person, who dressed her hair elaborately every afternoon and stuck a flower in it, without changing her soiled apron; next morning the apron was still more soiled, the hair was rough, and the flower was faded, but still there. The waiter was trimmer, spoke a little French, and was called El Chico on account of his stature, like Boabdil, the last of the Moorish kings. This pair used to present themselves a quarter of an hour after the bell sounded for a meal, and lean on either side of a large arched doorway communicating with the pantry, which opened into the kitchen, and amuse themselves with our impatience as the food was not served for another fifteen minutes. The boarders, who were apparently officers in garrison, lawyers, and men of business, who messed there and lodged elsewhere, would remonstrate good-humoredly at first, and then grumble. The servants, leaning against the door-posts, laughed and chaffed them, ironically congratulated them on their appetite, and inquired if they would have

their food now or wait until they got it, with similar *facetiae*. Once during the midday breakfast, which corresponds to luncheon in England and America, a burst of military music and the measured tramp of feet announced that soldiers were passing. The servants immediately set down the dishes they were serving, ran to a window, threw it open, and stepped upon the balcony, where they remained, talking, laughing, and looking at the regiment until it was out of sight. The meeker spirited of the guests joined them, following them back into the room when they deigned to return. Before the repast was over the drums were heard again; out rushed the servants a second time; nobody else stirred, and a gloom fell on the company; but it did not in the least disturb the cheerfulness of the couple on the balcony, who came back at their own pleasure, and chatted gayly with each other, as nobody else would speak to them. This was my introduction to the extraordinary democracy of manners which prevails throughout the most aristocratic and top-lofty society in the Old World.

The first morning in Burgos, on waking, I threw open the heavy wooden inner shutters and the long French window of my room, which looked on a balcony, and I drew back dazzled by the blaze of sunshine. Below, market was going on in an open square, groups of men in wide slouched hats and dark cloaks thrown over the left shoulder, and of women in black, with veils worn mantilla-wise over head and bust, stood about amongst shaggy brown donkeys, who were munching pensively, freed from their harness, and black oxen, with sheep-skin frontlets, lying on the ground near their carts, amid heaps of unfamiliar vegetables and dark red or cream-colored pottery of strange and beautiful shapes. The scene was shut in on one side by a long pale pink house front, with little iron-railed balconies at every

window; on the other by a gray, castle-like Gothic building, with crockets along the edge of the roof, and a fine arched gateway surmounted by two coats-of-arms carved in the stone, bound together by a heavy sculptured cord falling in a huge tassel on either side the entrance, — the order of Teutonic knight-hood (according to the guide-book). In the immediate background, with pre-Raphaelite disregard of middle distance, rose a steep green hill, crowned by fortifications. These simple elements composed a characteristic and purely Spanish picture.

After this view I could not dress and get out into the streets quickly enough. The general aspect of the town is modern, but entirely foreign to everything north of the Pyrenees. The principal streets are wide, the houses high, of light-colored stone or gay stucco, with many windows, mostly inclosed in square glass bays, each with a small iron balcony. The entrance is through a deep arched doorway, generally open, on a level with the pavement, into a sort of vestibule, whence the short staircase leads up into the body of the house. But these new, fresh-looking streets are filled by a crowd of people in the very costumes, if not the very clothes, of Murillo's and Velasquez's times. Not a single figure was visible which might not have belonged to the seventeenth century, except soldiers, of whom there were a great many, lighting up the sombre mass with dashes of red and blue. The varieties of brown were as remarkable as its prevalence: there were snuff-color, mahogany, chocolate, coffee, umber, burnt siena, Vandyke. The women's dress had no peculiarity except want of conformity to any contemporary fashion. I met two or three groups of peasants, in thick woolen petticoats of old-gold color with a cherry border, black bodices, and cherry kerchiefs; some of the men wore the red Basque berret, but the predominating hues were black and

brown. The streets were thronged all day long, but nobody seemed to be going any whither, or to have anything to do, except for an hour on Sunday morning, when everybody was going to or from church: that was my only glimpse of the upper classes, and they too wore the cloak or mantilla-veil, according to sex. The ladies were for the most part dressed in black, with crape veils instead of lace. Walking by twos and threes, their missal clasped in their hands and a long silver rosary dangling before them, their dark eyes cast down under their long black eyelashes, they looked like members of a religious order. I saw a few handsome faces, the outline oval, the features regular, the complexion like ivory, the hair, brows, and eyes dark as night. As a rule the faces both of men and women were too strongly marked for beauty: the features tended to coarseness, the skin to wrinkles and sallowness, the brows to grow too close and heavy. An expression of gravity, dignity, and reserve in almost every face redeemed it from commonness. The men are not tall, but well knit. The soldiers strike one as under size, on an average; the officers are fine men, but the distinction is more in their bearing than in height. A few Gothic palaces, like the Casa de Cordon on the market-place, look down on the stir and chatter of the streets; from a wide promenade, with trees and statues, bordering the river is seen the arch of a huge mediæval gateway, with heavy battlements, turrets, and towers, which frames a perpetually changing series of street-pictures. They are only a repetition of men, women, and donkeys. The latter are on curious terms with their owners: the donkey uses his discretion in obeying his driver, who has no whip or cudgel, but administers an occasional slap or push to the animal's hind-quarters with the palm of the hand, to make him go faster. As I was watching the never-ending combinations of these groups, a circus company

of fine muscular men, with bare limbs and shoulders, and gaudy tunics, mounted on showy horses with tinsel-trappings, wound slowly out of a narrow street, like a procession of the Middle Ages, quite in keeping with the rest of the scene. Following them for a few steps to lend myself to the illusion, I suddenly found myself confronted by one of the great doors of the cathedral.

Of all the famous minsters I have ever seen, that of Burgos seems to me to fulfill to the utmost completeness and content the ideal of a cathedral. It lacks but two points of perfection: a better site, granting an entire and instantaneous view of the mighty structure, and an unencumbered nave, which would allow the eye to range down its whole length and embrace its grand dimensions at a glance. The first condition can never be achieved, for, besides being crowded and hidden to the knees by adjoining houses, the cathedral is built into a hillside; so that even if the streets which abut upon it were cleared away it would not stand apart and detached, visible from all sides. One must be satisfied, therefore, to see the exterior piecemeal. The west front looks upon a small, open square, giving the spectator an opportunity of standing off far enough to get the effect of the statued gallery above the main portal, of the rich rose window, and two beautiful towers with airy spires, a network of stone through which is seen the blue sky. Two or three low steps lead up to a sort of flagged terrace, from which the church is entered at this end; a striking feature, which I do not remember having seen elsewhere, nor do I know if it has an architectural name. On the north the Puerta del Sarmental is approached from the street by a long, narrow passage between the archbishop's palace and the cloisters. Owing to the inequality of the ground the entrance on this side is by a very high flight of steps, leading to a magnificent doorway of the thirteenth century,

guarded by a host of sculptured figures; above is seen the summit of the glorious lantern, an octagonal tower with an eight-pointed diadem of exquisite Gothic carving. On the south side the level changes again; one looks down upon the Gothic galleries of the chapels and cloisters towards the clustering finials of the eastern towers.

Entering the church from this side, one sees the pavement thirty feet below the door, which opens at the head of a magnificent double staircase, turning upon itself midway at a broad landing, — a superb production of the Spanish Renaissance. But how can dimensions or descriptions impart the sense of an immortal work of art? As the heavy leather curtain of the east door falls between the traveler and the outer world, with its besieging army of beggars, how can words convey the feelings with which he finds himself for the first time within a great Spanish cathedral, his eye straining to reach the height of the vaults and to pierce the depth of the aisles, while the sunset light of the painted windows falls athwart the pillars, carrying the gaze further and further on, until it is lost in the dimness of the distant chapels. He has the vastness to himself, for except during the morning services there is seldom any one to be seen in the long vistas; even on Sunday at vespers there are only a few dark figures, kneeling at long distances apart, and still more isolated by the rapt intensity of their prayer. The traveler feels as if he had never been in a real church before.

The material obstacle to a full enjoyment of the sublimity of Burgos is the enormous, lofty choir, which obstructs the nave and does not even leave a free view of the upper arches. The finest general impression is to be had from the north door, whence one looks across the grand transept — only a sixth less in length than the nave — to the splendid double staircase of the south door and

up into the lantern-tower, which is adorned to its very apex with graduated tiers of galleries and ogival windows, niches, statues, heads, wreaths, and all the luxuriance of florid Gothic. The richness of this lantern, although consistent with the rest of the edifice, is a singular beauty, for I cannot remember another instance of the interior of a dome or tower with any ornament except frescoes or mosaics; it is like a cavern encrusted with stalactites, and enhances the magnificence of the nave immensely.

Next to the grand harmony of the whole structure, notwithstanding the difference of age and style in its several parts, its chief characteristic is opulence of detail and wealth of special art treasures. The poor Cook's Tourist, with but two days to give to a place where he would gladly spend two months, goes away with an unsatisfied, almost sad, recollection of marvels of sculpture, painting, wrought iron and bronze, goldsmith's work, stained glass, illuminated missals and music-books, embroidered vestments, wood-carving, which he was obliged to slight, and of historical associations which he was forced to neglect, in those crowded hours. The screen of masonry inclosing the high altar is paneled externally with sculpture, in high relief, of the Passion, Agony, and Resurrection of Christ; there are scores of figures, about a third the size of life, executed with the finish of single statues. They are all worthy of study, but the Vigil in the Garden of Olives, by Philip of Bergoña, a Spanish sculptor of the late fifteenth century, is a masterpiece. The kneeling figure of our Saviour, the descending angel, and the apostles struggling with their sleep are represented with a grace, simplicity, and pathos which recall nothing in art so much as Perugino's best delineation of the same subject. Single heads, of extraordinary force and individuality, prophets and apostles, project from be-

low these panels; on the pillars which divide them there are niches, with statuettes of royal and warrior saints, so noble in attitude and expression that the spectator cannot but wonder whether the artist found living models of such rare dignity and devoutness, or followed his own exalted conceptions alone. Behind the high altar is the Chapel of the Constable, the finest and most interesting of fourteen which surround the church. It was built by John of Cologne in 1487 for Velasco, the hereditary constable of Castile, and is a monument of Gothic art in its happiest exuberance. Amidst an efflorescence of buds and sprays like the simultaneous outburst of twig, leaf, and flower in a late spring, the constable and his wife lie side by side on tombs as rich as thrones, with the simple, stately indifference of true grandees to the magnificence around them. Their ancient lineage is attested by coats-of-arms carved in every direction among branching, blooming tracery, as if their entire ancestry had hung up their shields in this forest of stone; the sculptured orders of the Golden Fleece and of St. Iago de Compostella give the last touch of pomp and pride of place to this almost royal sepulchre. When the Duke of Frias, the descendant of this noble pair and present owner of the chapel, comes to visit the hereditary constable's effigy, he may be excused for believing that the blood in his veins is not chemically composed like that of other mortals.

Each of the thirteen remaining chapels has its picture, monument, great silver lamp with chains wrought like bracelets, or other work of art; some of them are small museums; several are as large as a full-grown modern church, with a separate high altar, organ, and gallery. The largest, though neither the most beautiful nor the most interesting, is the great chapel of Santa Tecla, to the left of the main entrance. It is a perfect specimen of rococo decoration: the twisted columns wreathed in vines; the vaulted

roof embossed with heads of cherubim, rosettes, vases, fabulous beasts, and imaginary blossoms; the interspaces filled with clouds, flames, sun-disks; the reredos of the high altar, representing Saint Thecla on the martyr's pile surrounded by Moors feeding the flames, might have been designed during an orgy. Yet the delicacy of coloring is exquisite: amber, rose, turquoise, aquamarine, and I do not know how many more clear, tender tints, combined by white and gilding in profusion, produce a lovely result, like a heap of rare sea-shells or a hot-house in full bloom. In spite of the detestable style of art of which it is an exaggerated specimen, it contrasts charmingly with the gray solemnity by which it is environed.

The cloisters are peculiar in being two-storied, and are exceedingly ornate. The spaces between the pointed arches are occupied by life-size statues of saints, kings, and queens; the walls are hollowed into Gothic tombs, where below carved canopies repose knights in their armor and prelates in their robes; through the mullioned windows turrets and pinnacles are seen against the deep blue sky; the sunshine traces Gothic patterns on the marble pavement. The lively air of heaven and a certain serene cheerfulness of their own give the cloisters a beauty and solemnity differing from those of the cathedral.

There are other fine old churches at Burgos, but they are annihilated by the neighborhood of the cathedral. Near the town are two convents which are worth seeing, even if one has but an hour to give to them. One is the Cistercian convent of Las Huelgas, about a mile northward, through the tree-bordered avenues beside the river. A great gateway in a high, blank wall gives access, not to the solitary precincts of the religious establishment, as one expects, but to a large and squalid village, and the traveler picks his way through dirt and garbage until he finds the entrance

to the church for himself. There is no lack of beggars, but a peculiarity of the Spanish beggar, which distinguishes him from his brother of Italy, France, or Switzerland, is that he never offers to show you your way, or call the custodian, or perform any of those services by which the others pretend to earn your alms. The Spanish beggar is not a whit less importunate than they, but stands upon his own merits. The church of Las Huelgas has a square tower, much like that of many an old English country church, and apart from its surroundings is not unlike some early English sacred building which has escaped alteration. Tradition connects it closely with English history: it was founded by a sister of Richard Cœur de Lion, and Edward I. of England was knighted here by Alonzo X. of Castile. But royal tombs such as those that line the cloister, the sculptured arches of the doorways and vaults, are not to be found in English parish churches. Above the principal door there is a thick wreath of ivy, most beautiful and natural in execution, yet completely subordinated to decorative use; one of the pillars is entwined with convolvuluses, more conventionally treated, yet of charming delicacy and grace. The interior of the church is striking only by its good proportions, being whitewashed and otherwise disfigured, but it possesses some curious relics. Its most noteworthy feature is the nuns' chapel, nearly as large as the main church, and occupying the usual position of the north transept. The stalls of its choir are superbly carved, and the walls hung with gorgeous old tapestries. A grating divides it from the church, and it is never profaned by the foot of man; even the preacher delivers his exhortations through the bars, the ancient pulpit turning on a swivel to bring him within sight of the nuns. Noon, the hour at which they daily assemble for worship, came while I was still lingering before the carvings of the principal door,

and the sexton hurried out to adjure me by vehement gestures not to miss the opportunity. The nuns, in their long, thick white draperies, slowly entered, two by two, separating right and left, and seated themselves on each side of the choir; there were not more than a dozen of them. One row immediately began to chant in soprano, the other responded in contralto; presently they rose, and falling in pair and rank again made their exit majestically. The ceremony did not last five minutes, and I wondered whether these brief orisons were all that the rule exacts daily. The nuns were all stout, some of them were short; their robes were long, and swayed in inconvenient folds about their feet, but such dignity of bearing and motion I never saw before. Every one of them walked as if she were a born queen. This was in part explained by Murray's guide-book, from which I learned that to enter this particular convent a woman must be of noble birth and have a dowry, that the abbess takes precedence of every lady except the queen of Spain, and that *Las Huelgas* is altogether a most patrician and privileged institution. By way of contrast to these cloistered dames, and to the picture seen through the grating of their white forms in the dark oaken stalls beneath the rich purple tapestry, as I walked back to town, I saw about twenty women in line hoeing a newly plowed field, — a mere flutter of dingy rags, one or two wearing tawny, yellow skirts, and all with red or rose-colored headkerchiefs; standing between the brown earth and the blue sky, against the background of a white convent wall shaded by a gray row of leafless trees.

Two miles south of Burgos is the Carthusian convent of *Miraflores*. The way at first lies beside the river, along parallel avenues of trees divided by wide strips of grass, leading unexpectedly to what looks like the fragment of a palace garden centuries old. There is a

large fountain surrounded by concentric walks and high circular walls of box-wood shrubbery, encompassed by an outer ring of great trees in formal order. This strange oasis is unprotected from the public road, yet is as solitary, damp, green-mouldy a spot as can be imagined. Beyond it the road strikes upwards among the lonely hills, and by and by the convent comes in sight; its severely simple Gothic roof and tower cut clean against the sky, shut in from the uninhabited region round about by high walls inclosing a large tract of almost equal desolation. The view from this height is very striking; beautiful, too, with a stern, implacable beauty. On one hand, long lines of hillside, without dwelling, tree, or cultivation, swept by every wind and bare to the blazing sun; on the other, sharp, serrate, deep-purple mountain ridges with glazed snow-peaks. The sky was cloudless, the sunshine splendid, the air keen and exhilarating, with a quality of lightness and purity, as if it had taken no taint from the clear, unencumbered expanse over which it blew. The church is of fine proportions, but cruelly naked under its whitewash, which contrasts crudely with the vivid stained glass of the ancient windows and the exquisite open carving of the canopied choir stalls. Before the high altar is an immense alabaster tomb, erected by command of *Isabella of Castile* for her parents. The royal pair repose in their robes of state on embroidered pillows; the rich stuff is so scrupulously copied that it looks like petrified brocade. Small figures, of great originality and expressiveness, kneel along the upper edge of the tomb, and its sides are crowded with scriptural subjects in high and low relief, with a herd of lions as supporters to the oft-repeated royal arms. Close by, in an arched mural recess, kneels their only son, whose death gave the crown to his sister. This monument represents a sort of oratory, but is more like an arbor of sculptured vines, with

lovely children playing hide-and-seek among the leaves and grapes. It is inclosed by pillars, and surmounted by an arch and spire so elaborately and excessively ornamental that the details, beautiful and spirited as they are, detract somewhat from the still and reverent dignity of the youthful figure. The background, the base, and the moulding which joins the monument to the wall are chased like the setting of a seal. A white-robed Carthusian monk, with a good-humored, intelligent face and broad brown eyes, did the honors of his church in sympathetic silence, evidently pleased by my admiration and astonishment at finding such works of art on this remote and abandoned hilltop. A few sentences of mine in guide-book Spanish and First Reader Latin to offer a small sum for the poor of the church porch and for the repairs of the beautiful sanctuary set him smiling and replying unintelligibly, for though I had weighed my own words, I could not keep up with his. However, he manifested so much cordiality that I imagine a visit even from a Cook's Tourist is a welcome event in his existence.

Five miles away from the Cartuja des Miraflores, across the bare hills, is the convent of San Pedro de Cardeña, where the Cid was buried by his own wish, beside his wife and daughters and his war-horse Bavioca, the faithful steed of so many legends and ballads, that wept over his dying master, like the horses of Hector over Patroclus. The convent was founded by one of the Gothic queens of Spain, and abounds in traditions of Moorish times and in mediæval tombs. But the time was short, the way was long and lonely; there was no road for wheels, and no saddle horse or mule to be hired, so I turned back to Burgos, where the cathedral consoled my few remaining hours. I might have visited the bones of the Cid in the town hall, had I been so minded, as they were sacrilegiously removed thither some forty

years ago; but I went to see neither them nor the so-called House of the Cid, deeming this to be one of the occasions on which it is safer to trust to the imagination than to ocular evidence.

At ten o'clock at night I was off for Madrid. In Spain the quick trains, that is to say the least slow, run at night only. They consume an inordinate length of time in making their distance, but the day trains are so much more tardy that they are used only by travelers whose object is not to arrive until the latest moment possible. Through the long sleepless night we were either roaring through tunnels or tarrying at places of which we could see nothing, with names which, disengaged from the Spanish lisp and gutturals, evoked recollections of the Peninsular War, of Prescott, Motley, and Lockhart, of Don Quixote and Gil Blas. The night was cold and moonless, and at Avila station the dark profile of a town on a hill, with walls and towers against the star-lit sky, promised confirmation of the reputed picturesqueness of the place. But the best stored memory and the liveliest fancy could hardly have kept the hours from dragging, until dawn revealed the most dreary and forbidding landscape which my eyes ever beheld: an irregular, broken foreground, scattered over with innumerable fragments of cold gray rock, scarred by the track of brooks which had torn their way deep into the surface, dragging stones and boulders after them; the same scene repeated again and again, until distance effaced the details, and showed only a dun and ragged desolation, closed by mountains of a dull, lifeless blue. I do not believe that the African desert can impart such a sense of inexorable sternness and mournful hopelessness. The only relief came from an infrequent wood of small, round-headed pines, which would look gloomy in any other scenery, but which gave this a sort of doleful cheer. I saw so much of this stony

sterility in Spain that I could not wonder at the poverty of the people, or the impossibility of wringing a subsistence from such a soil. There were hours of it before the Escorial appeared, squatting like a monstrous gray toad in the midst of the morose solitude. It is an immense construction by actual measurement, but as wanting in every element of greatness as the soul that conceived it. It is a huge muniment house for the secret history of Spain during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. I heard in Madrid that a learned friar, after long researches there, had lately published a work to rehabilitate the memory of Philip II., who is not venerated even in Spain. If he has found new matter in the archives of the Escorial, he can reckon upon readers, if not on converts.

As we drew toward Madrid the gray stones grew fewer, the lines became less harsh, the grim aspect of the country relaxed a little, and the woodland of royal domains clothed the hillsides in several directions. The railway stations are a long way from the principal *plaza*, the Puerta del Sol, on which stand the best hotels, and, on first arriving, one gets an idea of the town which is not much modified afterwards. It is a mere modern capital, not unlike Munich, but still more like Washington: wide, dusty avenues planted with trees which give no shade; immense public buildings of more pretension than merit; irregular lines of houses, the largest and handsomest side by side with the smallest and shabbiest; great gaps of vacant ground covered with rubbish; tasteless monuments, extortionate-looking shops, pretty little public gardens and squares; the most miserable of street carriages, horses, and drivers; no life in the extremities, but always an idle, miscellaneous crowd at the centre, the Puerta del Sol. No European town can be so destitute of physiognomy as an American one, and Madrid has some peculiar fea-

tures and a certain grand air of its own, but flattened and indistinct like the die on the old Spanish "levies" and "fips" which were in circulation with us a quarter of a century ago. The cloak is universally worn by men of all ranks, with great variety as to lining, the favorite colors being the national ones, deep yellow and bright red; the garment is thrown over the shoulder in such a manner as to show a stripe of each. The dandies, *polios* as they are called, wear velvet collars of dark blue, green, brown, or black, to match the cloak, for all these shades are in favor in Madrid; sometimes lined with light-colored silk or satin, pale blue being much approved. This excessive elegance is kept for the evening and dress clothes. Great study is bestowed on giving the cloaks graceful folds as they fall over the left shoulder, leaving the right hand free beneath to offer to a friend or to hold a cigarita. The mantilla is often seen, but much less frequently than at Burgos, and chiefly among the middle and lower classes. Some of the officers have a beautiful uniform, light blue with white facings heavily braided with silver, and there are few street scenes in which they do not appear. Another figure of the plazas of Madrid is the crone, in a dark dress and bright headkerchief, selling water, which she carries in a large ivory-white jar of Oriental form; glasses and long sticks of coarse white sugar, called *azucarillos*, are ranged in the sockets of a curious brass stand surmounted by round brass balls about the size of oranges, the whole apparatus glittering with cleanliness. The wet-nurses of rich people wear a gorgeous costume: a skirt of red, purple, or any brilliant color, striped above the hem with black and gold, or some other strong contrast, and a fringed neckerchief, usually black or white. Their little nurslings are most often in white, but sometimes cluster round their knees in rose-color or blue, like a bunch of buds. The boys who have got beyond

petticoat government march about solemnly, clad in dark velvets and broad Vandyke collars, in charge of a black-robed priest. Most Spanish children are handsome and sturdy, with rich, ruddy complexions, and a physical vigor which is seen in their dense black hair, eyebrows, and eyelashes, and in their full crimson lips.

The Puerta del Sol is a paved polygon, so irregular in shape that it is difficult to judge of its extent, which, however, appears great, particularly in crossing it on a sunny day or a muddy one. There is room, and much to spare, for cab-stands, omnibus stations, a tramway terminus, and a fountain; it is the headquarters of the hotels, cafés, shops, and all that portion of a town designed for deluding strangers. It is never quiet, day or night; the noisy newsboys shout the evening papers until they begin to sell the morning ones. The great rival hotels are the Paris and the Paix, and for foul smells, steep stairs, poor fare, and high charges they divide the palm. Yet in these, as in the *Fonda de Rafaela* at Burgos, the beds and table are clean, and there is a perpetual scrubbing of some part of the house. The habits and customs are bewildering to a foreigner. In the lower hall of the Hotel de Paris there was a big man in gray, called the *concierge*, but who exercised some of the functions of clerk and hall-porter. He sat all day at the foot of the staircase playing cards at a round table with three or four comrades of evil mien, not concealing his annoyance when called off by lodgers to attend to his business. On each landing there are a bench and table, at which the female servants congregate and flirt with men who seem to come in from the street for that purpose, as they are not inmates of the hotel in any capacity, and always keep their hats on. My observation of this practice goes as far as the fourth story. The wash-woman, fetching or taking away the lodger's clothes, avails herself of these

social opportunities for hours at a time. There are electric bells in the bedrooms, but the servants bawl to each other all over the house from story to story, and from end to end of the dining-room while waiting on table; the Spanish boarders generally calling out their orders, too. Adjoining the dining-room is a small apartment called the reading-room, in which there are native and foreign newspapers, writing materials, and some show-cases of sham antiques, with addresses of bricabrac shops and other cards of advertisement. The Spaniards collect in this room as they leave the table after the midday breakfast, and immediately begin to smoke, which they continue to do until midnight, their example being followed by foreigners of every nation (including English), our countrymen alone excepted, although there is no other public sitting-room for ladies.

To return to the streets: asses and mules abound in them; there is abundance of horses, too, and of all conditions of men on horseback, riding about their business. I could not understand the politico-economical position of the donkey in Spain; he seems to be an object of luxury as often as a possession of poverty. It is common to use a donkey, often an absurdly small one, as leader to a line of large horses dragging a load of stone or iron, a custom for which nobody could account. The modes of harnessing are odd and various; the trappings of the beasts, especially the mules, are sometimes gay and fanciful. There are public vehicles, a cross between omnibus and stage-coach, of which I saw none but shabby, rattle-trap specimens, used by the common people, drawn by two, three, or four horses; the driver sitting on the shaft, the box-seat being occupied by passengers. Four-in-hands are more common in Madrid than in London or Paris, but it is by no means a matter of course that the equipage should be elegant. Even the king and

queen observe no great state in their comings and goings. Every Saturday afternoon they go to pray for a short time in an old convent church called the Atocha, on the outskirts of the town; rather picturesque, with its open garden court in front, and arcades half hidden by creepers. It is a usage dating from the time of Philip II., and attracts attention on that account only, for it makes but a poor show. The king's coach, preceded by an outrider in uniform, is a simple close carriage with four horses, a coachman and two footmen in plain dark livery, three-cornered hats, and powdered wigs; it is accompanied by a mounted escort of about twenty soldiers; the gentlemen and ladies in waiting follow in three similar carriages, and a single mounted guard brings up the rear. They dash through the streets at a good pace, but there is nothing impressive in the procession beyond its associations and the fact of seeing four-in-hands used as mere conveyances, with no special end of ceremony or frolic, like opening Parliament or driving to the Derby.

The royal stables are on the list of sights for strangers. They are in an immense brick and granite building, lofty, well lighted and ventilated, clean and in good order, with an entire absence of "fancy" arrangements. There are several hundred horses: one compartment is given up to the royal saddle-horses, another to the saddle-horses of the suite, a third to the four-in-hand and other carriage-horses for the king and queen, a fourth to the carriage-horses for the use of the palace; and there are others. The horses are beautifully groomed; most of them struck us as in too high condition, but seeing them only in the stalls it was impossible to judge of them fairly in any way. There are a number of English horses, and several Irish hunters with prodigious haunches; among these is the queen's favorite saddle-horse, a huge beast, over

sixteen hands high. Here I saw for the first time the true Spanish horse, the Andalusian barb, the steed of Velasquez's equestrian portraits; he is seldom over fifteen hands, with a big head, neck, and body, tremendously long thick mane and tail, a prominent eye of great intelligence and gentleness, and none of the signs of the English blooded stock. At first the looks of a saddle-horse so unlike the English, American, and French standard shock the prejudices of a horseman of one of those nations; but every rider must soon be convinced of the delightful qualities of the barb, his strength, endurance, docility, steady temper, smoothness of gait, and lightness of mouth. Not being bred or trained to jump, he is unfit for fox-hunting or steeple-chasing, but for a riding journey he is perfection; his action is extraordinarily springy, almost plunging to appearance, but it is as easy as a rocking-chair. The only specimen of the arched neck and fine limbs, dish-face and small ears, which we prize in horse-flesh was a small light bay mare, with large eyes of the same color and the expression of a setter-dog. Not only did she turn such looks of affection on her groom that his face melted into smiles every time he glanced toward her, but when strangers stroked and patted her she laid her head against their breasts and looked up into their faces with canine gratitude and tenderness. There was not one of the party who did not linger in her stall, and leave it with regret. There is a pretty collection of ponies for the queen and princesses to drive in pairs and fours. One of them was a little black, woolly fellow, crinkled like a negro's pate, with mane and tail to match; he had an ugly head, and was altogether abnormal and unattractive. There was another mite of a creature, a beautiful miniature thoroughbred, though with the strange tapir-like upper lip rather common in Andalusia; he was so used to petting that he ran after

us and stood on his hind-legs begging for sugar, and it was with difficulty that we kept his tiny fore-feet off our shoulders. The exhibition of saddles and harness is handsome, but too large to be seen thoroughly in one visit, and is not interesting enough for two. The show-cases are arranged down the middle and around the walls of a gallery as long as Wimpole Street,¹ and present a gorgeous assortment of housings, caparisons, harness, and hammer-cloths. There are saddles and bridles of pale blue satin and silver for royal weddings, others of chamois-leather embroidered in gold for royal huntings, and superb sets of black harness with black velvet and satin hammer-cloths for royal mourning; there were trappings fit for the Field of the Cloth of Gold, used by the young grandees at their amateur bull-fights on very great occasions, such as the accession of a sovereign; but a catalogue soon grows tedious. There are some handsome modern state carriages and some of the last century, painted as prettily as a lady's fan; but the coach-house, with its immense variety of brand-new vehicles, is like the show-room of an American carriage-factory. The only one possessing any historical interest is that shown as the carriage in which poor mad Joan, Juana la Loca, the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella and mother of the Emperor Charles V. traveled about with the dead body of her husband, the handsome Philip of Austria. The carriage is appropriately painted and lined with black, and has a suitably funereal aspect the guide explains that it has been "restored." It is, however, merely a Louis XIV. *berline*, richly carved with Cupids and garlands, much out of keeping with its pretended purpose and date. It is evidently fictitious, yet awakes some emotion by recalling the memory of that hapless woman. She has lately

acquired new interest from the discovery of documents proving that, if not inclined to the heretical ideas of the reformers, she was at least opposed to religious persecution and unfavorable to the Inquisition, and that a temporary insanity was made the pretext for the long captivity and harsh usage to which she was subjected by her unnatural son and hard-hearted grandson because her orthodoxy was suspected. These documents, which have come to light within a few years, give Juana la Loca a new claim to compassion. She has long been a favorite subject with Spanish artists; I know of four life-size pictures on her story by contemporary artists.

Pictures! The word has a portentous significance in Madrid. Nowhere else does life seem so short and art so long as at the door of the great gallery of the royal museum. If I were to say that I had found more Italian masters there than in the Pitti palace, more French ones than in the Louvre, more Flemings than at Antwerp, and more Spanish pictures than in all the rest of Europe, it would convey my first impression of this stupendous collection. The master-portraits of Titian are there, some of the finest Tintoretto's and loveliest Veronese's, two world-famous Raphaels, several canvases of Andrea del Sarto unsurpassed by any in Florence. With regard to native art, it may truly be said that nobody can have a just idea of Spanish painting without having been in Spain. There are fine specimens of the principal masters in several of the public galleries of Europe, but to understand the variety and concrete force of any one of them he must be studied in the Spanish museums and churches. There are some who are unrepresented and unknown out of their own country: two in particular, Joanes Vincente, commonly called Juan de Juanes, and Luis de Morales, both of the sixteenth century, who are overshadowed by the greater names of the succeeding age.

* 1 "Everything has an end," said a ghostly comforter to a dying wit. "Except Wimpole Street," replied the moribund.

Both show the influence of early Italian and Flemish schools, but they have a concentration and poignancy in the expression of suffering which is national and individual. They painted religious subjects exclusively, and in their mode of depicting the *Ecce Homo*, *Mater Dolorosa*, *Agony in the Garden*, and *Descent from the Cross*, there is a singular bitterness of anguish, the moral and physical sentiment of the gall and wormwood, the vinegar mingled with honey. This quality they have in common, but in other respects they differ widely. There are but half a dozen pictures by Morales, only one of them on a more cheerful subject, the *Presentation at the Temple*, in which the youthful Virgin advances toward the aged Simeon at the head of a lovely, lightly moving band of girls, imbued with innocence and simplicity. Juanes has nearly twenty pictures in the Madrid gallery, of which five constitute a series on the history of St. Stephen. As well as I can remember, their size is three feet by two, and they are crowded with figures excellently drawn and spirited even to exaggeration; when this tendency is controlled, the expression of the faces is wonderful; the coloring is bright and clear, but they are deficient in atmosphere. On the same wall hangs a life-size three-quarters-length portrait of Don Luis de Castelví, a Valencian nobleman of Charles V.'s time, a man in the prime and pride of life, in a dark, rich, bejeweled dress; it is a splendid picture, worthy of Titian or Moor, and might have been painted a century later than the series of St. Stephen. There is also a small picture, by the same master, of the *Coronation of the Virgin*, a 16mo canvas so to speak, composed in the conventional manner with rows of doctors, confessors, martyrs, saints, and angels, and executed with the patient care of Hamling or Van Eyck. The versatility of which these two last-named pictures give proof is extraordinary, considering

the clearness of conception and firmness of execution which are also to be found in all Juanes' works; he did not waver and falter between different styles, but went straight from one to another, with a fixed purpose and a steady brush. Tradition says that he was noted for devoutness, and his life was almost that of an anchorite; the sacred images always hung in his studio, and he never omitted to pray before beginning to paint. Fervor of devotion, intensity of supplication, are the strongest characteristics of Spanish religious pictures: in these they are unapproached by any other school. Murillo's saints are so absorbed in prayer, their look of entreaty is so compelling, that the celestial apparition descending toward them seems but the natural, the necessary, answer to the appeal: the limits of sense, of space and time, are forgotten; they are insensible to the cold, heat, thirst, and fatigue which waste them; they are consumed by a desire for a nearer communion with Christ, and it must needs be vouchsafed to every one who so beseeches. There is nothing of the placid rapture and beatitude of Italian pictures on the same subjects; the look with which the saints in Spanish art receive their divine visitors is one of infinite assuagement and consolation rather than of actual bliss; the remembrance of pain is never absent. Even in the *St. Anthony of Padua* of the Seville gallery the predominant expression is that of relief from prolonged strain and suffering. They are profoundly affecting pictures. Spanish religious art goes far to explain Spanish religious persecution. The native painters all seem to have possessed this capacity for conviction; it is signally illustrated by Velasquez's famous *Crucifixion*, his one religious picture. Among the fifty and odd canvases by him in the gallery of Madrid there are one or two on sacred subjects, but they might as well be secular. In the *Crucifixion* our Saviour is represented as just dead: the face and

form are of great beauty, attenuated by an austere life and recent torture; the head has sunk on the breast, and one heavy lock of dark hair falls across the right side of the face and almost hides it; the clay-like hue of the flesh, a few drops and streaks of dark blood, are the only tokens of physical suffering; the face has in its expression all the words uttered from the cross, which is erect in appalling solitude against the blackness of darkness. The picture is out of place in a gallery; it is fit only for a church, to be unveiled in Passion Week. It is, as I have said, strictly speaking Velasquez's only religious picture, and it strikes one as though the painter had been exhorted to pronounce his creed, had summed up his whole belief in this Crucifixion, and had left it to the world as his profession of faith.

Velasquez's pictures, besides being splendid works of art, reflect the court life of his country and century like the palace mirror in his canvas of *Las Meninas*. They depict the famous personages of his day, the royal pleasure-grounds, with old-fashioned fish-ponds and formal avenues, processions of state coaches and troops of stiffly-robed lords and ladies who have got out of them to take the air; they chronicle the existence of the royal children, encompassed with artificial restraints of brocade and etiquette; they reveal the courteous, chivalrous side of the national character in the magnificent surrender of Breda, where the Duke of Spinola accepts the keys of the captured city as if they were a gift; they betray its barbarous side in a strange assemblage of dwarfs and jesters. The dwarfs are a collection of every type of humanity afflicted with that particular deformity. There is one called *El Primo*, whose poor little body supports the head of a philosopher, with phrenological indications of high moral and intellectual qualities, and a sad, self-contained, thoughtful, handsome, middle-aged face; he is turning over the

leaves of an ancient tome, in which it is easy to believe that he may find consolation. Next to him hangs a diminished and distorted copy of the human form in the mockery of a rich dress, crimson embroidered with gold, surmounted by a big head with irregular features lighted by a pair of dark eyes like live coals, and an expression of acute mental suffering and hopeless revolt against fate. The face burns with passionate grief and hatred, but there is nothing base in it; on the contrary, there is a capacity for love and devotion. I heard a number of people, on first coming up to it, echo my own silent exclamation, "*Triboulet!*" Beyond this is a less painful picture of the conventional dwarf, tolerably well proportioned, with a round face, long curly hair, and the choleric expression of a child who is alternately petted and teased. The little fellow, splendidly dressed like a court page, stands stoutly on a pair of good legs, holding his white-plumed hat; beside him there is a fine mastiff, as tall as himself. Next is a poor half-witted creature, sickly and misshapen, with a cunning but harmless face, blurred features, and a dim glance; if he was not tormented he was probably not unhappy. The last of the series is merely a small monster; the heart swells and sickens at the thought of his being made the butt of jokes and tricks. The jesters are a very different race, and look quite able to take care of themselves; their common trait is an irritable eye and the air of paid assassins. There is one of them painted in a very simple scarlet dress, holding a naked sword in his hand, with a fine face and figure, but so grim of aspect that I took him at first for the king's *bravo* or the state executioner. There is a deplorable absence of landscape-painters among the Spanish artists. Velasquez has left half a dozen sketches of villa gardens and parks, but there is nothing else of the sort, so that one turns for relief to the fine landscapes of the Low Country mas-

ters in the side-rooms. This is a curious deficiency in the native art.

I have no intention of going through the list of the pictures, or even the painters, in the Madrid gallery, but I cannot turn away from it without mentioning Juan Pantoja de la Cruz, Sanchez Coello, and Alonzo Cano: the first two are among the fine portrait-painters of the sixteenth-century; the last is a seventeenth-century painter of sacred subjects, noted also for being almost the only sculptor of merit whom Spain has produced in later times. Between the old and new schools of Spanish painting stands Goya, who died about fifty years ago in extreme old age. To my thinking, he is the most original genius of modern times. There are few of his pictures out of Spain: one or two in the Louvre, one or two in Belgium, and Americans might have seen two volumes of his *Caprichios* in the Spanish government building of the Centennial Exhibition. Everybody who turned over those pages will remember the frenzy of fancy, reveling in the grotesque and horrible. Spanish galleries are full of Goya's pictures, and the streets of the subjects from which he took them. His compositions have a grace, dash, and "go," a freedom of first impulse and an audacity, inconceivable to those who do not know him. The criticism of Goya in Théophile Gautier's eloquent and picturesque travels in Spain gives as good a notion of his genius as words ever can do of works of art.

To Gautier also may be referred those readers who wish to know a bull-fight by hearsay; they can satisfy their curiosity by reading his chapter on the subject, which leaves nothing for any other traveler to add. The crowd returning from the sport along the Alcala, a long, wide street leading from the Puerta del Sol to the Bull Ring on the outskirts of town, is one of the most extraordinary sights which Europe affords in the present century. A disorderly battalion

of omnibuses, barouches, light wagons, coupés, four-in-hand breaks and drags, cabs, mule-carts, and numberless nameless vehicles, some drawn by a single horse or donkey, some by two, three, four, or six, with jingling bells and dangling fringes and tassels, filled with fine ladies and gentlemen dressed in Paris fashion, with women of the town in black lace mantillas, bunches of carnations in their hair and fans in their hands, with middle-class dandies in round cloaks, with peasants in Andalusian jackets and red berrets, with people of the lower orders in any sort of rag, rush by helter-skelter, pellmell, like a routed army, smoking, singing, laughing, shouting, — interspersed with hundreds of horsemen and thousands of people on foot dodging the carriages. The arrogance of everybody's demeanor passes belief, from the blue-blooded grandee with a title as old as the kingdom to the beggar with his tattered cloak draped over his shoulder and his battered hat cocked over his left ear and slouched over his right eye. Such an aggressive assertion of independence and equality is unknown even in France, and can be seen in our own happy country only on St. Patrick's day. Everybody is as good as everybody else, and better, except when a barouche tears by with the bull-fighters in their sumptuous costumes of embroidered satin and velvet; then the whole multitude does homage with huzzas and waving hats. The rabble gallops on across the Prado and up the steep streets on the city side, filling the Puerta del Sol for a noisy half hour, then pouring off down a dozen diverging streets, when the Puerta del Sol returns to its normal condition of a vast human ant-hill of idle ants. Yet if this mad multitude at the height of its frenzy meets a priest and his acolyte carrying the Host to a sick-bed, the tumult is instantly stilled, the on-rush checked in full career, and every knee is bent and every head uncovered, while the tinkling of the little

bell can be heard. These weekly saturnalia strengthen the impression of the semi-civilized condition of Spain which a stranger receives from numerous and divers trifles. Neither the country nor the society has kept pace with the age. Even the gossip from high-life, which reaches him remotely, has not the ring of chit-chat of the present day; the scandals of modern Spanish society are so gloomy and romantic, with the high-sounding names of the actors in them, that they are fit for plots of the tragedies of two hundred years ago. The discrepancies in the mode of life of people of rank and wealth are among the symptoms of this semi-civilization. The royal palace, a fine building with a long front and wings agreeably divided by pilasters, stands upon a bluff above the thirsty little river Manzanares, a broad, terraced drive leading down to the base, where an extensive orangery shows a thick screen of dark foliage and bright fruit through great glazed doors and windows. At the foot of the declivity lies the *Caza del Moro*, or Chace of the Moor, a small uninclosed park of fine trees, formal shrubbery, and walks converging toward a central fountain. Between this pleasure-ground and the river, directly under the eyes and nose of royalty, a belt of wretched houses occupied by washerwomen stretches along the bank; it is an untidy laundry, a mile long, and the king and queen cannot leave the palace in this direction without crossing a tract of fluttering house and body linen which comes between the wind and their nobility. It is the only way of reaching the *Caza del Campo*, a royal park for pheasants and ground game which lies just beyond the city limits, on the farther side of the Manzanares. The *Caza del Campo* is not a gay resort; indeed, it is hardly a resort at all. I rode there two or three times, the regular promenades, the *Buen Retiro* and *Castillanas*, being too crowded and circumscribed for exercise; and I met

hardly anybody except a few groups of ladies in black walking near the entrance followed by their carriages. *Etiquette* — a word which is not obsolete in Spain — prohibits the fashionable drives to people in mourning, so they come to this deserted chace to stretch their limbs. There is no pretense of keeping the place up; there are some short drives in good condition, bordered by fine trees, but they soon merge into rough roads, leading among low hills and abrupt hollows, spotted with a gnarled, dusky, evergreen oak, and as lonely as the surrounding country. The ground is covered with short, close grass and aromatic herbs, over which the smooth-paced Spanish horses canter lightly, keeping a sharp lookout for rabbit-holes, as the whole domain is little better than a warren. The small, brown masters of the soil start up at every moment, wrinkling their noses at intruders from the height of their hind-paws, and only on instant peril of being ridden down disappear into their subterranean abodes with a twinkle of a white-lined tail. From the hilltops there is a view on one hand of the wide, desolate, barren plain, sloping up gradually to an expanse of pale green table-land, level as the sea, and melting into the horizon; on the other, low hills tread on each other's heels, until they are stopped by the long crenelated wall of the *Guadarrama* range, violet and lilac and silvered with snow. Southward Madrid stands up on its bluff, showing the long, many-windowed fronts of its public buildings; and at this distance its flat roofs and light tints give it a more foreign appearance than it wears in its streets and plazas, with a faint suggestion of the East. Here, on these breezy hills, one escapes from the immediate climate of the city, which has the peculiarity of Boston, so trying to the nerves, of stringing them to cracking-points, while it induces a constant sense of fatigue; at Madrid, too, humanity is under the "whip of the

sky." The water, on the contrary, which does not come from the panting Manzanares, but from springs among the Guadarramas, is deliciously soft : under

its influence the skin becomes like velvet and the hair like floss-silk ; after a bath the body is as smooth as if it had been anointed.

BIRD-GAZING IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

It was early in June when I set out for my third visit to the White Mountains, and the ticket-seller and the baggage-master in turn assured me that the Crawford House, which I named as my destination, was not yet open. They spoke, too, in the tone which men use when they mention something which, if you had not been uncommonly stupid, you would have known already. The kindly sarcasm missed its mark, however. I was quite aware that the hotel was not yet ready for the "general public." But I said to myself that for once, at least, I was not to be included in that unfashionably promiscuous company. The vulgar crowd must wait, of course. For the present the mountains, in reporters' language, were "on private view;" and for all the ignorance of railway officials, I was one of the elect. In plainer phrase, I had in my pocket a letter from the manager of the famous inn before mentioned, in which he promised to do what he could for my entertainment, even though he was not yet keeping a hotel.

Possibly I made too much of a small matter; but it pleased me to feel that this visit of mine was to be of a peculiarly intimate character, — almost, indeed, as if Mount Washington himself had bidden me to private audience.

Compelled to wait three or four hours in North Conway, I improved the opportunity to stroll once more down into the lovely Saco meadows, whose "green felicity" was just now at its height. Here, perched upon a fence-rail, in the

shade of an elm, I gazed at the snow-crowned Mount Washington range, while the bobolinks and savanna sparrows made music on every side. The song of the bobolinks dropped from above, and the microphonic tune of the sparrows came up from the grass, — sky and earth keeping holiday together. Almost I could have believed myself in Eden. But, alas, even the birds themselves were long since shut out of that garden of innocence, and as I started back towards the village a crow went hurrying past me, with a king-bird in hot pursuit. The latter was more fortunate than usual, or more plucky; actually alighting on the crow's back and riding for some distance. I could not distinguish his motions, — he was too far away for that, — but I wished him joy of his victory, and trusted that he would improve it to the full. For it is scandalous that a bird of the crow's cloth should be a thief; and so, though I reckon him among my friends, — in truth, *because* I do so, — I am able to take it patiently when I see him chastised for his fault. Imperfect as we all know each other to be, it is a comfort to feel that few of us are so altogether bad as not to take more or less pleasure in seeing a neighbor's character improved under a course of moderately painful discipline.

At Bartlett word came that the passenger car would go no further, but that a freight train would soon start, on which, if I chose, I could continue my journey. Accordingly, I rode up through

the Notch on a platform car, and can in good conscience recommend that mode of travel. There is no crowd of exclaiming tourists, the train of necessity moves slowly, and the open platform offers no obstruction to the view. For a time I had a seat, which after a little two strangers ventured to occupy with me; for "it's an ill wind that blows nobody good," and there happened to be on the car one piece of baggage, — a coffin, inclosed in a pine box. Our sitting upon it could not harm either it or us; nor did we mean any disrespect to the man, whoever he might be, whose body was to be buried in it. Judging the dead charitably, as in duty bound, I had no doubt he would have been glad if he could have seen it put to such a use. So we made ourselves comfortable until, at an invisible station, it was taken off. Then we were obliged to stand, or to retreat into a miserable small box-car behind us. The platform would lurch a little now and then, and I, for one, was not experienced as a "train hand;" but we all kept our places till the Frankenstein trestle was reached. Here, where for five hundred feet we could look down upon the jagged rocks eighty feet below us, one of the trio suddenly had an errand into the box-car aforesaid, leaving the platform to the other stranger and me. On the whole, I thought I had never enjoyed the ride through the Notch so much.

Late in the evening I found myself once again at the Crawford House, and in one of the best rooms, — as well enough I might be, being the only guest in the house. The next morning, before it was really light, I was lying awake looking at Mount Webster, while through the open window came the loud, cheery song of the white-throated sparrows. They seemed to be inviting me to come at once into their woods; but I knew only too well that, if the invitation were accepted, they would every one of them take to hiding like bashful children.

The white-throat is one of the birds for whom I have a special liking. On my first trip to the mountains I jumped off the train for a moment at Bartlett, and had hardly touched the ground before I heard his familiar call. Here, then, I had found Mr. Peabody at home. He had often camped near me in Massachusetts, and many a time I had been gladdened by his lively serenade; now he greeted me from his own native woods. So far as my observations have gone, he is to be found throughout the mountain region; and that in spite of the standard guide-book, which puts him down as patronizing the Glen House almost exclusively. He knows the routes too well to need any guide, however, which may account for his ignorance of the official programme. It is wonderful how shy he is, — the more wonderful, because, during his migrations, his manner is so very different. Then, even in a city park you may watch him at your leisure, while his loud, clear whistle is often to be heard rising above a din of horse-cars and heavy wagons. But here, in his summer quarters, you will listen to his song a hundred times before you once catch a glimpse of the singer. At first thought it seems strange that a bird should be most at home when he is away from home; but in the one case he has only his own safety to consult, while in the other he is thinking of those whose lives are more to him than his own, and whose hiding-place he is every moment on the alert to conceal.

In Massachusetts we do not expect to find sparrows in deep woods. They belong in fields and pastures, in roadside thickets, or by fence-rows and old stone-walls bordered with barberry bushes and alders. But the white-throats are creatures of the wilderness. It is one charm of their music that it always comes, or seems to come, from such a distance, — from far up the mountain-side, or from the inaccessible depths of some ravine. I shall not soon forget its wild beauty

as it rose out of the spruce forests below me, while I was enjoying an evening promenade over the long, flat summit of Moosilauke. From his habit of singing late at night this sparrow is in some places called the nightingale. His more common name is the Peabody bird; while a Jefferson man, who was driving me over the Cherry Mountain road, called him the Peverly bird, and told me the following story:—

A farmer named Peverly was walking about his fields one spring morning, trying to make up his mind whether it was time for him to put in his wheat. The question was important, and he was still in a deep quandary, when a bird spoke up out of the wood and said, "Sow wheat, Peverly, Peverly, Peverly! — Sow wheat, Peverly, Peverly, Peverly!" That settled the matter. The wheat was sown, and in the fall a most abundant harvest was gathered; and ever since then this little feathered oracle has been known as the Peverly bird.

We have improved on the custom of the ancients: they examined a bird's entrails; we listen to his song. Who says the Yankee is not wiser than the Greek?

But I was lying abed in the Crawford House when the voice of *Zonotrichia albicollis* sent my thoughts thus astray, from Moosilauke to Delphi. That day and the two following were passed in roaming about the woods near the hotel. The pretty painted trillium was in blossom, as was also the dark purple species, and the hobble-bush showed its broad white cymes in all directions. Here and there was the modest little spring beauty (*Claytonia caroliniana*), and not far from the Elephant's Head I discovered my first and only patch of dicentra, with its delicate dissected leaves and its oddly shaped petals of white and pale yellow. The false mitrewort (*Tiarella cordifolia*) was in flower likewise, and the spur which

is cut off Mount Willard by the railroad was all aglow with rhodora, — a perfect flower-garden, on the monochromatic plan now so much in vogue. Along the edge of the rocks on the summit of Mount Willard a great profusion of the common saxifrage was waving in the fresh breeze:—

"Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance."

On the lower parts of the mountains, the foliage was already well out, while the upper parts were of a fine purplish tint, which at first I was unable to account for, but which I soon discovered to be due to the fact that the trees at that height were still only in bud.

A notable feature of the White Mountain forests is the absence of oaks and hickories. These tough, hard woods would seem to have been created on purpose to stand against wind and cold. But no; the hills are covered with the fragile poplars and birches and spruces, with never an oak or hickory among them. I suspect, indeed, that it is the very softness of the former which gives them their advantage. For this, as I suppose, is correlated with rapid growth; and where the summer is very short, speed may count for more than firmness of texture, especially during the first one or two years of the plant's life. Trees, like men, lose in one way what they gain in another; or, in other words, they "have the defects of their qualities." Probably Paul's confession, "When I am weak, then am I strong," is after all only the personal statement of a general law, as true of a poplar as of a Christian. For we all believe (do we not?) that the world is a universe, governed throughout by one Mind, so that whatever holds in one part is good everywhere.

But it was June, and the birds, who were singing from daylight till dark, would have the most of my attention. It was pleasant to find here two rare warblers, of whom I had before had only

casual glimpses, — the mourning warbler and the bay-breasted. The former was singing his loud but commonplace ditty within a few rods of the piazza on one side of the house, while his congener, the Maryland yellow-throat, was to be heard on the other side, along with the black-cap (*Dendrocæa striata*), the black-and-yellow, and the Canadian fly-catcher. The mourning warbler's song, as I heard it, was like this: *Whit whit whit, wit wit*. The first three notes were deliberate and loud, on one key, and without accent. The last two were pitched a little lower, and were shorter, with the accent on the first of the pair; they were thinner in tone than the opening triplet, as is meant to be indicated by the difference of spelling.¹ Others of the family were the golden-crowned thrush, the small-billed water-thrush, the yellow-rumped, the Blackburnian (with his characteristic *zillup, zillup, zillup*), the black-throated green, the black-throated blue (the last with his loud, coarse *kree, kree, kree*), the redstart, and the elegant blue yellow-back. Altogether, they were a gorgeous company.

But the chief singers were the olive-backed thrushes and the winter wrens. I should be glad to know on just what principle the olive-backs and their near relatives, the hermits, distribute themselves throughout the mountain region. Each species seems to have its own sections, to which it returns year after year, and the olive-backed, being, as is well known, the more northern species of the two, naturally prefers the more elevated situations. I have found the latter abundant near the Profile House, and for three seasons it has had exclusive possession of the White Mountain Notch, — so far, at least, as I have been able to discover.² The hermits, on the other hand, frequent such places as North Conway, Gorham, Jefferson, Bethlehem, and the

vicinity of the Flume. Only once have I found the two species in the same neighborhood. That was near the Breezy Point House, on the side of Mount Moosilauke; and even here it was to be noticed that the hermits were in or near the sugar-grove, while the Swainsons were in the forest, far off in an opposite direction; but this place is so peculiarly romantic, with its noble amphitheatre of hills, that I could not wonder that neither species was willing to yield the ground entirely to the other.

It is these birds, if any, whose music reaches the ears of the ordinary mountain tourist. Every man who is known among his acquaintances to have a little knowledge of such things is approached now and then with the question, "What bird was it, Mr. So-and-So, that I heard singing up in the mountains? I did n't see him; he was always ever so far off; but his voice was wonderful, so sweet and clear and loud!" In such cases it is generally safe to conclude that either the Swainson thrush or the hermit is the bird referred to. The inquirer is most likely inclined to be incredulous when he is told that there are birds in his own woods whose voice is so like that of his admired New Hampshire songster that, if he were to hear the two together, he would not at first be able to tell the one from the other. He has never heard them, he says; which is true enough, for he never goes into the woods of his own town, or, if by chance he does, he leaves his ears behind him in the shop. His case is not peculiar. Men and women gaze enraptured at New Hampshire sunsets. How glorious they are, to be sure! What a pity the sun does not sometimes set in Massachusetts!

As a musician the olive-back is certainly inferior to the hermit, and, according to my taste, he is surpassed also by

¹ He is said to have another song, beautiful and wren-like; but that I have never heard.

² This is making no account of the gray-

cheeked thrushes, who are only found near the tops of the mountains.

the wood-thrush and the Wilson; but he is a magnificent singer, nevertheless, and when he is heard in the absence of the others it is often hard to believe that any one of them could do better. A good idea of the rhythm and length of his song may be gained by pronouncing somewhat rapidly the words "I love, I love, I love you," or, as it sometimes runs, "I love, I love, I love you truly." How literal this translation is I am not scholar enough to determine, but without question it gives the sense substantially.

The winter wrens were not so numerous as the thrushes, I think, but, like them, they sang at all hours of the day, and seemed to be well distributed throughout the woods. We can hardly help asking how it is that two birds so very closely related as the house wren and the winter wren should have chosen haunts so extremely diverse, — the one preferring door-yards in thickly settled villages, the other keeping strictly to the wildest of all wild places. But whatever the explanation, we need not wish the fact itself different. Comparatively few ever hear the winter wren's song, to be sure (for you will hardly get it from a hotel piazza), but it is not the less enjoyed on that account. There is such a thing as a bird's making himself too common; and probably it is true even of the great *prima donna* that it is not those who live in the house with her who find most pleasure in her music. Moreover, there is much in time and circumstance. You hear a song in the village street, and pass along unmoved; but stand in the silence of the forest, with your feet in a bed of creeping snowberry and oxalis, and the same song goes to your very soul.

The great distinction of the winter wren's melody is its marked rhythm and accent, which give it a martial, fife-like character. Note tumbles over note in the true wren manner, and the strain comes to an end so suddenly that for

the first few times you are likely to think that the bird has been interrupted. In the middle is a long in-drawn note, much like one of the canary's. The odd little creature does not get far away from the ground. I have never seen him sing from a living tree or bush, but always from a stump or a log, or from the root or branch of an overturned tree, — from something, at least, of nearly his own color. The song is intrinsically one of the most beautiful, and in my ears it has this further merit, that I have never heard it anywhere except among the White Hills. How well I remember an early morning hour at Profile Lake, when it came again and again across the water from the woods on Mount Cannon, under the Great Stone Face!

Whichever way I walked, I was sure of the society of the snow-birds. They hopped familiarly across the railroad track in front of the Crawford House, and on the summit of Mount Washington they were scurrying about among the rocks, opening and shutting their pretty white-bordered fans. Half-way up Mount Willard I sat down to rest on a stone, and after a minute or two out dropped a snow-bird at my feet, and ran across the road, trailing her wings. I looked under the bank for her nest, but, to my surprise, could find nothing of it. So I made sure of knowing the place again, and continued my tramp. Returning two hours later, I sat down upon the same boulder, and watched for the bird to appear as before; but she had gathered courage from my former failure, — or so it seemed, — and I waited in vain till I rapped upon the ground over her head. Then she scrambled out and limped away, repeating her innocent but hackneyed ruse. This time I was resolved not to be baffled. The nest was there, and I would find it. So down on my knees I got, and scrutinized the whole place most carefully. But though I had marked the precise spot, there was

no sign of a nest. I was about giving over the search ignominiously, when I descried a slight opening between the overhanging roof of the bank and a layer of earth which some roots held in place close under it. Into this slit I inserted my fingers, and there, entirely out of sight, was the nest full of eggs. No man could ever have found it, had the bird been brave and wise enough to keep her seat. However, I had before this noticed that the snow-bird, while often extremely clever in choosing a site for his nest, is seldom very skillful in keeping a secret. I saw him one day standing on the side of the same Mount Willard road,¹ gesticulating and scolding with all his might, as much as to say, "Please don't stop here! Go straight along, I beg of you! My nest is right under this bank!" And one glance under the bank showed that I had not misinterpreted his demonstrations. For all that, I do not feel like taking a lofty tone in passing judgment upon *Junco*. He is not the only one whose wisdom is mixed with foolishness. There is at least one other person of whom the same is true, — a person of whom I have nevertheless a very good opinion, and with whom I am, or ought to be, better acquainted than I am with any animal that wears feathers.

The prettiest snow-bird's nest I ever saw was built beside the Crawford bridle path, on Mount Clinton, just before the path comes out of the woods at the top. It was lined with hair-moss (a species of *Polytrichum*) of a bright orange color, and with its four or five white, lilac-spotted eggs made so attractive a picture that I was compelled to pause a moment to look at it, even though I had

three miles of a steep, rough footpath to descend, with a shower threatening to overtake me before I could reach the bottom. I wondered whether the architects really possessed an eye for color, or had only stumbled upon this elegant bit of decoration. On the whole, it seemed more charitable to conclude the former; and not only more charitable, but more scientific as well. For, if I understand the matter aright, Mr. Darwin and his followers have settled upon the opinion that birds do display an unmistakable fondness for bright tints; that, indeed, the males of many species wear brilliant plumage for no other reason than that their mates prefer them in that dress. Moreover, if a bird in New South Wales adorns her bower with shells and other ornaments, why may not our little Northern darling beautify her nest with such humble materials as her surroundings offer? On reflection, I am more and more convinced that the birds knew what they were doing; probably the female, the moment she discovered the moss, called to her mate, "Oh, look, how lovely! Do, my dear, let's line our nest with it!"

This nest was found on the anniversary of Bunker Hill day, which I had been celebrating by climbing the highest hill in New England. Plunging into the woods within fifty yards of the Crawford House, I had gone up and up, and on and on, through a magnificent forest, and then over more magnificent rocky heights, until I stood at last on the platform of the hotel at the summit. True, the path, which I had never traveled before, was wet and slippery, with stretches of ice and snow here and there; but the shifting view was so

¹ Beside this road (in June, 1883) I found a nest of the yellow-bellied fly-catcher (*Empidonax flaviventris*). It was built at the base of a decayed stump, in a little depression between two roots, and was partially overarched with growing moss. It contained four eggs, — white, spotted with brown. I called upon the bird half a dozen times or more, and found her a model "keeper at home." On

one occasion she allowed my hand to come within two or three inches of her bill. In every case she flew off without any outcry or ruse, and once at least she fell immediately to fly-catching with admirable philosophy. So far as I know, this is the only nest of the species ever found in New England outside of Maine. But it is proper to add that I did not capture the bird.

grand, the atmosphere so bracing, and the solitude so impressive that I enjoyed every step, till it came to clambering up the Mount Washington cone over the bowlders. At this point, to be frank, I began to hope that the ninth mile would prove a short one. The guide-books are agreed in warning the visitor against making this ascent without a companion, and I have no doubt they are right in so doing. A crippling accident would almost inevitably be fatal, while for several miles the trail is so indistinct that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to follow it in a fog. And yet, if one is willing to take the risk (and is not so unfortunate as never to have learned how to keep himself company), he will find a very considerable compensation in the peculiar pleasure to be experienced in being absolutely alone above the world. For myself, I was shut up to going alone or not going at all; and a Bostonian must do something patriotic on the Seventeenth of June. But for all that, if the storm which chased me down the mountains in the afternoon, clouding first Mount Washington and then Mount Pleasant behind me, and shutting me indoors all the next day, had started an hour sooner, or if I had been detained an hour later, it is not impossible that I might now be writing in a different strain.

My reception at the top was none of the heartiest. The hotel was tightly closed, while a large snow-bank stood guard before the door. However, I invited myself into the Signal Service Station, and made my wants known to one of the officers, who very kindly spread a table with such things as he and his companions had just been eating. It would be out of place to say much about the luncheon: the bread and butter were good, and the pudding was interesting. I had the cook's word for it that the latter was made of corn-starch, but he volunteered no explanation of its color, which was nearly that of chocolate. As

a working hypothesis I adopted the molasses or brown-sugar theory, but a brief experiment (as brief as politeness permitted) indicated a total absence of any saccharine principle. But then, what do we climb mountains for, if not to see something out of the common course? On the whole, if this department of our national government is ever on trial for extravagance in the way of high living, I shall consider myself a competent witness for the defense.

A company of chimney-swifts were flying criss-cross over the summit; one of the men said that he presumed they lived there. I took the liberty to doubt his opinion, however. To me it seemed nothing but a blunder that they should be there even for an hour. There could hardly be many insects at that height, I thought, and I had abundant cause to know that the woods below were full of them. I knew, also, that the swifts knew it; for while I had been prowling about between Crawford's and Fabyan's, they had several times shot by my head so closely that I had instinctively fallen to calculating the probable consequences of a collision. But, after all, the swift is no doubt a far better entomologist than I am, though he has never heard of Packard's Guide. Possibly there are certain species of insects, and those of a peculiarly delicate savor, which are to be obtained only at about this altitude.

The most enjoyable part of the Crawford path is the five miles from the top of Mount Clinton to the foot of the Mount Washington cone. Along this ridge I was delighted to find in blossom two beautiful Alpine plants, which I had missed in previous (July) visits, — the diapensia (*Diapensia Lapponica*) and the Lapland rose-bay (*Rhododendron Lapponicum*), — and to get also a single forward specimen of *Potentilla frigida*. Here and there was a humblebee, gathering honey from the small purple catkins of the prostrate willows, which

were now in full bloom. (Rather high-minded humblebees, they seemed, more than five thousand feet above the sea!) Professional entomologists (the chimney-swift, perhaps, included) may smile at my simplicity, but I was surprised to find this "animated torrid zone," this "insect lover of the sun," in such a Greenland climate. Did he not know that his own poet had described him as "hot midsummer's petted crone"? But possibly he was equally surprised at my appearance. He might even have taken his turn at quoting Emerson:—

"Pants up hither the spruce clerk
From South Cove and City Wharf"?

Of the two, he was unquestionably the more at home, for he was living where in forty-eight hours I should have found my death. So much is *Bombus* better than a man.

In a little pool of water, which seemed to be nothing but a transient puddle caused by the melting snow, was a tiny fish. I asked him by what miracle he got there, but he could give no explanation. He, too, might well enough have joined the noble company of Emersonians:—

"I never thought to ask, I never knew;
But, in my simple ignorance, suppose
The self-same Power that brought me here
brought you."

Almost at the very top of Mount Clinton I was saluted by the familiar melody of the Nashville warbler. I could hardly believe my ears; but there was no mistake, for the bird soon appeared in plain sight. Had it been one of the hardier-seeming species, the yellow-rumped for example, I should not have thought it very strange; but this dainty *Helminthophaga*, who is so common in the vicinity of Boston, did appear to be out of his latitude, summering here on Alpine heights. With a good pair of wings and the whole continent to choose from, he surely might have found some more congenial spot than this in which to bring up his little family. I took his

presence here to be only an individual freak, but a subsequent visitor, who made the ascent from the Glen, reported the same species on that side also, and at about the same height.

These signs of life on bleak mountain ridges are highly interesting and suggestive. The fish, the humblebees, the birds, and a mouse which scampered away to his hole amid the rocks,—all these might have found better living elsewhere. But Nature will have her world full. Stunted life is better than none, she thinks. So she plants her forests of spruces, and keeps them growing, where, with all their efforts, they cannot get above the height of a man's knee. There is no beauty about them, no grace. They sacrifice symmetry and everything else for the sake of bare existence, reminding us of Satan's remark, "All that a man hath will he give for his life."

Very admirable are the devices by which vegetation maintains itself against odds. Everybody notices that many of the mountain species, like the diapensia, the rose-bay, the Greenland sandwort (called the mountain daisy by the Summit House people), and the phyllodoce, have blossoms disproportionately large and handsome; as if they knew that, in order to attract their indispensable allies, the insects, to these inhospitable regions, they must offer them some special inducements. Their case is not unlike that of a certain mountain hotel which might be named, which happens to be poorly situated, but which keeps itself full, nevertheless, by the peculiar excellence of its *cuisine*.

It does not require much imagination to believe that these hardy vegetable mountaineers love their wild, desolate dwelling-places as truly as do the human residents of the region. An old man in Bethlehem told me that sometimes, during the long, cold winter, he felt that perhaps it would be well for him, now his work was done, to sell his "place"

and go down to Boston to live, near his brother. "But then," he added, "you know it's dangerous transplanting an old tree; you're likely as not to kill it." Whatever we have, in this world, we must pay for with the loss of something else. The bitter must be taken with the sweet, be we plants, animals, or men. These thoughts recurred to me a day or two later, as I lay on the summit of Mount Agassiz, in the sun and out of the wind, gazing down into the Franconia Valley, then in all its June beauty. Nestled under the lee of the mountain, but farther from the base, doubtless, than it seemed from my point of view, was a small dwelling, hardly better than a shanty. Two or three young children were playing about the door, and near them was the man of the house splitting wood. The air was still enough for me to hear every blow, although it reached me only as the axe was again over the man's head, ready for the next descent. It was a charming picture, — the broad, green valley full of sunshine and peace, and the solitary cottage, from whose doorstep might be seen in one direction the noble Mount Washington range, and in another the hardly less noble Franconias. How easy to live simply and well in such a grand seclusion! But soon there came

a thought of Wordsworth's sonnet, addressed to just such a mood, "Yes, there is holy pleasure in thine eye," and I felt at once the truth of his admonition. What if the cottage really were mine, — mine to spend a lifetime in? How quickly the poetry would turn to prose!

An hour afterwards, on my way back to the Sinclair House, I passed a group of men at work on the highway. One of them was a little apart from the rest, and out of a social impulse I accosted him with the remark, "I suppose, in heaven, the streets never will need mending." Quick as thought came the reply: "Well, I *hope* not. If I ever *get* there, I don't want to work on the *road*." Here spoke universal human nature, which finds its strong argument for immortality in its discontent with matters as they now are. The one thing we are all sure of is that we were born for something better than our present employment; and even those who school themselves most religiously in the virtue of contentment know very well how to define that grace so as not to exclude from it a mixture of "divine dissatisfaction." Well for us if we are still able to stand in our place and do faithfully our allotted task, like the mountain spruces and the Bethlehemite road-mender.

Bradford Torrey.

BLOOD-ROOT.

WHEN 'mid the budding elms the bluebird flits,
As if a bit of sky had taken wings;
When cheerily the first brave robin sings,
While timid April smiles and weeps by fits,
Then dainty Blood-Root dons her pale-green wrap,
And ventures forth in some warm, sheltered nook,
To sit and listen to the gurgling brook,
And rouse herself from her long winter nap.
Give her a little while to muse and dream,
And she will throw her leafy cloak aside,

And stand in shining raiment, like a bride
Waiting her lord; whiter than snow will seem
Her spotless robe, the moss-grown rocks beside,
And bright as morn her golden crown will gleam.

E. S. F.

IN WAR TIME.

XIII.

MR. ARTHUR MORTON would have justified the suspicions of the Quaker colonel. He paid his visit to Hester in the presence of Miss Pearson, and was to go home that day; and when was Miss Hester to go?

Mrs. Westerley was not astonished when he telegraphed her that he was detained, and as little surprised when he told, next day, how pleasant the journey had been, and how, of course, he had felt himself obliged to wait for Hester, and had left her at Dr. Wendell's, and had seen dear old Ned, who was looking a lot better. "And how nice of you, Mrs. Westerley, to have them all here to dine, — Hester, and Ned, and the doctor! Miss Ann won't come," he added. "Why does n't she come? And my colonel, — why is n't he coming, either? I wish I had thought to ask you to have him, too."

"Do give me time to breathe, Arty," answered the widow. "We can't have everybody."

"Oh, I just mentioned him because he looked so ill. I met him at the station. He was sending off a squad of men, and told me that he had telegraphed for his major, and was going back at once. I'm off as soon as I can get my outfit."

Alice Westerley felt as if there had been a leaf doubled down in her life book, — what, as a child, she had called a dog-ear, — and now of course everybody opened the volume at that place.

"How is your mother?" she asked.

"Well, pretty well. But every one you meet abroad now is detestable. No one believes in the North, and mother says it is depressing. She declares that she will not stay another year."

"Another year!" exclaimed Mrs. Westerley, in astonishment.

"Yes. Father does n't even talk of returning, and I think it will end in her coming over alone for a while."

"Well, go and dress for dinner. And mind that you are very attentive to the old gentleman, — you know he likes it; and don't leave him alone with Dr. Wendell and the madeira."

"Oh, no, of course not; and as to madeira, I have n't heard it mentioned for a year!"

Edward, with Hester and the doctor, came punctually; but Wilmington was late, and Arthur, of course. He was at the age when time has no value, and seems as boundlessly abundant as sand in the desert.

Hester was in simple white, with a rose in her hair. She was a source of unending wonder to Wendell and to Edward. Was this tall, fair woman, with eyes like violets dowered with souls, the awkward girl of six months ago? This amazing bit of Nature's sleight-of-hand seemed to them incomprehensible: a being child-like now, and presently clad with the well-bred composure of grown womanhood! As for Arty, he looked half dazed for a moment, as she turned to greet him. He said afterwards to Edward, in his exu-

berant way, "Was n't she just like June days, Ned? You could n't tell whether she was child or woman, spring or summer!"

In fact, as Colonel Fox had predicted, Hester had gone past Arthur, and he was puzzled at the metamorphosis. At last Mr. Wilmington came, and they went merrily to dinner. Mrs. Westerley's dinners were always successful. She had learned the golden rule never to put the stupid people to entertain the clever ones. But to-day there was no need for her social arts, and the party was gay without help from her. For this she was thankful. She felt dull, and was glad not to exert herself. So she talked quietly to Wilmington, and caught, at times, the bits of chat which fell from her other guests; watching with the pleasure of a gentlewoman the effect on Hester of six months' training with a refined and somewhat accurate old lady, or smiling as she recalled the social lessons of her own childhood.

"Sherry, sir?" whispered John to Mr. Wilmington.

The old gentleman raised his glass. "Your good health, Miss Gray," he said. The girl smiled, and tasted her wine. He was perhaps the last of a generation who drank healths, and he never gave up the ancient custom.

"Good manners, that child," he murmured to Mrs. Westerley. "I dined out yesterday, and do you know, when I asked a young fellow to take wine with me, he said he never drank."

"Poor fellow!" said the widow, much amused.

"And you think I shall never be a colonel, Hester?" she overheard Arty say.

"Well, not never, but not in six months, you know."

"Arty believes that he will be a general in that time," laughed Edward.

"I know he would make a better one than some of them, Mr. Edward."

"That might be," observed Wendell.

"But, Hester, do you carry bugs about yet?"

"And lizards?" said Edward.

"And salamanders?" added Wendell.

"Oh, no," she laughed. "I am limited to a little plant hunting. And oh, I meant to tell you before! I took with me to school — and Miss Ann never knew it, either — a jar full of caterpillar cocoons, so as to have my butterflies in the spring. I wish you could have seen Miss Pearson's face when she saw them!"

"And what did she say?" asked Wendell.

"Oh, she said that several of the girls would be butterflies in a year or two, and that her crop was large enough. I could n't help laughing, but I cried afterwards."

"What a horrid old maid!" exclaimed Arty.

"Not the least horrid. A dear old lady. And as to old maids, I mean to be one myself."

Arty looked up, and murmured to himself, "That will be when I am a colonel, I presume."

"We shall take nets and go after beetles to-morrow evening," said Edward, "and Arty shall carry the lantern."

"Try your eyes, Hester," suggested the embryo colonel, under his breath, to his neighbor.

"What's that, Hester?" asked Wendell.

"He says I shall find it trying to my eyes!"

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Westerley, who had caught the side glance. "Quite time," she thought, "that this young gentleman was in the field!"

"Eyes? What's that about eyes?" queried Wilmington, who was a little deaf unless it was desirable that he should not hear. "Her eyes are good enough, I should say; and I think," he added in an aside to Mrs. Westerley, "that she is beginning to know how to use them."

Then there was, as always in those days, some desultory war talk.

"Hester," said Arthur, "I shall come to see you again, in my full war rig, before I go."

"I would rather you did not," she said to him quietly. "I know you must go; but I am a Carolinian, and I try to think nothing about this war. I don't want to find out whether it is right or wrong. It is awful to me, — awful."

As she had grown older the girl had been led to reflect more and more on her position and its difficulties, and this sort of thoughtfulness was new and surprising to Arthur. "How old she grows!" he reflected. "I see, Hester," he said, — "I see! I ought to have thought all that for myself."

"Thank you," she returned, feeling that he was gentle and generous.

"And now let us have a truce to war," said the hostess, who knew better than Arthur what was in Hester's mind, and suspected that this incessant war gossip might be unpleasant to her. "Come, Hester, we will go;" and so saying, Mrs. Westerley rose, and left the men to their wine, remarking as she passed Wendell, "Lest I forget it later, will you kindly tell Miss Ann that I will come and see her about Hester tomorrow; a little early, — about twelve o'clock, I may say. And Edward, you will take care of our friends?"

The next day, when Alice Westerley entered Miss Wendell's parlor, Dr. Wendell rose and came in from the back room. His face, which was easily moved, expressed clearly the pleasure of which he was conscious whenever she was near him. Indeed, it would have been hard for any one, and least of all for one who was sensitive to beauty in form and color and sound, not to have dwelt with growing interest on one who combined all these attractions. In no other woman whom he had known were the mysteries of womanhood so developed. That he did not understand her fully

was a part of her charm. Wendell himself was looking well. The combination of a forehead which was delicately moulded, and looked wiser than the man was, with a mouth of unusual mobility, and free from the mask of the mustache, gave to his face an unusual capacity to exhibit whatever feeling was dominant.

He was now under the elating influence of a new idea, which he thought could be brought in time to useful development. He had been seized with the fancy that it would be interesting to search into, and elaborate on paper, the differences between American and European types of various maladies. For this he meant to drop, as he said, for a time other favorite subjects, for which he had collected a good deal of material of value. Mere observation within restricted fields, under some organizing and applicative mind, should have been his sole function. When he came to a point in his studies where it was needful to compare acquired facts, in order to know how to observe further, or how to obtain by experiment facts which should explain the observations of the post-mortem table, he began to find difficulties which usually ended in barring his path, until some newer, and because newer more fascinating, subject attracted for a time his easily exhaustible energy. In fact, his mental ambitions were high, his power to pursue them limited; while his capacity to be pleased with the recurrent dreams of possible future intellectual achievements was as remarkable as his failure to see why he constantly failed to realize them. Hence, while respected as a man with much general and scientific knowledge, he was known among doctors as having contributed nothing to their journals save barren reports of cases, and to naturalists as a clever amateur. But of these siftings of a man by his fellows, the public which is to use him learns little or nothing, so that to Alice West-

erley he represented the brilliant and original physician, to be justified by the patient issues of the years which go to the slow growth of a doctor's reputation.

"I am very happy," he began, "to see you. But now I must go."

Just then Ann Wendell, about to enter the room, passed him as he went out, and Mrs. Westerley heard her say, —

"I thought, brother, there was a meeting at the hospital about something."

"Yes, there is, Ann. But I was delayed."

"You can't possibly catch the train now."

"Oh, yes, I can. It is only a step."

"Well, hurry, Ezra," she said, and so left him; Alice Westerley beginning to have a faint suspicion that it was just possible he had lingered to see her. To a woman accustomed to admiration this was a trifling matter; and the fact that he had probably failed of a small duty thereby would have been of no disturbing value in her estimates, until iteration had given to such lapses a body of weight, or until some chance had occurred to see the large results of what seemed singly to be but trivial failures.

"You must excuse me," said Miss Wendell, remembering that in her haste she had spoken so as to be overheard. "My brother has his mind so full of his work that he forgets, sometimes."

"But what noble work," exclaimed Mrs. Westerley, "and what a life of constant self-sacrifice!"

Ann had heard all this before. She looked calmly at life from standpoints of duty or religion, which did not vary. If she had said literally what was in her mind, it would have been that doctors knew pretty well what was before them; or else, being fast bound to their profession, ought simply to accept as of their own making that which it is pleasant to find other good people call self-sacrifice. But it is not in even as exactly moral a nature as Ann's to be mathematically moral.

"Yes," she said, "I think it to be counted a privilege when one is called to a life of much giving, even of what one is obliged to give."

"I hope he does not suffer from these constant exposures in our rough weather? I thought that he looked better than common to-day."

"No; he is what I call a strong man. And your winters seem very mild to folks from the Cape. Like all of us, he has now and then fits of the blues; but just at present he is very happy over some new medical idea."

"About American and European diseases? Oh, yes, he spoke of it last night. I thought it so very interesting; and he tells me it is such a fresh idea."

Ann was always calmly pleased when her brother announced to her any of these novel views, which at first sight assumed to him an importance immense enough to justify the enthusiasm of which he was always capable at the outset of undertakings. With his schemes, plans, or researches, as intellectual interests, she had no true sympathy; and it would have been foreign to her nature and her nurture to seem to be that which she was not, even for his gratification.

"It must be delightful for my brother to find people like yourself, who can enter into his ideas. I am very stupid, you know," she added, placidly smiling. "And really, I think Hester understands him in some ways better than I do!"

"Indeed!"

"You know," she continued, — for she was by this time, it must be remembered, on terms of easy acquaintance-ship with Mrs. Westerley, — "it is n't always just quite agreeable to feel that some one else can be in any way more to your brother than you are, but certainly Hester is a great pleasure to him. I sometimes tell him that I think if she were older, or he were younger, he would fall in love with her!"

This was not a pleasant idea to Mrs.

Westerley. She hardly knew why, but even as a jest it seemed to her not quite what she would have called nice.

"No," she replied, setting aside with a well-practiced conversational device the later statement. "I can understand that a woman who is the sister of such a man as Dr. Wendell might well desire to be everything to him in his life. But how well Hester looks! Your speaking of her makes me think of what I came about. I want you to let me take her to Newport in August. Won't you, Miss Ann?"

Ann was willing enough. She liked Alice Westerley as well as she could conscientiously like any woman who had spent summers at Saratoga and in London, and who dared to say, without sign of compunction, that she had been to two balls in one evening. Moreover, she had herself made up her mind that chance, or, as she preferred to say, the will of God, had taken out of her hands the responsibility of Hester's training; while also, perhaps, there was in her mind, as the result of various circumstances, what the chemists would call a precipitate of jealousy as to Hester's relations to her brother. This was so easily stirred up that it was apt to cloud her judgment, which naturally would have made her wish to keep Hester as much as possible within her own control. In morals and social action, as in physics, it is common to find that we act under the domination of a number of influences, and submit in our decisions to what the physicist calls a resultant of forces.

"I have no doubt," she replied, "that my brother will feel that Mr. Gray would wish Hester to be with you, at least a part of the summer."

"Thank you," said Alice. "I have already mentioned it to him, and he has said that what you would wish would be what he desired."

Ann would have preferred that her brother should first have spoken to her.

She had an uneasy sense that he was in some vague manner moving away from her and her influence.

"And it will not be till August," added Mrs. Westerley.

"I think he will be glad of the delay, and Mr. Edward Morton, too. He has almost taken possession of Hester since she came back."

"I am glad the poor fellow finds anything so pleasant to interest him. He has such high standards that any one, old or young, must be the better for his company." Then after some further chat the widow rose. "I must go," she said. "My love to Hester. Is she in?"

"No; she has gone to walk with Arthur. I asked them to leave a note at a Mrs. Grace's for my brother."

"Mrs. Grace?" exclaimed Alice, interrogatively, and surprised into undue curiosity.

"Yes. She sent to ask him to call on her this morning, and he had to write that he could not see her till the afternoon."

"She has had six doctors in a year, my dear Miss Ann, and she abuses them all in turn!"

"Dear me," said Ann, "I hope she won't abuse Ezra!"

Alice had her own views as to this, but she felt self-convicted of having mildly gossiped about a woman whom she detested, and she therefore held her peace and went away; still believing that, as regarded Mrs. Grace, it might be wise to put her friend the doctor on his guard.

Two days later, early in July, Arthur joined his regiment.

"Don't say good-by," begged Edward. "Slip away without it. You will be back and forth, I suppose, and these good-bys in war times are too hard. Always one thinks anew of what may happen. I told Hester that you would n't be here again."

"But I must see her before I go,

Ned. I came here out of uniform on purpose to see her."

"Out of uniform — Hum — I see — that's right. But really, I would n't see her, if I were you. Just oblige me about this."

"But I hate to go off that way."

"I know; but she has, as is natural, Arty, a good deal of feeling about the war, and as she grows older it deepens, — and — altogether, I think I would just go away quietly."

"Well, Ned, I don't quite see it, and — well, I'll do as you say; but you'll tell her, won't you?"

"Yes, dear old boy, I'll tell her! After all, it can't be to her quite what it is to me; and yet even I would far rather say good-by now."

"Then good-by, Ned."

"Don't be foolishly rash, Arty; and God keep you!"

And so was said one of the million partings of the great war.

"Poor Ned!" murmured Arthur, feeling in his poetic young heart all that the staying at home meant for the gallant and high-minded gentleman left looking after him, as he walked up the street towards Mrs. Westerley's.

XIV.

Mrs. Grace was the middle-aged wife of a merchant, who had been first one of her father's clerks, and then, through much industry and indifference to anything but the begetting of dollars, his junior partner. Like many men who win success in cities, he had come from a country farm, and nothing was more remote from his visions, when he became a clerk, than the idea that, like the good apprentice, he might marry his master's daughter. But when he grew useful enough to be noticed, and to be asked as a younger partner to dine at Mr. Johnston's table, he fell an easy prey to the eldest daughter, who, having seen

three sisters married in turn, felt that it was well to dismiss her hopes of position in favor of the ruddy-faced, rather stout young man, who was somewhat her junior. Mr. Johnston, who was not over-prosperous, knew full well the value of Richard Grace, and realized the fact that he ran some danger of losing his energetic partner. It was true that his own family had been solid merchants, with an accepted social position, for three generations of absolute inactivity, except as to varied fortunes in getting and losing money; but then, social considerations could not be allowed, as he told his wife, to stand in the way of business, and therefore in due time his daughter became Mrs. Grace, and had sons and daughters after her kind.

The husband became what such men always become. He prospered to a certain extent, and but for the many arrows in his quiver might have been called rich. He liked a quiet life; drank a little of a morning, a little more at bedtime; drove a fast horse late every afternoon, played euchre three times a week, read the Ledger, and believed in the Pennsylvania Railroad. There were two things in his life he disliked: one was that Colonel Fox, a distant cousin of his wife, was the relentless trustee of her small estate, which was bringing, in safe ground rents, six per cent. in place of the ten which her husband felt it would have brought in his own business; the other was his wife's tongue, and the consequences thereof. When he stayed at home on the off evenings of his euchre club, without lifting his eyes from his newspaper he said "Yes — yes" at such intervals as a long experience had proved to him were reasonably competent to keep her in the belief that he was listening. They were in fact mutually unentertaining. As to what he did, or in what enterprises he engaged, she was in no wise concerned, nor did he himself conceive that these were matters in which a woman should

have any share ; while, unless her heedless talk brought him into trouble, and explanations became needful, he had long ceased to listen, even at meal-times. Nor was he much to blame. There was about her mental operations a bewildering indefiniteness, which baffled the best bred attention ; and when Mrs. Grace talked, what she was saying was as unlikely to have any relation to what she had said before as are the successive contents of a naturalist's trawl-net after deep-sea dredging. Her life had been a feeble acetous fermentation. Her position was less good than it had been. Her daughters had married out of what she considered her own proper sphere of social life ; and altogether she had come by degrees to have a dull sense of being somehow wronged.

It was out of reason to expect such a person not to be critical of her more happy neighbors ; but her criticism was after all less that of determined malice than the mere simmering of a slow intelligence, limited in its interests, and heated, or rather but merely warmed, by disappointments, which, like everything else, she felt but vaguely. It is not, however, to be presumed that such women are inoperative in life. If they have ruled stolidly a stolid family, they acquire dangerous habits of self-assertion ; and as obstinacy is the armor of dull minds, Mrs. Grace was apt, when attacked, to retreat within its shell, with changeless opinions. There are some stupid people, and certain antagonistic but clever people, who enjoy in their different ways the pleasure of holding theories, which they treat like spoilt children, and indulge at the social cost of others. Of such theories Mrs. Grace had her share. She had a high estimate of her insight into maladies, dosed her helpless family a good deal, and expected to be heard with attention by her doctors, of whom, as a natural consequence, she had many. She disbelieved in vaccination, and had views as to the

impropriety of experiments on animals, which may have arisen, as Mrs. Westerley said, from some mysterious defensive instinct as to transmutation in kind.

The Sanitary Commission was a great resource at present in Mrs. Grace's life, and late in the morning of the day she had sent for Wendell she entered the busy room of its local office with a sense of tranquil satisfaction. Here she found Ann Wendell, aided by Hester, busily engaged in inspecting and sorting undergarments intended to be sent to Pennsylvania regiments. Alice Westerley was occupied at a table with accounts, and two or three older and some younger women were sewing, or packing different articles.

Alice Westerley nodded to the newcomer, and the other women, who represented very various degrees of social life brought together by one purpose, spoke to her as she came in.

"What is there to-day ?" she asked Miss Wendell.

"Oh, everything," replied Ann. "You might help Hester to pack these socks. This is Mrs. Grace, Hester. Make room for her, my dear."

"What a tall girl you are !" said Mrs. Grace, and knelt down, talking as she somewhat sluggishly helped to pack the box between them. "And you are Miss Wendell's niece, Hester ?"

"No, I am not her niece."

"Oh, yes, I remember, — her ward."

"Oh, no, I am not that, either," answered the girl, whose instincts were quick and defensive.

"Now, I remember : Sarah — that's my daughter — told me about you, and how your father was killed. And, you know, Sarah says you are engaged to Arthur Morton."

"I am not engaged to Mr. Arthur Morton !" exclaimed the girl, coloring as much with anger as with shame. "I am a young girl at school, and I do not see why any one should say such things about me !"

"But you know you look eighteen, my dear, — quite eighteen. I suppose your dress — the way you are dressed — makes you look less young."

"I dare say I seem older than I am," said Hester.

"But you might be nineteen, to look at you. You know Dr. Wendell is to be my doctor."

"Indeed!" And Hester nervously crammed away rebellious socks into the unoccupied corners left by Mrs. Grace's clumsy stowage.

"I sent for him because he believes in malaria."

Hester was silent, and so aroused Mrs. Grace's dull suspicions.

"He does believe in malaria, does n't he? — I mean in Germantown. Dr. Mason says it's nonsense; but then I never have agreed with him. He did say, though, that Sarah had malaria, and after all it was measles; but I think measles is malaria," she added, with a sense of triumphant logic. "There must be an awful amount of malaria on the Potomac."

"I hardly think I know anything about it," returned Hester, and went on packing, her thoughts meanwhile far away with Arty and the war; for even the poorest husbandman may effectively sow seed.

"I should say Arthur Morton would be a right good match for almost any girl," observed Mrs. Grace, with her amazing capacity for dangerous digression.

Hester looked down resolutely, wondering if the woman could know what thoughts were in her mind. The simple purity of a nature trembling at the gates of womanhood was disgusted and disturbed at this rude criticism of her most pleasant relations in life.

But Mrs. Westerley, having ended her work, was standing over them, and had overheard the last sentence.

"You are packing very badly, Hester," she said, which was true. "Leave

that to Mrs. Grace, and come and copy this list."

Hester rose, with a look of relief, and went to the desk.

"Oh, Mrs. Westerley," she whispered, "what a dreadful person!"

"Yes, my child, but never mind."

Then Mrs. Grace investigated Ann Wendell's views as to vaccination, and was gently amazed to find that Ann had no particular views at all on this matter. Not so, however, Miss Clemson, her neighbor, a tall young woman, with a thin, pugnacious nose, and a mind quite too satisfactorily logical to be attractive to the common masculine mind, which finds a mysterious gratification in the indefiniteness of young women.

"Vaccination?" she said distinctly, while the surrounding persons looked up with the pleased sense of something amusing in prospect, — "vaccination? Have you ever made a study of the subject? That is, have you ever really inquired into the statistics?" She spoke with a clear and deliberate articulation.

"No; but I have my opinions."

"You say *No*. Is that a negation of the value of vaccination? Because you must be aware," she continued blandly, "that that would be a mere repetition of what you have just stated. Now, an accurate examination of the statistics of variola" —

"Of what?" asked Mrs. Grace.

"Of variola," repeated Miss Clemson, not stopping to explain — "would show that before Jenner's time" —

"Oh, I know!" interrupted Mrs. Grace. "I have seen all that in the papers, over and over; but I need not say that that does n't satisfy me. I think you will find Dr. Wendell agrees with me. Is n't it so, Miss Wendell?"

Ann kept silence. She did not know anything about it, except that her brother did vaccinate people; and also, it may be added, the wisdom and great good of holding her tongue had been

borne in upon her, as she said, with effective clearness.

As she paused, unwilling to reply, Alice Westerley, perceiving her difficulty, said, smiling, "And of course you do not have your own children vaccinated?"

"My children are vaccinated because Richard would have it. Richard is just too awfully obstinate. Sarah says 'he's a regular *pièce de résistance*.' I've mostly forgotten my French, but I guess that's about what he is. But that does n't change my mind."

Alice Westerley and Miss Clemson exchanged furtive glances of amusement, and one young woman fled, convulsed with suppressed laughter, into the back storeroom.

At last Miss Clemson attained sufficient composure to murmur, "Oh, of course not; but perhaps you might agree with him if you were to read Dr. Jenner's original treatise."

"Oh, I presume you've read it," said Mrs. Grace.

"Yes, I have," returned Miss Clemson, simply. In fact, there were few things she had not read about, and her memory made her a dangerous opponent.

"Won't you ask for labels, Mrs. Grace?" said Alice, wishing to stop the talk, and longing for a solitary laugh.

Mrs. Grace rose heavily, and saying, "No one should vaccinate me," went into a back room in search of the desired articles.

"I do not think I envy Dr. Wendell, Miss Ann," began an indiscreet miss at her side. "They say she has a doctor every two months, and that" —

"Hush," exclaimed Alice Westerley; "don't let's talk gossip here. We are getting to be as bad as a Dorcas meeting!"

"Was that gossip, Mrs. Westerley?" asked the young person. "I thought anybody could talk about doctors."

"Doctors!" said Alice, laughing, —

"doctors, indeed! You know that you were not discussing doctors!"

"Mrs. Westerley is right," added Miss Clemson. "There is no need to talk about persons at all, Susie."

"But weren't you talking about a Dr. Jenner?" replied the young person, calmly triumphant.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Miss Clemson.

"And what did I say?" went on Miss Susan; and there was a burst of laughter, which cleared the air, and amidst which Hester and Miss Wendell went away with the widow.

Then Mrs. Grace returned to the room, having been unable to find the labels, "And would n't Miss Susie find them?" which enabled that young person to drop her work, and chatter with a clerk and two other maidens in the back room.

"What were you all laughing at?" questioned Mrs. Grace, all unexplained mirth being suspiciously unpleasant to her.

"We were laughing at one of those chatterbox girls," returned Miss Clemson.

"Oh, was that all? And where is Alice Westerley?" said Mrs. Grace, who by no means indulged in so naming that lady when present, but who had no objection to the varied circle within earshot supposing her to be on terms of intimacy with the widow. Mrs. Grace was beginning to feel quite decisively the effects of that gradual fall from a good position which is so common a feature of American life, and which had already begun to show in her parents. In colonial days her people had won much money, and with it the chance of culture; but, as old Mr. Wilmington said, they were like some wines, and did n't take kindly to fining. In another generation they would disappear socially, having failed in the competitions of our uneasy life. Mrs. Grace had in fact an indistinct sense of

lapsing from her rank, and her children were still sinking, and did not care about it, or perhaps as yet did not feel it.

"Don't you think our Sanitary should have a new president, since Mrs. Morton does n't appear to come back?" asked this lady.

"I cannot see why," replied Miss Clemson. "Mrs. Westerley is vice-president, and that answers every purpose."

"And a good one," assented Mrs. Bullock, a motherly woman in the corner, ceasing to count the pile of garments before her. "We should only just change her title, if we made her president, and of course we could not elect any one else."

That was not at all Mrs. Grace's idea. She herself had dimly felt aspirations after office, but she had sense enough to say, "Oh, yes, of course not," which was sufficient; and then she added, "And where is Miss Wendell?"

"Gone with Mrs. Westerley."

"Oh! They do say she is going to marry that doctor."

"Who do say?" queried Miss Clemson; "and who is to marry who?"

"Oh, several say. You know he's there all the time; and for my part I do not see how a young woman like that can be so imprudent as to have an unmarried man for her doctor."

"Is she ever ill?" asked the matron in the corner.

"Oh, I suppose so, or why should he go there?"

"I should not believe that he went there at all, at least without proof. How often does he go there, Mrs. Grace?" It was a question for investigation with Miss Clemson. She was too accurate for perfect manners, but was nevertheless well bred.

"I suppose you would n't doubt my word?"

"Oh, no," replied Miss Clemson, who was in a high state of disgust, "not your word; only your power of obser-

vation, or perhaps your talent for arithmetic. When people are slandered, I like to ask for proofs."

Mrs. Grace was silent a moment, but a rosy young woman came to her aid, who showed already a reasonable promise of being in middle life a bore of great inertia, having the gift of indefinitely explaining minute commonplaces, and being, as yet, so pretty that her face was a bribe to some measure of endurance. "I think Mrs. Grace means that when a doctor goes very often, and when you know he is a young man, and when you see he is handsome, — why, I think it must make a difference."

Miss Clemson beat an impatient tattoo on the table with her thimble forefinger.

Then Mrs. Grace announced with emphasis, as if she had really thought it all over, "Yes, it must make a difference. It must make a great difference."

"I don't think," remarked Mrs. Bullock, "that I understand, quite."

"Who could!" cried Miss Clemson. "But this much I understand: that Mrs. Grace desires us to believe that there is some impropriety in Mrs. Westerley being attended, when ill, by Dr. Wendell. I hope Mrs. Grace will not feel hurt if I say that all this kind of gossip is dangerous."

"You are right," said Mrs. Bullock, who felt that, true or not, it was hardly the kind of talk to which young girls should be made to listen.

"All of which does n't change my opinion," put in Mrs. Grace.

"And are you quite willing I should tell Mrs. Westerley?" asked Miss Clemson.

"Good gracious, no!" returned Mrs. Grace. "Why should any one tell her?"

"Then why," continued Miss Clemson, "need any one say such things? I hate gossip; it is always inaccurate."

"Oh, I don't think Mrs. Grace meant to gossip," exclaimed the forward young person from her corner.

"I never gossip," said Mrs. Grace, "but I have my own opinions."

"Then let us all have our own opinions, and keep them, like other precious things, to ourselves," returned Miss Clemson, wearily. "Where are those labels, Susie?"

If any one had told Mrs. Grace that she was maliciously sowing a slander, it would have surprised that lady. She was simply saying what came uppermost, and her mind, as Arty once said, was "like our Christmas grab-bag: you never knew what you would pull out." Nevertheless, she had done some evil, ignorantly or not, and evil has a feline tenacity of life.

For the present no more came of it than that Mrs. Bullock, who had overheard Mrs. Grace's talk with Hester, thought it well to say to Mrs. Westerley something about the strong desire they all felt that Mrs. Grace should by no good-nature of Mrs. Westerley be allowed to become the head of their branch of the commission.

"Rest easy, my dear," said the widow; "not while I am alive."

"She ought to be shut up," returned the matron. "I do think, Mrs. Westerley, there are some people in the penitentiary who have done less harm in their lives. You should have heard her talk to Hester Gray about being engaged to young Morton! It was simply disgusting, and"—

"No doubt," broke in Alice, "but I do not think she really wants to hurt anybody. For my part, I hardly care to hear what she said, and for that reason I interrupted you. You won't mind my interrupting you, but I am really ashamed to confess that sometimes what that woman says has the power to make me unreasonably angry."

"Well, it's all right. I had nothing else to say." This was hardly more true than Mrs. Grace's gossip; but the speaker was glad to have had time to reflect, and had hastily concluded that

what she had meant to add further were best left unsaid.

The summer sped away, and the war went on its unrelenting course as Grant drew tighter his paralyzing lines around Petersburg, and the wearied rebel army struggled with the vigor of a brave race against men as gallant and more numerous; while to the little circle of friends Arthur's frequent and clever letters brought a new and anxious interest in this dreadful death-wrestle.

Hester was changing in a way that surprised Ann Wendell, and both surprised and interested Alice. By degrees the effects of her former dreary school life and the subsequent sense of isolation, as well as the shock and terror of her father's death, were wearing off. For a long while, and more and more as with larger knowledge she realized this novel experience of a death, its memory oppressed the girl at times; but time is stronger in the young than any memories, however sad, and Hester was now exhibiting such joy of happy thoughtlessness as belongs of pleasant right to her age.

Alice Westerley saw plainly that Hester showed, as she grew older, a little too much tendency to be her own mistress,—a fault which was due rather to the early lack of firm home training than to any uneradicable peculiarity in Hester's mental or moral structure. The widow, like Mrs. Morton, had also her doubts as to whether Ann Wendell was exactly the person to mould or manage a light-hearted girl of resolute nature, and felt a certain anxiety as to whether Hester was to look for permanent help from Henry Gray, or was to be dependent upon her own exertions. It was best, she thought, to assume that the latter was to be the case; but yet it was not in Alice's kindly nature to be able to feel that so young and joyous a creature should be on this account made to know too early the bitterness of having

to look forward into a future of self-sustaining labor among absolute strangers. She would at least take her to Newport, and see, as she said. Meanwhile she wrote to Henry Gray, who was like a bird on the wing for restlessness, and who for some reason made no reply.

Yet whatever were Alice's doubts and fears, there were none now for Hester, nor for Edward Morton. His health was still infirm, and likely to be so for life; but even his occasional pain and sleeplessness only tended to make him more and more dependent upon Hester's gentle help.

They had gone out together for an afternoon drive, which meant usually a little wandering about through lanes and by-roads behind a lazy old horse, which they hitched to a fence now and then, while they gathered flowers, or looked for grubs and beetles, or watched ant heaps by the hour. Hester had thus come to know by degrees the beauty of that charming neighborhood, happily preserved to-day by the Park inclosures; and it was a fresh delight when her friend could show her some new lane, or discuss with her, book in hand and map on knee, their doubts as to the track of Revolutionary armies, or with equal interest the family name of a fern or a butterfly. They were both somewhat silent, as they drove lazily along, on this their last summer afternoon together, until at last Edward said, smiling, "Queer, is n't it, Hester, that as this is our last chance for a good gabble we should both be mum as mice! Let us improve the occasion, as Miss Ann's preacher says. Look down the river. What a leaf crop there is this year!"

They crossed the Schuylkill at the Falls' Bridge, and passed southward along the bank, until at last the young man said, "We will try the hill here, Hester. I want to show you something; but I shall need help. Give me my

stick, and let us go slowly, and halt as often as the Potomac army."

Then, tardily enough, — for he walked with difficulty, — they crossed the Reading railroad, and climbed up a narrow, sunken lane, brier-set and dark with sumach and dogwood. "We are on the old inclined plane of the railway, Hester," he said, as he paused for breath near the summit. "And this is our way, here, to the right;" and so saying he broke through a close, wild hedge of alders and judas-trees, and turned with pleasure to see the joy of the eager young face at his side. Before them lay a rolling bit of grass land, bounded on three sides by forest, much as it is to-day; not far away rose a green hillside, above a gray stone spring house, and to their right, in the woods, a brook chuckled merrily noisy answers to the dauntless catbirds, who love the wood edges, and the wood robin, who likes its darkened depths. The trees about them stirred the girl's unaffected love of nature. "These be honest gentlemen," said Edward, standing bareheaded. Three matchless tulip poplars, stateliest of trees, rose serene, with moveless shining leaves, beside the more feminine graciousness of a group of maples, perfect as to form and densely clad in August greenery. "Ah, Hester," he said, "you who love trees should say a prayer for him who spared these noble fellows. But here is my spring. This is what we came to see."

At an angle of the wood was a quiet little pool of cold water, set about with narrow slabs of marble stained with the fallen leafage of many an autumn. In its depths pink willow rootlets, which our boys call foxtails, were tangled with the white roots of a sturdy maple, which rose in wholesome strength above the surrounding trees. Hester knelt down, and, smiling, saw her face set in the brown mirror's little square of mottled sun and shade.

As she looked, Edward stood over her, and she saw his face in the still

spring, beside her own. She laughed prettily, and bent over to drink; but looked up as she touched the water. "I have drunk you all up, Mr. Edward!" she cried, still laughing. Edward shrank back. Disease had made the once strong young man unnaturally sensitive and nervous. He remembered the story of this little forest well, and how once a fair maiden, drinking here, like this girl, had seen of a sudden, beside her own face, that of a man; and how she had come to love that sombre face; and how in after days its owner had wrecked her life, and betrayed his country in its darkest hour.

Hester arose, seeing the trouble in her friend's face.

"What is it?" she asked, "What is the matter?"

"Nothing," he returned hastily. "A little tired, I suppose."

He wondered, indeed, at the strange stir and tumult in himself. Not for the world would he have told her that grim legend of Arnold's well. "Come away!" he exclaimed. "Let us see what there is in our bag. I am all right now. We have a lot of jolly queer things. How the doctor will like it! I sometimes wonder now, Hester, how I could ever have so despaired of life. What helpful things books are! Don't you marvel what sick folks did in the Middle Ages? I mean poor devils of half-sick folks, like me."

"I think," said the girl, doubtfully, "they must have looked even more at the skies and the flowers than we do; but I don't know, really. If I were sick, I should n't be as patient as you. Mrs. Westerley tells me I am sometimes impatient, now."

"But why does she say that?"

"Indeed, I don't know. No, I hardly mean that: I do know very well! She scolded me a little yesterday, and I suppose I was n't quite as meek as I ought to have been. But I have promised to be so awfully good at Newport!"

"Little scamp! It's a nice place for you to begin a career of goodness. I would n't trust you!"

"Yes, you would! I should n't like it if you ceased to trust me. Oh there is a droll-looking bug! I wonder what it is!"

"Let the bugs alone, little friend, and come and sit down. I am mortally tired."

Then the girl found that perhaps she too was tired, which was scarcely the case; but she was tenderly thoughtful with and for Edward.

"Let us read Arthur's letter," she suggested. "I have been saving it, as Miss Ann says, for 'gooding.'"

"What a nice old English word! There's a stump for me, and you can lie on the grass. And now for dear old Arty," said Edward, as he cast a pleased glance at Hester, who was opening Arthur's letter with that dainty care which, to a more experienced observer than her companion, might have gone far to tell her modest secret.

As he looked down upon her, a thought came to him of the contrast between her vigorous and growing life and his own increasing feebleness; and, looking up, Hester saw him gazing past her, dreaming. What meaning there was in the profound sadness of his eyes she did not comprehend; but seeing the sadness, was by instinct moved with some sweet womanly equality of mere emotion.

"What is it, Mr. Edward?" she said.

"Nothing, dear," he answered; but there was a look of grievous defeat about the young man, and when, in after-years, Hester stood before the stricken lion of Lucerne, some remembrance of her hour at the spring, beneath the maples, came back to her, and with eyes full of tears she turned away. "Don't mind me," he continued; "go on. What does the living say to the dead, Hester?"

"Nonsense!" she answered, cheer-

fully. "That does n't sound like you. You are worth some dozen of certain live folks I know."

"Then your acquaintance must have queer limitations. What does he say?"

"Mr. Arthur says," she replied, carefully spreading out the letter on her lap, — "he says" —

"But why do you say 'Mr. Arthur'?"

"Oh, I am practicing," said Hester, with a wicked demureness of repressed fun. "That was what Mrs. Westerley lectured me about yesterday."

"No! not really? Why, she is worse than mamma."

"Yes. She orders authoritatively that I am to call you both 'Mr. Morton.' Mrs. Westerley does not approve of the way young girls have of calling men by their first names. Do you understand?"

Edward whistled. "And when does it begin?"

"Oh, I begged off till I come back. I said it would n't seem so sudden then."

"I shall be told to call you Miss Gray, next."

"Oh, no!"

"Oh, yes! Why not?"

"But I won't like that, at all! I won't have it; and Arty — he" —

"Wait a little, my dear; you don't know Mrs. Alice. She will have her way, you will find; and as to 'Won't,' — you know what happened to him?"

"Yes, I know. But I like him well; and I like all his family, — 'Sha'n't,' and 'Can't,' and the rest."

"A bad connection, Miss Gray," he said, smiling. "But what about Arty? — Mr. Morton, I should say."

"Mr. Morton says: —

"DEAR QUEEN ESTHER [that's for short, I fancy], — I suppose the newspapers tell you all about us in general; more, in fact, than we know ourselves. Fox swears like our army in Flanders (every one swears in the army, — except me) when the reporters come to

our bivouac. And, by the bye, tell Ned to send me some onions and a little old Rye. Don't forget the onions. He knows where there's some at home. I mean Rye. Yesterday we had a little relief from this endless drill and loafing. The colonel gives us no peace about drilling. There was an alarm at day-break, and we had a sharp affair with a — [something — it is blotted out] Confederate regiment." (He had written Carolina, but remembering what eyes were to see it had erased the number and State, which would have told Hester that it was her father's old regiment.)

"Fox had a near thing of it, and I was twice in among their guns. Had to come out again in a hurry. I thought of" —

Here the girl paused, confused.

"Oh, I know," said Edward. "He thought of me. Go on; I can stand it!"

Hester looked down. "I thought of my dear Ned, and knowing how much better a soldier he would have made than I, wished he might have been with me. But don't think I like it at all. Any one who says they like it is stupid, or lies. I don't. I never realized until now how dreadful is war; but I think I know that I ought to be here, and why. Yet when a fellow is in the thick of one of these mad rushes at death through smoke, there is something of a wild joy about it. At all events, it does one some good. That is, it does the decent fellows good. It seems to me I am older by years in these few months; but then, for people who think at all, there is time and material here for thinking, and much to learn about war out of books on tactics, and so on, with practical lessons at intervals. Edward, who was always the boldest man I know, keeps writing me not to accept needless peril. Tell him I do not mean to. It is really necessary sometimes for officers to expose themselves as examples, when men

are shaky, but not often. I think of it now because that was just what Fox did yesterday. We were all lying down, or in shelter, having made a stand after what came near being a stampede; and what does Fox do but begin to walk up and down, with a cigarette in his mouth, pretending to be using his field-glass. I got up as he passed me, and said, 'Let me do that, sir;' and what did he say but 'Lie down, or you'll get hit; and when you address me, sir, be good enough to salute.' And the balls were as thick as mosquitoes in a Jersey marsh. Oh, Hester, one must see a man in the *evenui* of camp, and then in the field, to know him. It seems to me that what I have heard Dr. Lagrange say of disease is true of war. It ruins some men morally, and some it makes nobler, — like my brother Ned!"

"Oh, Mr. Edward, is n't that just like Arty!" said Hester, pausing.

"Arty is a dear old goose about me," returned Edward. "He thinks I am a patient martyr, but he does n't know how much I have wriggled at the stake."

"I have everything, I think," went on Hester, rising, and standing thoughtfully before him, the letter in her hand, — "everything; but I am not as patient as you who have so little."

"You can't count another man's wealth, child. I have my little Hester, and this August day, and these woods, and all the strange world I am peeping into."

"Yes, I know," murmured Hester, softly, the morn of womanhood, that was waking under the fading dusk of childish indifferences to the larger trials of life, beginning to glow with warmth of appreciative feeling.

"It is n't bad for any one to know how much he is a help in other folks' lives," continued Edward. "It makes him better, too, I dare say. And now for more help. Give me a hand, — now a good pull. I must heft pretty heavy, as Miss Ann says. We'll keep the rest

of Arty's letter for to-night. There seems to be a lot of it, and it is late. I hope my horse has kept quiet. I wish he was nearer; I am pretty tired."

The next day Hester went to Newport, whence she wrote to Edward often, and to Arthur rarely. Alice perceived well enough where this close intimacy of two attractive young folks might end, but scarcely saw how to lessen the danger; and now, feeling more and more that she disliked the responsibility, she wrote to Mrs. Morton quite frankly, but only to learn that Morton would not return until he was fit for duty, and that of course she, Mrs. Morton, did not fancy the idea of a match of this kind at all, and knew Alice would discourage whatever might make it a possible event — all of which left Mrs. Westerley quite as helpless and more anxious than before, and not much comforted by this final phrase of her friend's letter.

"For after all," she wrote, "I dare say you are mistaken; and then boys always have one or two affairs of this kind. They are pretty bad for a girl, I think, but they do not hurt men," — which to Alice, who was very much attached to Hester, seemed on the whole to partake rather strongly of the selfishness of maternal affection, and to be a little too like Helen Morton, who was apt to think first of her own children, and in their relations to others of them alone.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Westerley, as she found, had her hands full at Newport, where she had many friends, and where it was difficult always to leave Hester out of the constant social engagements of that charming place.

"Luckily," she wrote to Mrs. Morton, "most of the nicer young men are where they should be, at the war; but there are enough and too many older lads, on their vacation holidays; and even with your ideas and mine, it is hard to keep this very gay young lady from seeing

that she is admired, and from being disappointed because I do not allow her to go about as she does at Germantown."

Nevertheless, Hester enjoyed this new life, and saw enough of men, old and young, in Mrs. Westerley's drawing-room to widen her horizon as to the general opinion of Miss Gray.

With some little interior mutiny of criticism, Hester came to yield tranquilly enough to her friend's social discipline, and to observe that among the class of girls she saw and found pleasant, the most of them were quite as much controlled as she. Then she began, as Alice delayed leaving Newport, to enjoy still more the refined culture of its lingering lovers, and to return with fresh zest to outdoor enjoyments.

"Now," she wrote to Wendell, "there is, as it were, a new spring, — just as if the flowers had come again to say good-by; and there are golden-rods above the

beaches, and little dandelions, smaller than in spring, are here (I don't think they are true dandelions, but I left my Gray's Botany at home); and then there is a purple flower, which an old lady told me was the Michaelmas daisy. I think it is an aster, and so pretty; and what the people call freckled alders, with red berries. And oh, you should see the cliffs, and the sea! I never saw it before, and now it seems like an old friend; and if I only had you and Arty and Edward, I should be just too happy. But why does n't Arty write? We have ceased to hear at all."

Arty had other business on hand, and was in the thick of the savage fighting that resulted in the destruction of the Weldon railroad, and of which news soon reached his anxious friends at the North. Late in September Mrs. Westerley returned to her home, and Hester went back, with no great satisfaction, to her school life.

S. Weir Mitchell.

QUESTION.

WHEN you are old, and I am old,
And Passion's fires are burned to embers,
And Life is as a tale that's told,
And only worth what Love remembers,

If we should meet — two quiet folk —
And change opinions of the weather,
Could word or look again provoke
The heart and eyes to speak together —

The heart benumbed with so much ache,
The eyes bedimmed with so much crying?
Do buds long blighted ever break,
And green the vine already dying?

What hand of skill shall draw the line
'Twixt sordid love and holier passion?
What art shall fix the unfailing sign,
And bring its reading into fashion?

What is the meaning of it all,
 The chastening woe, the vanished sweetness,
 If dark Oblivion's night shall fall
 Forever on its incompleteness?

When you are dead, and I am dead,
 Our faces lost, our names unspoken,
 Shall then the mystery be read?
 Can Heaven bind what Earth has broken?

In clearer light and fairer day,
 With finer sense the impulse proving,
 Unfettered of this hindering clay,
 Oh, what must be the joy of loving!

Eliot C. True.

CHIMES, AND HOW THEY ARE RUNG.

No musical instruments have been more intimately connected with the daily life of the great mass of men than bells. Our factories, schools, ships, houses, churches, all require them. Indeed, they have almost ceased to be regarded as musical instruments at all,—instruments which probably yield to none in the delicacy of skill required to produce them. Except when grouped in a peal or chime, they are now generally thought of as mere mechanical contrivances; necessities, not luxuries. Entirely different, however, is the popular feeling in regard to chimes. These have a deeper hold upon the heart of the people than ever, and their number is rapidly increasing throughout the country. The historical side of bells, and the inscriptions and superstitions connected with them, are well known, or within easy reach of all; but there are very few people who know or are able to find out what a chime really is, or how one is rung, since nothing definite or complete on the subject has as yet been published.

Two things are absolutely necessary for an approximately perfect chime:

first, as may be learned from any dictionary, the bells must be tuned to each other; but secondly,—a matter of far greater importance, and one entirely ignored, if not unknown,—each bell must be tuned to itself. Then, again, the number of bells must be considered. Upon this point there is a wide divergence of opinion. In this country a set of bells not less than eight in number, and arranged in the diatonic scale, is considered a chime. Any number less than eight is usually said to constitute a peal. In England any number of bells when played by one person constitutes a chime; when played by several persons, a man to each bell, or by machinery, the set is generally termed a peal. From an American point of view we may accurately define a chime as a set of bells not less than eight in number, and arranged in the diatonic scale, each bell being approximately true to itself and to the others.

The first requisite for a chime is, then, that each bell shall, in technical terms, be true, or, in other words, be in harmony with itself. This means that a bell must yield a note the exact pitch

of which any ordinary musician can at once determine. This tone has been regarded as a combination of several tones which exist in every bell, and are termed the "octave," "quint," and "tierce." If these three tones harmonize, the bell is supposed to be true, and the note given is the "consonant" or key note. To obtain the octave of any bell it is necessary to tap it on the top, just at the curve. Tap it one quarter's distance from the top, and the quint or fifth of the octave results. Two quarters and a half lower we get the tierce, or the third of the octave. Tapped above the rim, where the clapper strikes, the octave, quint, and tierce sound simultaneously, giving, as stated above, the consonant or key note of the bell. These three tones are the only ones spoken of in any work as belonging to bells, and they are also the only ones mentioned as a test of a bell. But since the most important note of the bell — the "drone," as it is called — is entirely overlooked, this test is at most only interesting, and not at all reliable.

The fact is that every bell gives two prominent notes, — one the key note, and the other the drone or "hum" note, which in foreign bells is usually an octave, and in American bells a major or minor sixth, lower than the key note. This note always vibrates longer than the key note, and hence the same bell at times seems to give a tone entirely distinct from the key note. That is because at one time the key note alone is heard (usually at a considerable distance), while at another only the drone is heard; and since the drone vibrates the longer, it frequently impresses the ear, especially when near, as the fullest or dominant tone of the bell. Hence an E-flat bell often will be heard in the key of G-flat, or an A-flat be heard as an F bell.

The harmony of the bell depends, therefore, almost entirely upon the drone, and the best test of a bell is the impres-

sion it gives the ear; while the fact remains that if the drone does not harmonize with the key note the bell seems harsh and discordant. The only upper notes, or "over tones" as they are called, which a bell gives are the third, octave, twelfth, and fifteenth; but the harmony of the bell does not depend so much upon these as upon the drone. This is the essential thing. Many bells are, however, only slightly sharp when cast, and may be thoroughly tuned and made harmonious by filing on the inside at the tierce till the desired tone results. Bells which need no filing are called "maiden-bells," and in England especially are highly prized. It may thus be seen what a delicate and complex instrument a true bell is. A set of these true bells constitutes, as has been explained, a chime.

It used to be thought that the best bells were made in Belgium. Certainly the art of making them there culminated in the eighteenth century. In the opinion, however, of many persons competent to judge, it has declined somewhat in that country. A verification of this may be found in the fact that the tenor (or lowest) bell of a peal recently made by one of the most celebrated firms of Belgium, and presented by a gentleman of New York, from whom the writer has obtained much valuable information, to one of our oldest and most prominent colleges, has been cast aside as utterly unfit to use; and that, too, in the face of the fact that a professor of the University of Louvain certified, at a charge of one hundred francs for his services, that "each bell was in harmony with itself and the others." There is no reason why just as good bells may not be procured in this country as abroad. We have as excellent copper and tin, and equally skillful workmen; and the art of giving the proper shape and density to the metal is as well known here as there.

Bells may be rung in two ways:

first, by swinging them with rope and wheel; and secondly, by striking them either upon the outside or inside with hammers, the bell itself being stationary. In England the former method of rope and wheel was almost universally adopted, requiring a man for each bell. From this method we get that interesting and peculiarly English kind of chime music known as the "changes," which gave England the name of the Ringing Island. In Belgium, however, the stationary method was used. Chimes played in this manner were rung by one person and were called carillons, because the Italian *quadriglio*, or quadrille, "a dreary kind of dance music," was the first ever played upon them. To play upon carillons the performers used an instrument known as the "clavécin," a kind of rough key-board arranged in semitones. Each key was connected by wire or rope with a hammer, which struck the bell when a sharp blow was given the key with a gloved fist. This machine was necessarily extremely crude at first; and since chimes have never been played half so well as in the days of this invention, it is all the greater wonder that the art ever progressed at all. Recently some great masterpieces in chime music have been found, which were composed and played at Louvain in the latter half of the last century, by the most skillful and wonderful chimer who ever lived, Matthias van den Gheyn. No one in Europe or America can now be found who is able to play this music, which rivals in the depth and subtlety of its composition some of the finest works of Bach, Mozart, or Beethoven. Hence the inference is that the art of playing carillons has sadly declined, with small prospect of ever recovering the lost ground.

Another machine for the automatic ringing of chimes, and used considerably in England at the present day, is known as the tambour, or "barrel." It consists of a large wooden cylinder, upon

which a certain number of pegs are arranged. As this cylinder revolves, the pegs loosen levers which allow the hammers to fall upon the bell. This contrivance, formerly very crude, is arranged on the same principle as the familiar music-box, and operates in nearly the same manner. In recent years it has been greatly improved in various ways, and is now found in all countries, though very seldom used in America. It is specially adapted to large chimes — from twenty to forty bells — where there is need of clock-work to ring them. The art in this kind of chime-ringing consists merely in the skill of arranging the pegs in their proper places and to the proper number, so as to produce the desired effect.

By far the most interesting of all methods of ringing is the English one of ringing the "changes," upon which many books have been written with the view of thoroughly explaining the art and teaching it to beginners. To ring these changes demanded unusual skill, acquired only after long practice. It was considered a high honor to belong to a company of skillful ringers. Indeed, it is mentioned as a matter of great interest how college students — presumably before the days of cricket and boating — used to take trips from town to town, ringing these changes and "amusing the people with their strange antics." Changes are nothing more than the ringing of a set of bells, three or more in number, in every possible order without repetition. Thus three bells may be rung in six different ways without any repeat, four in twenty-four ways, five in one hundred and twenty, and so on; till with ten bells we have 3,628,800 changes, which would require one year and 105 days of constant ringing to complete the peal. Twelve bells would take over thirty-seven years to complete it. In fact, changes are based upon nothing more than that simple branch of higher algebra known as "combinations." The

art of ringing consists, first, in the skill of ringing a swinging bell correctly; and secondly, in knowing when and how to alter the course of the striking. The different ways of ringing, or rather the different changes, are known by such mysterious names as "plain-bobs," "bob-triples," "bob-majors," "bob-minors," "grandsire-triples," "grandsire-bob-cators," etc., while such terms as "hunting," "dodging," "snapping," are only a few of the many terms connected with the art. So far as the writer is aware, this method of ringing has been rarely, if ever, used in this country.

Our chimes are generally rung by a machine somewhat akin to the clavecin used in carillons, consisting of a series of levers or handles arranged in order of the scale in which the chime is cast, which when sharply pushed down draw the clapper, by means of a connecting wire, against the side of the bell. The art of ringing in this manner consists in giving sharp, even blows, and also in so breaking up the long notes that the atmosphere shall be filled with regular and constant vibrations of sound. In this last is the secret of successful chiming, one which few of our chimers have yet found out. Contrary to general be-

lief, to ring bells in this manner requires but little muscle and less brains; it being nothing more than a knack, easy for some and difficult for others to acquire.

Experiments have been made with a view of ringing chimes by electricity, the player having a simple piano keyboard, and playing upon it as if it were a piano. As yet, in the opinion of the best bell-makers, these experiments have not been successful, but there is no reason why they should not be so. Fire and other bells are so rung now, and it ought to be only a question of time when chimes shall be satisfactorily rung by this method. What is known to players as the "hand-feeling" would of course be lacking, but this would be more than counterbalanced by the increased dexterity and steadiness acquired. If this method is successful, the art of ringing will become that of mere piano-drumming, such music alone being played as will not result in discord from the prolongation and mingling of a note with others following; while, strangely enough, the result will be that chimes will be better rung than ever before. And this, in the writer's opinion, sums up what is to be the future of chimes and the art of ringing them.

A. F. Matthews.

BEATEN BY A GIAOUR.

HALF a dozen Zeibeks were sitting at the coffee-shop under the plane-trees beyond the caravan bridge at Smyrna. The coffee-shop itself was only a rough hut, to shelter the kitchen and to screen the mysteries of coffee-making from injudicious eyes. Its accommodations for customers consisted of a number of low, square stools, disposed in the shade of the trees. These stools the Zeibeks occupied, as they smoked their cigarettes and discussed the political prospects of

the Turkish Empire or the state of their flocks on the mountains. The place was encouraging to idleness, and held these men under its spell.

The Meles peacefully pursued its sluggish way among the bowlders of its half-dried bed. Beyond the plane-trees, and separated from them by the roughly paved caravan road that leads to all Asia Minor, was a grove of heavy cypresses, screening the tangled mass of tomb-stones which commemorate many

generations of Moslem rulers. On the other side of the bridge were the gardens and closely packed houses of Smyrna. But like all Turkish cities Smyrna keeps its bustle and its noise to itself, so that not a sound disturbs the placid region adjoining its outer limits. On the caravan road was a train of camels led by a small donkey, that seemed to drag the whole caravan after it by the rope attached to its saddle. Each camel bore two huge bales of Giordes carpets on their way to Smyrna and a market. The ungainly beasts lunged awkwardly along, each uncouth body swinging like a boat among waves, but each long, crooked neck moving steadily forward, as if entirely independent of the swaying body. Even the caravan was no disturbing influence to the quiet of the cypresses and the plane-trees. The solemn tread of the camels was entirely noiseless, and the deep tone of the heavy bell that marked the rhythm of each camel's gait lulled rather than disturbed the mental processes of the idlers at the coffee-house.

The Zeibeks were listlessly watching the last of the camels disappear over the high stone arch of the bridge, when a horseman from the city dashed rapidly across the bridge and drew up at the little coffee-shop. Instantly these serenely disposed loiterers arose to life and action. With the ejaculation "There's Ali Bey!" every man quickly threw away his half-smoked cigarette, and sprang forward to meet the newcomer.

The gentleman styled Ali Bey was an uncommonly sour-looking Zeibek, who was decorated in the highest style of village art. His short jacket was covered with gold lace; the weapons that protruded from his wide, pouch-like belt of red Russia leather were crusted with silver and studded with garnets and turquoises; the tassel of his tall red cap, containing at least two pounds of blue silk thread, dangled

about his shoulders; and the bridle, reins, and martingale of his horse, as well as the housings of his wide red saddle, were bordered with red worsted fringe. But Ali Bey's face was black as a thunder-cloud, much to the disquiet of the men who had hurried to meet him. The truth is that Ali Bey, though commonly polite in his condescending way, was known to be capable of going to great lengths when in a passion, — a fact not at all compensated to any luckless victim by the fact that his hot wrath quickly cooled. The great point of anxiety with the Zeibeks on this occasion was to know whether Ali Bey's discontent was directed toward some member of the tribe, or merely toward some infidel of an outsider. For in the latter case ill-humor does not count as a violation of strictly gentlemanly behavior. No sane man can well avoid anger while dealing with misbelieving dogs.

So these Zeibeks stood, an uneasy semicircle, until Ali Bey was safely seated on one of the low stools under the plane-trees, and had called for coffee. Then relief loosed every tongue, and Hassan, Hussein, Ibrahim, and the others made haste to show their devotion by loudly echoing the Bey's command. These Zeibeks, though rough in looks, knew by heart all the rules of courteous behavior under the Oriental code. They had thrown away their cigarettes when the Bey appeared, not because they were unwilling to be known to use tobacco, but in obedience to the principles of courtesy. In America, where all men are equal, ladies only receive this delicate homage. In Turkey the women only are all equal. The men rise in successive grades, and those of each grade receive from those of a lower rank many subtle flatteries, like the prompt abandonment of cigarettes by the Zeibeks when they saw that Ali Bey, their chief, was not smoking. The one anxiety of the Zeibeks now was to

fail of no opportunity for showing their high consideration for the Bey. Hence their vociferous appeals to the coffee-house keeper to make haste with the coffee.

The coffee-dealer, or *cafeji*, being a Greek, and being, therefore, in social standing immeasurably below the least of the Zeibeks, felt that he too must show how truly he was the humble, obedient servant of Ali Bey. Emerging from his little den, he approached unobtrusively, and bending forward in an insinuating manner he inquired in the blandest of tones, —

“Will my lord have it straight or sugared?”

But Ali Bey was in no mood to be gentlemanly toward a mere Greek. He flashed one glance at the *cafeji* that wilted the poor wretch and sent him scuttling away to his kitchen; while he thundered after the discomfited aspirant for favor, “Ass! Do you ask a Zeibek if he will have sugar?”

Upon this the Bey’s retainers permitted themselves sundry shrugs and grimaces of a solemnly deprecatory order, and Ibrahim even ventured to remark, “What can you expect? These city fellows were created so!”

This outburst was on the whole conducive to the comfort of the company, for it seemed to exercise a mollifying influence on Ali Bey’s feelings. Heaving a deep sigh, that gentleman took out a red broadcloth tobacco-bag and prepared to make a cigarette. Something in the subtle fragrance of the golden threads of tobacco which he rolled in the thin paper softened him still more, and he remarked to the audience in general, —

“Well, he won’t do it.”

“He won’t!” replied his men in chorus. Not being quite sure whether or no Ali Bey expected them to be indignant, these shrewd courtiers employed a tone that might represent either surprise or disgust. But the fact that the

Bey had unbent enough to address them produced a most marked relief.

“No,” continued Ali Bey. “First he said that he would employ three men; afterwards he made impossible conditions. He is a bear, and the son of a bear.”

“That is the way with foreigners,” remarked Hassan, in a tone of conviction.

“They bring their railway here and change the course of trade, and then make light of the ancient rights which they have attacked,” grumbled Ibrahim.

“What did the fellow say to your excellency?” inquired Hassan, with respect.

“The miserable dog said that if our men receive the pay of the railway they must wear the uniform of its servants!”

“There’s a foreigner for you!” growled Ibrahim. “The brass of him can be weighed by the ton!”

Meanwhile Ali Bey had rolled up his cigarette, and held it in his hand, seeming to enjoy the sensation caused by his harrowing tale. The *cafeji* now came briskly forward with the materials necessary for serving a cup of coffee. In one hand he brought the little tray, with a glass of water and a small coffee-cup, and a cup-holder of brass inverted by the side of the cup. In the other hand was a live coal held with tongs, and a long-handled coffee-pot full of the steaming black liquid. The tray he deposited on one of the low stools in front of Ali Bey; the coffee, with all its rich brown foam, he quickly poured into the cup, and then, with a smirk of self-satisfaction, he offered the coal of fire to Ali Bey.

Ali Bey lighted his cigarette from the coal; then he took a preparatory sip of water, and accepted the little cup of coffee which one of the men now handed to him in its metal holder. But he paused, with the cup midway to his lips, in order to continue his story.

"That uniform," said he, "includes the cap of the Christian, made with a straight piece of stiff leather projecting from the front. It is the devil's own invention to prevent men from touching their foreheads to the ground in worship, and" — Here he took a sip of coffee. The effect was tremendous. Ali Bey sprang to his feet, spat out the coffee, flung the cup and its scalding contents at the head of the unsuspecting cafeji, and roared out, "The ass-headed idiot has sugared it! May ten thousand plagues light upon him and his father and his mother! And he calls himself a cafeji!"

Then the Bey strode to his horse, mounted, and rode away from the scene of so disgusting an adventure.

The other Zeibeks had made a rush with one accord toward the unhappy Greek; but that clumsy bungler was too quick for them, and scurried over the caravan bridge like a hare, having learned at last that Zeibeks take their coffee "straight." The men did not pursue him, but, picking up the shoes which had dropped from the cafeji's feet in his flight, they hurled them after him with a few well-compounded imprecations, and then, mounting their horses, they rode away after their chief.

The next morning Ali Bey and two of his men were riding toward a village perched on the slopes of Mount Tmolus. They had slept three or four hours on the floor of a wayside hut, and now the clear morning air of their own home land had dissipated the traces of whatever discontent they had found in the city. In that fine air Ali Bey was a very different being from the Ali Bey of the streets of "giaour" Smyrna. Even so slight a change of geographical position had brought him into a land where the infidels have no part, and where the very blades of grass seemed more fresh and green for their freedom from the contaminating presence. As his horse jogged along, Ali Bey was

singing a love ditty in a clear voice, his eyes lingering tenderly upon the sheep of the great flocks that were busily cropping the short grass.

The place was by no means devoid of beauty, although hardly a tree could be seen on the ridges that stretched away into the east. In the valleys on either hand were black groves of olive; far below, toward the west, the wide plains were dotted with heavy clumps of walnut-trees; here and there on the nearer slopes were patches of bright vineyard, or more compact stretches of wheat that piled up lazily moving billows in the gentle breeze. Yellow butterflies chased each other across the path, and many a caroling songster rose swiftly from the scrubby oak bushes that grew hedge-like along parts of the road. Not far away, in front, the little village of sun-dried brick lay bowered in fruit trees, with a single white minaret to testify to its devout and orderly character. By the roadside, just outside of the village, was a little stone fountain, shaded by two or three terebinth-trees.

As Ali Bey approached this fountain he stopped singing, for his eye fell upon a girl who was waiting there for her water-jug to fill at the ever flowing-tap. The girl was dressed in a short jacket of sky-blue broadcloth, open in front over a vest of striped cotton. Full trousers of the same red and white striped material, thickly gathered at the waist, fell in copious curves to the ankle, where a tight band, concealed under the overhanging folds, held them up from the bare brown foot. Upon her head she wore a large white kerchief, gaily embroidered on the edges, beneath which, reaching to her waist, was a mass of slender braids of jet-black hair, each separate braid adorned at its extremity with a small gold coin. A string of similar gold coins marked the place where her collar should have been, had the various garments which met at her neck included any such point of definite

termination as is implied by a button or other fastening. The kerchief covered her head and drooped over her forehead; but her black eyes sparkled, and her full, well-colored lips quivered into a smile as Ali Bey's group came up. She quickly drew the kerchief over her mouth and throat, but not so soon as to conceal the glow that suddenly warmed the tint of her round dark cheek.

"Who is in the village, Eminé?" asked Ali Bey, drawing rein by the fountain.

"Hamid is there," replied the girl. "My father has gone hunting, and the rest are out with the sheep. Most of the girls have gone to get wood."

"Are you all well?" asked Ali, with a caress in the glance of his eyes as well as in his voice.

"Praise God," said Eminé, simply, dropping her eyes under the gaze of the Bey.

Ali Bey looked around uneasily at his two companions, who had halted by his side. They understood their chief's moods by intuition, and without a word rode on into the village. Then Ali Bey leaned over toward the girl to whisper the one word "Dearest!"

Eminé looked up quickly, with a bright light in her eyes. Then, turning away, she filled a gourd with water from the fountain and offered it to Ali. But she still held the kerchief closely drawn across her face. Only her eyes smiled up at her lover.

Ali took the gourd, lightly touching, as he did so, the little brown hand. Then he said gently, "Don't hide your face, Eminé. I have n't seen you for so long."

"Yes," answered Eminé, "not for three whole days!"

Her hand relaxed its grasp, so that when she reached up to take the water-gourd again, one corner of the kerchief fell away, entirely revealing her face. For an instant she looked up at Ali Bey with a witching expression of surrender;

and then she caught the kerchief together again, and dropped her eyes to the ground.

"Eminé, my heart is torn in pieces. I am in torture every moment that I am away from you. Your father is too hard on us, to make us wait these months and months!"

The girl's brow flushed, and her veiled head bent lower as she slowly said, "What do you think that I feel, then, if you can feel so much for me?" Then, nervously looking around, she added, "But, Ali, you must not stay here. People will talk."

"What do we care for what the wag-chins say? Are you not promised to me? It can't be long now to our marriage day, although I did not succeed in Smyrna."

"But you know father would be very angry if he knew that I have these little talks with you, Ali. He says that we shall have plenty of time to do our talking by and by; and that then he won't have the whole village coming to him every day to ask him what we talk about."

"Well, I shall make you let me see your eyes enough, for once, when that day comes! Do you know that I have a plan to get the other fifty pounds to put with the fifty I have already? That will be all your father asks."

"Father says that Ahmed Bey from Sarikeny has offered him two hundred pounds for me."

"He has gold," said Ali Bey, fiercely, "and he has three wives besides. But you know very well that it is n't for lack of love that I don't give as much. The sheep-tax eats up all the money, and now this railroad takes everybody right by us into the city, so that there is no chance of finding a traveler with five paras in his pocket."

"Yes, Ali, I know; and father knows very well that I would never marry Ahmed Bey. He is cruel to his wives."

"Well, I am going to ask advice of

your father about a plan. You see, if the giaour merchants invent a railroad to escape paying toll to us, we must invent, too. There they all are, shut up in their boxes. Perhaps we can catch the lot at once, instead of having to lie out night after night on the highway to catch them one at a time. Perhaps we may make this railroad a means to larger profits, after all."

"That is a brave man's plan," said Eminé, earnestly. "God intends all men to have a chance to live. Where he shuts one door he opens a thousand! But you really must go, Ali. Some of the girls will be coming back."

"Dear, if I am blessed in this plan of mine I shall have the gold, and then — Ah, Eminé, I shall make your father promise that it shall be within two weeks. Farewell. But first let me see your face once more."

"No, Ali," said Eminé, looking on the ground. "I always feel ashamed of myself for hours after I have let you see my face in this brazen way. Be patient, for I am promised to you," and she turned her soft black eyes full upon him.

The stern law of the veil makes it dangerous to good repute for a girl to be seen talking alone with a young man. Turkish lovers therefore have to content themselves with mere glimpses, hurried words, and a vivid imagination, which, after all, plays the most important part in weaving the entanglements of youthful hearts. With eyes only might these two exchange their farewell salute. Yet, even as he touched spur to his horse, Ali Bey suddenly put forth his hand and laid it caressingly upon the forehead of Eminé. It was only a touch, but she started back, chiding his boldness, and in the quick movement her kerchief escaped her hand once more, revealing, as in a flash, her radiant face. The next moment Ali Bey's horse was taking him up the village street.

Hafiz Effendi, the father of Eminé,

was the chief man of the village. He was a kindly old gentleman, with the dignified air which ponderous motions and a patriarchal beard may impart even to a mountaineer; and his dress was entirely different from that of the less learned members of the community. He might be seen any day, at the hours of prayer, entering the little mosque, his stout form enveloped in a flowing gown of crimson, worn over a close robe of dark green broadcloth. This inner robe, bound at the waist by a girdle of gay cashmere, hung several inches below the skirt of the gown, and well below the knee. Here, however, the old gentleman seemed to have come to the end of his ingenuity or of his material, since he but illy screened his nether extremities from the public gaze by the protruding and crumpled ends of white cotton under-garments that entirely failed to meet a very disreputable-looking and down-at-the-heel pair of woolen socks. Broad, low red shoes with upturned points completed the equipment of his feet. To his head more attention was given. First he wore a white cotton skull-cap next his shaven poll, then a second skull-cap of felt, and outside of this a thickly wadded and quilted cap of red cotton, which overhung his head at all points, like the eaves of a Chinese pagoda. Outside of all, the badge of learning — the thick, white turban — was wound in such a way as to leave exposed to view only the flat top of the massive red cap. This arrangement certainly endowed Hafiz Effendi with the appearance of possessing a vast intellectual apparatus, — an appearance which might or might not be borne out by the facts, since his philosophy had little to do with any world outside of his own village. Whatever was not of the order of nature familiar to him he was wont to attribute to supernatural causes. All that seemed to him good he used to ascribe to the divine interposition. All that seemed evil, including infidels, foreign-

ers, and their works, devices, and innovations, he attributed to the less wholesome but still supernatural influence of a very active and personal devil. He had no interest in such matters, being content to dwell among the flocks on the mountain, to worship God, and to teach the young people a sound morality. His moral code was high, but like some more favored wise men he held that the moral law had no restraints to lay upon the conduct of his people toward strangers, and particularly toward those of a different religious faith. So his people were well behaved and even gentle at home, but did what was right in their own eyes when outside of their village. The good Effendi owed his chief distinction to the fact of his having studied in a Moslem theological seminary somewhere in the misty past. The respect paid to a village priest in non-Moslem communities fell to this old gentleman in this Zeibek village, by reason of the information on all social and religious problems supposed to lie in the magazines outlined by that vast head-dress. It is true that Ali Bey was chief, because he belonged to a line whose blood had known no plebeian admixture since the Seljuk sultans. But to Hafiz Effendi the Bey looked up, as leader in worship and as keeper of his conscience. As to his retainers, the common herd scarce dared breathe in the presence of the lord of their chief.

That evening, after the fifth and last prayer at the mosque, Ali Bey called to see Hafiz Effendi. He had his plan to propose for extracting revenue from the mercantile community on an entirely new basis. But, feeling somewhat uncertain as to his ground, he also wished the solution of a problem in morals.

Hafiz Effendi felt something like enthusiasm for the young man to whom he had promised Eminé for little more than half what he might have asked as dowry. He had favored Ali Bey because of his high descent and because

of his unusual acuteness and energy. He now felt that his confidence was not misplaced, for the enterprise proposed was one that moved his whole heart. Certain ladies of his acquaintance had more than once hinted to him that his teaching was not worth much if it could not lead the men of the tribe to bestir themselves to provide for their families. Scarcity had set in since the opening of the railway had reduced the whole village to dependence on its flocks for its luxuries.

"Good, my son!" said Hafiz Effendi. "You will have no difficulty in catching them all."

"But one thing troubles me. What will the police say? They are becoming less and less friendly. I should not wish to have our village visited by a band of mounted police sent to punish a Bey."

"The police can be managed, if you return with full hands, although the government has fallen so low as to support these new-fangled notions as to freedom of trade. The people hunger because they are not protected. My wife told me yesterday how the people lack clothing, and how they have nothing to eat but the butter and cheese of our flocks. The story which she told would melt a very heart of stone, and cause it to flow as tears from the eyes. It is all wrong!"

"We used to boast that no Christian or Jew could trade in our district, or even pass through it, without giving tribute," said Ali Bey. "Yet while the government frowns on our enterprises, are we right in acting independently? Can we fearlessly take from the railroad which the government has allowed to be built?"

"Leave the government to ruin itself! It is sold to the aliens, like a camel, with its old halter thrown in. This nonsense about equal rights and interests will one day destroy it. The foundation of all prosperity is the principle

that the government should protect the interests and industries of its own people first. The rest of the world has no right to enjoy in this land what our own people have not. Where is the railroad owned by our people? The good of this freedom goes to infidels and foreigners, until every Jew and every Greek is like a lamb with two dams, while any Moslem you meet is as black in the face as a kid disowned by its mother."

"But if the government calls us to account for attacking the railway, could I maintain this principle in the courts?" asked Ali Bey, with a prudent foresight that his daily associates would not have suspected in the fiery young chief.

"No doctor of the holy law could condemn you for such an act of pure self-defense," replied the wise man earnestly. "All authorities agree that the sheep of the flock must first be fed. It is the object in view that settles the morality of the measures adopted. Were it not for this, the faithful would have no freedom. Where choice lies between a Moslem's suffering want and his feeding in the pastures of more fortunate infidels, the Moslem has a right to take measures to secure a division of good things in accord with the evident design for which Providence has created infidels. This, my son, is in accord with the usage of ages among our brethren of the Arabian deserts. They hold it lawful, in case of necessity, to attack with armed force any individual, or any caravan of another tribe, provided only that the attack be made openly and in daylight, as becomes men, and that the victims are left with enough provision to secure them against starvation during a journey to the next town. No court whose judge is a Moslem could censure you for acting on this principle."

"Well, I shall try this thing. You know that it is for Eminé that I do it. Within three days, by the help of the Prophet, I shall claim her under your

promise," said Ali Bey, as he arose to depart.

"Go in peace," replied the pious old man. "Work by daylight, be not too exacting, shed no blood save in case some miscreant forces you to it in self-defense, and the blessing of blessings go with you!"

Of course the ladies could not be visible to persons of the opposite sex; but at such evening consultations they generally contrived to be somewhere within earshot. So when Ali Bey had gone forth into the night he was not surprised to hear a slight "Hem!" proceed from the side of the house, as though some feminine creature, there walled up, was preparing to exercise her vocal organs. He went quickly to the place, and found a small window closely covered by a board shutter. A light tap on the shutter showed him that some one was within, and a small crack between two boards offered him a channel of communication.

"Eminé!" whispered Ali Bey.

"Yes," came from within.

"I am going to try it for your sake."

"Brave, good Ali! Mother says you are of the real old Turkish stock, born to be a hero."

"You must be ready for the wedding next week, Eminé."

"Nonsense! You are crazy. It will take a week to make ready the feast. But I must go back, or father will be coming to look for me. Good-night!"

"Open the window a little."

"No, I can't. Good-night!"

"But, Eminé" —

"Well?"

"I am going to insist about the wedding" —

"Why, of course we can't have it so soon. Father will tell you all about it. But go, quick; somebody is coming!"

"Listen, dear: wait for me at the fountain, day after to-morrow, a little after noon."

"Yes. God bless you and give you the success you deserve. Good-night!"

At the same moment the heavy step of Hafiz Effendi was plainly heard crossing the floor within. Upon this, a sudden busy clatter of utensils having informed Ali that Eminé was duly prepared to meet the ordeal of the old gentleman's inquisitive eye, he thought it wise to depart. With so much of an interview as encouragement, he might be content to attend to the serious duties now before him.

The next night, Ali Bey with two men rode into a pine grove on the Chamli Yaila, twenty-five miles from Smyrna, and close to the railway line. He dismounted, and established himself on a rug which Hassan spread under one of the trees. Soon another young brave appeared, and then others, until twenty-three men had arrived, equipped for a bivouac.

Once on the ground, Ali Bey began to wish that he had more information as to the mechanism and habits of railway trains. He had come there to search the pockets of the passengers — a simple matter, once the passengers were caught. The one difficult part of the undertaking, namely the stopping of the train, gave rise to a lively interchange of views.

Yahya, a young and promising brother of Ali Bey, proposed that they all go and stand on the track in front of the train and so compel it to stop. He was, however, speedily reduced to silence by Hassan, who, firmly believing that the giaours had imprisoned a genie for their motive and power, said, —

"Stupid! If we stand in front of it, it will see us, and stop so far off that the passengers will run away before we can get there."

"Besides," added old Omer, "we might get bruised; it goes so fast."

"The first thing we have to do," growled Ibrahim, "is to teach our boys to have short tongues and wide ears."

Hussein completed the boy's discomfiture by saying to him, "Your tongue

is as long as a baker's shovel already; what will it be when you grow up?"

Upon this Ali Bey interfered with "Well, well, Yahya is n't a camel, that when you want to finish him you must needs cut his throat in seven places. It does n't take a whole tribe to silence a boy."

"I did n't mean to hurt the boy's feelings," replied Hussein humbly. "But about the train: the Jew peddler told me that his brother had it from one of the engineers that if the fire goes out the thing stops. Let us send men for buckets, and have them full of water ready to dash on the fire as the train goes by. That will stop it, sure."

"Or," reflectively added Ismail, "we might get a big rope, thicker than we would use to tie Ahmed Bey's great bull, and with more men we could hold the rope in front of it and make it stop."

So these innocents of the mountain discussed the methods of controlling this foreign invention without an idea of that with which they had to do. They had seen the trains pass and repass, but they had merely said, "Mashallah!" never concerning themselves to go to a station for a nearer understanding of the curiosity.

At last Ali Bey, after a feasible plan had occurred to him, stopped their speculations with a lofty air, as he said, —

"Ah, bah, men! One may as well expect the blind to understand color as a peasant wisdom. The train will come with more force than ten bulls. We must have something that will hold such a force. At the same time we must be free to act, ourselves, for what we do we must do quickly."

Ali Bey's auditors were filled with admiration at his far-seeing judgment, and when he added that he thought a goodly heap of stones on the track would do the business, the admiration of his followers was changed to enthusiasm over the discovery that their little village had produced a man of genius.

The great question settled, there were no burdens upon the minds of the men, and the evening passed away merrily, with story-telling, ballad-singing, and even a little dancing. At last the men, wrapped in sleeveless shepherd's coats of felt, disposed themselves on the ground, and slept the sleep of the pure in conscience. In the morning, also, they rested quietly among the trees until the down train had passed. Then they fell to work. They piled large stones upon the track, and then heaped a second pile to make things doubly sure. Ali Bey was a little doubtful as to the habits of locomotives. He had once seen an engine at the station turn out, in order to pass cars that stood in the way. If it could turn out to pass cars, why not turn out to pass a barricade? So he ordered the barricade to be extended, wing fashion, to the ditch on either side. The men were still at work when the sound of the whistle at Eshekli station brought their hearts into their mouths, and sent the whole band to cover.

"Now, remember," said Ali Bey. "Not a man stirs until I rise up; then every one is to rush in like a whirlwind. Pistols and swords in your hands, but not a drop of blood is to be shed!"

Meanwhile George Farr, the conductor of the morning train, was in the station at Smyrna, answering the multifarious calls for the "guard," as the time for departure arrived. The first bell had rung, and the passengers came hurrying from the waiting-room like a pack of children let out of school. There were government officials, sleek and smiling, and army officers, with servants loaded down with bedding. There were merchants in long robes and red fez caps, going out to buy opium, cotton, figs, carpets, and what not. There were Moslem theologians in white turbans, and Turkish ladies swathed and muffled into the semblance of walking featherbeds. There were trim European clerks, and black-robed priests, and elegantly

dressed European ladies. Once or twice Farr looked uneasily toward the door of the waiting-room; but quickly his face brightened, and he hastened in that direction, as Mr. Thompson, the engineer at the works on "the point," appeared in the doorway, followed by his wife and daughter. There was small time for greetings, but a rosy smile from pretty Miss Thompson satisfied all Farr's immediate cravings in that direction, and produced a slight increase of color on the frank Saxon face of the young man.

The three new-comers were quickly established in a reserved compartment.

"Don't let your engine go to playing any pranks to-day," cried Miss Thompson gayly, as Farr was shutting the door.

"The engine will be on its good behavior while *you* are on board," laughed Farr. "It has the reputation of the road to make, so that you may want to come again."

And then the last bell jangled. Belated ones scrambled into their places. Farr hurried off to his van in the rear of the train. Several individuals ran at a breakneck speed in various directions along the platform. The whistle screeched, and the train moved slowly out of the station amid the plaudits of the populace.

George Farr was in a state of high elation. He had induced the Thompson family to take a trip out and back on his train that day in order to enjoy the novelty of a railway excursion, with a picnic in a certain cool grove at the other end of the line. He had by this means secured the pleasing result of having the fair-faced English girl near him during the whole day, and of feeling that the responsibility for her comfort rested with himself in a peculiar degree. His assiduity in making official rounds of the train on that occasion was something remarkable, and he had had several pleasant chats with the occupants of the particular carriage where his offi-

cial duties seemed inclined to end. The train had just left one of the little way stations when Farr, sitting in his van, began to feel that he could not be easy in his mind until he had made the tour of the train once more, in order to make sure that if any passenger had slipped in unnoticed, at Eshekli, such passenger was provided with his proper ticket. So he set forth again to clamber along the footboards. As he drew near the compartment where his friends were established, he spied Miss Thompson's beaming face at the window, at which she was engaged in eating a peach. She shook her finger threateningly at him, but he did not let that daunt him, and slyly tossed a kiss to her in return. By this time he was quite sure that no one had got on board at Eshekli. Hence he concluded that there was no need of his visiting the other carriages, and decided, on the whole, to stop and chat with the Thompsons a little while. He had his hand upon the key, to open the door, when the engine gave a blast of the whistle so frantic as to make him pause. Then the train stopped. In his wonder Farr actually forgot Miss Thompson.

He dropped to the ground, to see what was the matter. Matter enough! "Some tomfool has been playing a game," he thought, as he caught sight of a heap of stones piled across the track. But he had not run a dozen paces toward the head of the train, when the air suddenly became thick with furious yells, and a crowd of Zeibeks rushed from the bushes by the roadside. With swords and pistols they charged the train, from which arose a vast hubbub of screams.

Two of the men quickly seized Farr, while a third administered several sounding whacks upon his back with the flat of a sword.

"Open these doors!" roared the Zeibek; for the men were vainly trying to force their way into the locked compartments.

Farr was at first too much taken by surprise to do anything, but a volley of oaths, accompanied by kicks and blows, brought him to his senses, and he began to unlock the doors of the train. Three or four Zeibeks sprang into each compartment as it was opened, hurling their whole vocabulary at the unfortunate occupants as a prophylactic against resistance. Shrieks, prayers, curses, commands, entreaties, resounded on every hand. One would have supposed that the whole body of passengers was being massacred. Hardly less was the turmoil in Farr's own brain, as he found himself in front of a compartment in which he saw Susan Thompson's white, scared face; while Mr. Thompson, at the window, was struggling with a Zeibek who had clutched his watch. Farr paused, but he paused only a moment, for a huge fellow behind him struck him between the shoulders, shouting, —

"Son of a Russian dog, open the doors!"

There was a woman's scream from within the carriage as Farr staggered forward under the force of the blow. But the blow was a deliverance, for it carried him past the door, and so settled, for the moment, the question of his opening it. He unlocked the door to which he was nearest, and the Zeibeks rushed in. They were careless as to the order of procedure, since several compartments yet remained to be entered, while the supply of Zeibeks was nearly exhausted. So the Thompsons were left to themselves.

Then occurred an incident of the class of accidents which sometimes change the fate of surprises. When the Zeibeks had entered the compartment, Farr, from sheer force of habit, closed the door after them. The slamming of that door startled him with an idea. Three more Zeibeks were bawling at some Armenian merchants in the next carriage, who were trying to escape through the opposite window. Farr ad-

mitted the impatient robbers and shut the door. Then he turned, and ran with all his might along the train, slamming the doors as he passed by. The Zeibeks themselves, in their anxiety to keep their prey from escaping, had already closed two of the compartments; never dreaming that they could not open what they could so easily shut. The rest were too busy to heed what was going on outside. In a moment the Zeibeks were all shut in, and Farr had leaped upon the engine. In another moment Ali Bey, who had just transferred a frontlet of gold coins from a Greek girl's head to his own pocket, sprang to the window, shouting, —

“Whose religion have I got to curse now? Who is playing with this thing? Hassan! Ibrahim! Who is moving these cars? Stop them! Mercy! they can go backwards!”

Events move quickly when a band of wild Zeibeks furnish the final motive. It was barely half an hour after the train passed Eshekli station going up when the officials at that place were amazed to hear it coming back. It went by like a flash. But Zeibeks were leaning out of all the windows, and mingled with the roar of the wheels was a great roar of voices, threatening and entreating. Snatches of sound even came in the form of intelligible Turkish cries: “Open the door!” “Stop! stop, I say!” “Let me out!” “I’ll kill you if you don’t stop it!” and then the train and the hubbub following were gone around the curve of the hill. When the people at the station had done craning their necks at this strange sight, they found a lump of coal on the platform. On the coal was a piece of paper bearing a scrawl, which, when deciphered was found to read:—

“The brigands have caught us. Wire line clear, and troops at station.

“G. FARR.”

In consequence of this and sundry similar lumps of coal dropped at other

little stations as the mad train went by, there were soldiers waiting at the Smyrna terminus when the Zeibeks arrived at the end of their unexpected journey. The line of troops closed in upon the train as soon as it stopped. The Zeibeks were cowed and abject. Hassan alone was equal to the emergency. “It was all a mistake,” he explained from a window. “We only wanted to be taken on board the train, and the foolish fellow who opened the doors got frightened, and came back instead of going on. We have n’t done anything!”

But the fat colonel in command of the troops mildly advised him “not to tire his jaw,” and ordered his men to keep the Zeibeks from leaving the carriages until the passengers had alighted.

The passengers streamed forth with great alacrity; and Farr, hatless and with torn and muddy clothes, became the centre of an admiring group. The native passengers, in true Oriental fashion, were grumbling at the man who had saved them. The merchants whose escape through the windows had been cut short when Farr opened the door of their compartment even went so far as to propose to have “that guard” arrested for having admitted the Zeibeks to the train. But the Europeans pressed about the young man to shake hands and praise his pluck. Among these appreciative remarks, however, none quite equaled in force, to Farr at least, that of Susan Thompson, as she, coming through the crowd with her father, put out her hand in a timid way and said, —

“You are a very brave man, George!” and she gave him one of the most ravishing smiles that he had ever beheld on the face of beauty.

For all answer, Farr, forgetful of his torn and hatless condition, took her proffered hand and tucking it under his arm marched off to the waiting-room.

Meanwhile the Zeibeks were brought out from the cars, and, after being

searched, were tied together, two and two. Poor Ali Bey had staked his luck against that of the Giaour. As usual, the bitterness of failure had overwhelmed the unhappy Oriental, while the sweets of success had fallen to the pushing, energetic foreigner. To the last the Zeibeks protested that they had done nothing. Ibrahim said pleadingly,

"We are not such boors as to rob the illustrious people who go on this railroad. We took nothing from them."

In fact, the most rigorous search revealed no stolen goods, for the Zeibeks had been wise enough, after realizing their position, to disgorge the various articles which they had appropriated in the first flush of victory.

Nevertheless, the fat Turkish colonel remorselessly marched them off to the police station. As they were passing down the street, one of them, who had an unusual amount of gold lace on his

jacket, was heard to say in a fierce undertone, —

"May owls roost on the tomb of the father of the man who invented railroads! How could I know that the thing could go backwards!"

"Yes, my lord," feebly responded the man to whom he was bound with cords; "the mistake was that we did n't put the second pile of stones at the other end!"

About the same time, at the village on Mount Tmolus, a girl, singing like a bird from exuberance of happiness, came lightly down the path toward the fountain under the terebinths. There she set down her water-jug, and shading her eyes with her hand she gazed steadfastly across the valley to southward, saying to herself, "Why is he so long in his coming?"

Poor Eminé! Her vigil at the trysting-place was destined to be a long one!

O. H. Durward.

THE HAUNTS OF GALILEO.

THERE are few men of science whose lives offer so much of picturesqueness and interest to the popular mind as that of Galileo. Marvelous genius though he was, he lived and did his great works among the people, sharing with them in all the vicissitudes of public and private life: not so absorbed in his mighty problems that he could not bring plain common sense to bear upon the most trivial daily matters; not shut away from contact and sympathy, as is often the scientist of modern times in consequence of the barriers which have grown up between the trades and the liberal arts. In Galileo's time trades were arts; the merchant and the dyer felt as great a pride and nearly as much ownership in the discoveries of a scientific fellow-citizen as did the discoverer himself.

Artistic expenditure was a necessity to the beauty-loving Latin race, and whoever enlarged the bounds of knowledge or of pleasure was a benefactor to his humblest neighbor. The spirit of Cimabue's day had not yet died out. There is a street in Florence called Borgo Allegro, the Joyful Street, because of the delight with which the populace hastened to view a Madonna of surpassing beauty which Cimabue had just completed at his studio in that street. Il Perugino was not ashamed to paint a banner, or Cellini to turn from the moulding of a Perseus to the fashioning of an inkstand or a key.

Memories of Galileo, not only as a man of science, but as a householder, a son, a father, a friend, cluster about Florence and its neighborhood, — about Pisa,

Padua, and Siena. I wish to recall them in connection with these places. Born in Pisa, the son of an impoverished Florentine noble, the youth was destined by his father to be a tradesman; but his inclinations were entirely averse to this, and doubtless his father, himself a man of considerable scientific culture, secretly sympathized with the longings which he had not the means to encourage. However, Galileo had his way at last, and was allowed to enroll himself as a student of medicine at the University of Pisa; the father insisting that since he would not learn a trade he should at least adopt a lucrative profession. He was not a favorite with his conservative teachers; his independence of thought was already beginning to be a marked characteristic; nor was he ignorant of his unpopularity. Probably the happiest hours of his student life were spent in the cathedral, now forever associated with his name. Perhaps he had already in childhood learned to seek this refuge from the sharp tongue of his mother, who made his home anything but a peaceful place.

There is no more lovely, softly melancholy picture in all Italian scenery than this group of buildings,—the cathedral, the baptistery, and the Leaning Tower,—on a sunny afternoon. They stand apart from all other buildings,—a thing unusual in Italy. The short pale grass grows all about them, quite to the cathedral door; their delicate forms do not seem to cut the sky, but rather to repose against it; and their marbles, already mellowed by age in Galileo's time, harmonize with that peculiar blue, which here is never hard, as in northern countries, however deep its tone. They seem enveloped in an atmosphere of silence and rest. The interior of the cathedral is not less harmonious. The great lamp swinging before the altar attracts our attention, as it probably did Galileo's, by its marvelous beauty. How many problems besides

that of the pendulum may the repose and solitude of this temple have aided him to solve! His treatise on hydrostatics, which brought him the friendship of many learned men, was written while he was at Pisa, and at the age of twenty-six he was appointed to the chair of mathematics in the university. Before his father's death, in 1591, Galileo had become known beyond the Alps, as well as throughout Italy. But, with one exception, the whole body of professors in the university were hostile to him. What did they want, in their calm Aristotelian assurance, of a youngster who not only questioned their judgments, but dared to carp at Aristotle himself; who was not content with doubting in his own mind, but must put upsetting notions into other people's heads? In these days, too, the old cathedral was probably the most peaceful refuge for him. But he had to leave it and Pisa on account of this same tormenting spirit of inquiry, that would not keep silence even before princes. He expressed his opinion too freely as to the demerits of a hydraulic machine with which Giovanni de' Medici proposed to empty the wet dock at Leghorn, and which justified the young professor's criticism by complete failure to do its work. This was too much to be endured, and Galileo, in fear of dismissal from his post, resigned it and quitted Tuscany.

Padua was his next abiding-place. He was appointed, thanks to the influence of his unfailing friend the Marquis Guidubaldo of Pesaro, to be mathematical lecturer to the university. Here, although in exile, he lived at least in peace and honor, and with a salary more than double that which he had received at Pisa. He had need of an increased income, for after his father's death he became the head of the family, and was looked to not only for counsel, but for pecuniary help in all emergencies. His mother's temper had not been improved by time. Galileo's brother writes to

him in 1619, "I am not a little astonished that our mother is so terrible; but she is so old that she cannot live a great while, and then there will be an end of quarrels." There was an unmarried sister, Livia, who had been destined to a convent; but such was her aversion to monastic life that at the close of her novitiate her tender-hearted brother was fain to provide her with a dowry and a husband. An elder sister, married in her father's lifetime, had also looked to Galileo for her dowry; and this being in arrears, the husband was loudly complaining. As if his sisters were not a sufficient tax upon his purse and patience, there was a younger brother, Michelangelo, who was the ne'er-do-weel of the family. He had promised to do something towards Livia's dowry, but instead of that he got married himself, and his increasing wants led him to repudiate all family obligations. "I seem fated to bear every burden alone," complains Galileo; and Michelangelo retorts, "I know that you will say I should have waited and thought of our sisters before taking a wife. But, good heavens, the idea of toiling all one's life just to put by a few farthings to give one's sisters!"

Notwithstanding these vexations, the eleven years that Galileo spent at Padua were without doubt the most peaceful and happy of his life. During them he invented the thermometer, constructed many telescopes, and discovered the satellites of Jupiter, the ring of Saturn, the phases of Venus, and the moon's libration. He made frequent journeys to Venice to exhibit his telescopes, about which not only scientific men, but courtiers and princes, were enthusiastic. His fame spread throughout Europe; every monarch wished to play the astronomer, and Marie de Medicis is said to have gone down on her knees to look through the telescope which Galileo had sent to his majesty of France, rather than wait for it to be adjusted. Such were the

cares and the satisfactions, both as great as are granted to mortal lot, that walked with Galileo through the streets of ancient Padua. Unhappily, no external trace of him remains there; his dwelling is unknown, and great changes have taken place in the city. Where his bust now stands in the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele he probably many a time wandered under the trees in what was then called the Prato della Valle. In the church of St. Antonio he may have sought compensation for the loss of his retreat in the Pisan Duomo.

But his thoughts continually turned back to Tuscany, and he always considered himself an exile. He was glad to be recalled thither in 1611 by the Grand Duke Cosmo II. He was offered a residence at Florence in one of the grand ducal villas, but after a short residence near Segni he fixed his habitation upon the hill of Bellosguardo, in what was then the Villa Segni, now Villa Albizzi. It was at that time a country retreat indeed: the city lay at his feet, the centre of that wonderful panorama which is the dearest remembrance of every visitor to Florence. Galileo, exquisitely sensitive to natural scenery, here saw the sunsets and the moonrises which are nowhere else so fair; here he was free to indulge his love of country pleasures, and hoped to carry on in tranquillity his researches and observations. He did not love the city, and never felt well in it; probably he visited it seldom in those days, too content with star-gazing to long for inferior companionship.

At this time Galileo had three children, a son and two daughters, born during his stay in Padua. Their mother, a Venetian peasant, afterwards married a respectable man of her own class. What would now be considered only a plain duty — the care of these children by their father — was in Galileo's times a proof of his extraordinary kindness of heart. He did for his daughters what, according to Italian ideas of that period,

was the best possible thing to be done for illegitimate daughters: he put them at an early age into a convent. It is from the letters of the elder daughter, Polissena, whose spiritual name was Maria Celeste, that we get the most interesting details of Galileo's private life. Over one hundred letters from her to her father are extant, which reflect as in a glass the circumstances of his home and the traits of his character. Maria Celeste became a highly accomplished and intellectual woman, who might have been the comfort of his home; and in her devotion to her father she exclaims, "Only in one respect does convent life weigh heavily on me: that is, it prevents my attending on you personally, which would be my desire were it permitted. My thoughts are always with you, and I long to have news of you daily." She is always contriving to send the convent steward with some preserved citron or a baked pear, "as an excuse," so that she may have news of her beloved father. She embroiders napkins for him, and begs him to let her get up his fine linen; and when at last he bethinks himself of employing her to copy his letters her joy is at its height. Galileo tenderly loved her, and was a kind friend to the convent for her sake. He is asked to mend the convent clock, to procure delicacies for the infirmary, to help in its pecuniary difficulties; and he seems to have responded to all these demands, heavy or trivial, with the same gentleness and generosity. The other daughter, Sister Arcangela, was a nervous, irritable invalid, of whom we see only the melancholy shadow in Maria Celeste's letters. The son, Vincenzo, was a careless spendthrift, much resembling his uncle Michelangelo.

The convent of St. Matthew, in Arcetri, was the residence of the daughters. The little village of Arcetri is situated upon a hill about a mile distant, in a straight line, from the centre of Florence, on the southern side of the

Arno. It overlooks a wide prospect of the Val d'Arno and the Apennines on one side, and the less magnificent but peaceful valley of the Ems on the other. I once lived close by the convent for a month or two, and always fancied that Sister Maria Celeste was looking at me out of its narrow windows. It is a long, low, ugly building, probably little changed outwardly since she lived in it, and its tinkling bell still calls the neighborhood to prayer. A cheerless abode it was, even according to the patient and self-denying Maria Celeste. The cells were damp and ill-lighted; the convent was exceedingly poor, and the food was often bad, and scarce at that. The good nun does not complain for herself, but she thinks it hard for her ailing sister. She is much concerned for her father's health, and sends him all manner of convent syrups and simple remedies, with the minutest directions for their use. Especially when the plague visits Florence, in 1631, she is full of anxiety, and eagerly begs that Galileo will not go into the city, or expose himself in any way to the infection. The plague, however, came to him. One of his workmen, a glass-blower, died, and his son Vincenzo fled with his wife to Prato, leaving Galileo alone. What was poor Maria Celeste's anxiety on hearing this news we learn from the following letter. Immured and forbidden to care personally for the safety of her only earthly friend, she pours out her heart in this way: "I am troubled beyond measure at the thought of your distress and consternation at the sudden death of your poor glass-worker. I entreat you to omit no possible precaution against present danger. I believe you have by you all the remedies and preventives which are required, so I will not repeat. Yet I would entreat you, with all due reverence and filial confidence, to procure one more remedy, the best of all, to wit, the grace of God, by means of true contrition and penitence.

This is without doubt the most efficacious medicine for both soul and body. For if, in order to avoid this sickness, it is necessary to be always of good cheer, what greater joy can we have in this world than the possession of a good and serene conscience? . . . I pray your lordship to accept these few words, prompted by the deepest affection. I wish also to acquaint you of the frame of mind in which I find myself at present. I am desirous of passing away to the next life, for every day I see more and more clearly the vanity and misery of this present one. And besides that, I should then no longer offend our blessed Lord; I should hope that my prayers for your lordship would have a greater efficacy. I do not know whether my desire be a selfish one; may the Lord, who sees all, in his mercy supply me where I am wanting through ignorance, and may he give you true consolation."

Galileo was getting on in years, and his health, never firm, was beginning to break down more seriously. Perhaps he longed as much as his daughter for more frequent interviews with her than the distance from Bellosguardo to Arcetri permitted; at any rate, he seems to have been the first to propose seeking a home at Arcetri, to which idea Maria Celeste joyfully responded, and with her usual energy set about making inquiries as to purchasable property in the neighborhood. She at length found a villa close to the convent boundaries which proved to be what her father desired. It was called Il Gioiello, and belonged to the Martelloni family. There he would be able to see or hear from his daughter daily; the broad *loggia*, or covered balcony of the house, looked over towards the convent on the hill above, and he could almost feel that she was with him as he sat or walked there. Here, then, he came, and two years of peace and comfort, before the later troubles of his life thickened about

him, were yet in store for him. His biographer, Viviani, tells us that at this time Galileo was "of cheerful and jovial appearance; he was of a square build, of medium height, and naturally of a strong constitution, but by toil and distress of mind and body he was now greatly debilitated." Although he loved the quiet and solitude of his villa, he was also very fond of gathering round him learned men and friends. Towards these he exercised an abundant though simple hospitality, his only fastidiousness being in regard to the quality of his wine. His vineyard was one of his chief delights; he spent his leisure in working with his own hands at pruning and tying up the vines, and cultivating plants in his garden. Close by, too, was a villa with a high tower, called the Torre del Gallo, which belonged to Galileo's dear friend and admirer, the Canon Girolamo Lanfredini, who was proud to place at the astronomer's disposal a room in the tower, and indeed as much of the house as he would honor with his use. Thither Galileo often resorted with his pupils, and in the chamber used as his study are now shown his telescope and various other souvenirs of him. From this chamber a narrow stair leads to the top of the tower, whence the view by day or by night must have charmed such a lover of nature as Galileo was. In this peaceful retreat he might have passed his declining years in tranquillity but for that same old spirit of inquiry which had begun to torment him at Pisa. In 1632 his Dialogue on the Ptolemaic and Copernican Systems, which he had been trying to get printed for two years, finally obtained the Papal *imprimatur*, on condition of certain additions being made to it by way of preface and appendix, written by Papal secretaries, and supposed to be an antidote to any heresies contained in the book itself. Its publication, however, caused an outcry of rage from the Jesuits. Galileo was denounced, and ordered to appear

before the tribunal of the Holy Office. He set out for Rome on the 26th of January, 1633. It was a weary winter journey for the infirm old man, already threatened with blindness; and the prospect of torture, imprisonment, and perhaps death, if things went against him, must have been ever present to his mind. Thus he reached Rome, and was conducted to the house of the Tuscan ambassador, Francesco Niccolini, who proved a devoted friend to him through the trials that were approaching.

It appears probable, from manuscripts discovered during the last twenty years, that at no time was Galileo's imprisonment severe, nor was torture ever actually employed, however much it may have been threatened. The favorite story of his exclaiming, as he rose from his knees after abjuring his heresies, "Eppure si muove!" was long ago shown to be a fable, like many other "historic sayings" of great men. Had it been true, Galileo would never have quitted the Palace of the Inquisition, and his enemies would have been only too thankful. Nor is it necessary, I believe, to go to the other extreme, and to imagine that the threats of torture reduced Galileo to such a moral wreck that he was now ready to submit abjectly to any humiliation. His own account of the matter in a letter to Vincenzo Renieri, soon after his return to Florence, is simple enough: "Finally, I was obliged to retract my opinions, *as a good Catholic*, and as a penalty my Dialogue was condemned." There is not one word to show that he considered himself either a martyr or a reprobate for having done this. It is impossible for one trained in the freedom of Protestantism to appreciate the moral weight which the authority of the church carries with it to "a good Catholic," even at the present day; much less can we understand that state of mind which can separate belief entirely from the evidence of the senses and of the reason.

What seems to us dishonesty and cowardice is to a devoted child of the church only duty and submission. Witness the recent abjurations by Father Curci in regard to his books, though there is no Inquisition in these days, nor was even the weight of public opinion against him. Such abjurations are simply ceremonial, in order that the subject may not be shut out from the ordinances of the church in life and death; and to be fairly judged, they must be looked at from the standpoint of those who make them. Galileo was in better health and spirits when he returned from the Palace of the Inquisition than when he entered it; and when he left Rome for Siena, where he was ordered to remain for the present, he went on foot for miles of the way, for his own pleasure.

Poor Maria Celeste, whose own health was failing, suffered terribly while her father's fate was undecided. When he was finally out of prison, she wrote to him thus: "The joy that your last dear letter brought me, and the having to read it over and over again to the nuns, who made quite a jubilee on hearing its contents, put me into such an excited state that at last I got a severe headache. I give hearty thanks to God for the mercies you have hitherto received. You justly say that all our mercies come from him. And though you consider all these now received as an answer to my prayers, yet truly they count for little or nothing; but God knows how dearly I love you, and so he hears me." One of the penalties attached to Galileo's sentence was that he should recite the Penitential Psalms once a week for three years. This his daughter took upon herself to do for him, "in order to be of some slight use" to him. "I wish," she wrote on the 13th of July, 1633, "that I could describe the rejoicing of all the mothers and sisters on hearing of your arrival at Siena. On learning the news, Mother Abbess and many of the nuns ran to me, embracing

me with joy and tenderness." But although she knew her father to be in safety, and treated with every consideration by the good Archbishop of Siena, she felt that she could not be resigned to end her days without once more looking upon his face. Cold, austerities, and privations had done their fatal work upon her delicate frame, and she felt death approaching. Galileo, although an honored guest rather than a prisoner in the archiepiscopal palace at Siena, longed to be near his beloved daughter. The magnificence of the old city, the beauty of the Duomo, ever before his eyes, the congratulations of friends, were in vain to divert him from his impatient longing to be at home again. One sees to-day almost the same picture in the quiet old cathedral square upon which his weary eyes fell in those days of waiting: the stately church with its overwhelmingly rich façade, the black-robed priests and brethren of the Misericordia flitting to and fro, the hospital at one side receiving its sad guests; or, on a fête day, a gayer scene, — all Siena trooping up to the cathedral, whence floated out through the open door the strains of music from the great organ.

Happily, the intercessions of friends prevailed to obtain for Galileo permission to return to his villa at Arcetri, on condition that he should not go into the city, nor receive more than two or three visitors at a time. "Here," he says, "I lived on very quietly, frequently paying visits to the neighboring convent, where I had two daughters who were nuns, and whom I loved dearly; but the eldest in particular, who was a woman of exquisite mind, singular goodness, and most tenderly attached to me. She had suffered much from ill-health during my absence, but had not paid much attention to herself. At length dysentery came on, and she died after six days' illness, leaving me in deep affliction." She was only thirty-three.

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The translations of Sister Maria Celeste's and other letters which I have quoted are taken from that admirably prepared book *The Private Life of Galileo*, to which I am indebted for many a pleasant hour in connection with the places made sacred by Galileo's habitation. Any improvement upon these translations would be impossible, and the whole book shows a careful and painstaking study which is too often wanting in works of this kind.

Galileo's health declined so greatly under the affliction of his daughter's death that he seemed about to follow her. But he revived, and went on with his studies; perhaps they kept him alive. The fire of investigation was not quenched by all the terrors of the Inquisition. His sister-in-law and three children came to live with him, and the old villa resounded with merry voices; but it was only for a short time. The plague carried them all off, and the old man was again left alone.

There is one more site in Florence which is associated with his life. In 1638, he was allowed to leave the villa for a short time, and occupy a house which he owned on the Costa San Giorgio, in order to be under closer medical attendance than was possible at Arcetri; but he was keenly watched, and was not even allowed to attend mass in the little church near by without special permission. This was the last church he ever entered. He soon returned to Arcetri, which he never left again.

It was in this year that Milton visited him. All that we know of the interview — for Galileo's biographers do not mention it — is from a passage of the *Areopagitica*, where Milton says, "I could recount what I have seen and heard in other countries where this kind of inquisition tyrannizes; where I have sat among these learned men, for that honor I had, and bin counted happy to be born in such a place of Philosophie freedom as they suppos'd England was,

while themselves did nothing but bemoan the servile condition into which learning amongst them was brought; that this it was which had damped the glory of Italian wits, that nothing had been written now these many years but flattery and fustian. There it was that I found and visited the famous Galileo grown old, a prisoner to the Inquisition, for thinking in Astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licencers thought."

Galileo's son Vincenzo and his wife Settilia Bocchini lived with and took care of him in his last days; but the son retained the selfish and mercenary habits of his youth. Father Fanano, of Florence, who was charged with reporting Galileo's condition and doings to the Inquisition, writes that Vincenzo may be trusted, as "he is under great obligations for his father being allowed to be in Florence for medical treatment, and fears that the least transgression might cause the loss of this favor; for it is quite for his interest that his father should conduct himself well and live as long as possible, as with his death will cease the pension of one thousand *scudi* which the Grand Duke allows him." Probably Galileo derived far more comfort from the society and assistance of his pupil Viviani, then a youth of eighteen, who was allowed by the Inquisition to spend the last two and a half years of the old man's life in his house, and who acted as his amanuensis. To him Galileo dictated, after he became totally blind, his last work, a treatise on the Secondary Light of the Moon; and in this manner he also corrected and enlarged his Dialogues on the New Sciences.

In September, 1641, foreseeing that the revered master could not be much longer with them, Castelli and Torricelli,

two former pupils and friends of Galileo, came to Il Gioiello, and did not leave it till he died, on the 8th of January, 1642. Their conversation soothed the long weeks of pain, and Galileo had also the consolation of receiving the last sacraments and the benediction of Urban VIII.

But the enmity of the Holy Office did not cease with the death of its victim. It was disputed whether a man under condemnation by the Inquisition had a right to burial in consecrated ground. As to Galileo's testamentary desire to be laid in his ancestral vault in Santa Croce, and the wish of his friends to erect a monument to him, yielding to these was out of the question. There must be care taken also about the funeral sermon. With these restrictions he was finally allowed a place in a side chapel of Santa Croce, with no inscription to denote whose remains were there entombed. But Viviani remembered him, and as soon as the times would permit placed over the door of his own house, in the street of San Antonio, a bronze bust of his master, with a eulogistic inscription. He also bequeathed four thousand *scudi* for the purpose of erecting a monument to Galileo's memory. It was not, however, till 1737 that his wishes were carried out. At that time Galileo's remains were removed with all possible honors to the place where they now rest in the Florentine Pantheon.

"In Santa Croce's holy precincts lie
Ashes which make it holier, dust which is
Even in itself an immortality,
Though there were nothing save the past, and
this,
The particle of those sublimities
Which have relapsed to chaos: — here repose
Angelo's, Alfieri's bones, and his,
The starry Galileo, with his woes;
Here Machiavelli's earth returned to whence it
rose."

E. D. R. Bianciardi.

THE UNDERWORLD IN HOMER, VIRGIL, AND DANTE.

I.

THE association of these three names is not a fortuitous one. The closeness with which they themselves have interlinked their works is one proof of their greatness. They rise so high above ephemeral men, above all petty jealousies and rivalries, that they recognize and hail one another across the centuries as brethren.

Dante's relation to Virgil is well known. The plan of the greater part of the *Commedia* is a constant tribute to the master, and in each successive canto Dante acknowledges his indebtedness with ever fresh variety of poetic forms. Indeed, most lovers of the younger poet will feel that his debt to Virgil is not quite so great as he himself would have us believe. What he does borrow usually becomes his own by royal right; for it is better where he sets it than where he found it. This is well illustrated by the incident of Polydorus (*Æneid* III. 19–48) compared with the magnificent canto, *Inferno* XIII. The striking fancy of Virgil has here been developed into a complete poem. It is Dante's now as truly as an incident from an Italian story-teller, or from some dry chronicle of forgotten kings, becomes Shakespeare's when it has grown under his hand to *Hamlet* or *The Merchant of Venice*.

When Virgil and Dante enter the Elysian home of the poets (*Inferno* IV.) the former hails the mightier master's shade:—

"Questo è Omero, poeta sovrano."

Homer leads the way and bears the sword, while Dante in proud humility follows sixth in the illustrious line. It is certainly remarkable that Dante's fine

¹ The translations in this paper are quoted chiefly from Cranch, Longfellow, Butcher, and Lang. Any variations from them which may be

instinct should have recognized the supremacy of the Greek, since Homer was the dimmest of ghosts to him, not even a voice,—*umbra et præterea nihil*; for Dante never learned Greek, and the Homeric poems were not translated in the fourteenth century.

In his own works Virgil does not so expressly acknowledge his indebtedness. The epic form hardly permitted it. The numerous passages in which he imitates or translates Homer can, however, by no means be regarded as plagiarisms. The audience for which an Augustan poet wrote were as familiar with Greek literature as with Latin. The Italian youth repaired to Athens to complete their education as they do now to Berlin and Paris. Rome was full of Greek books and teachers. "Every school-boy" will remember how Cicero's circle of younger friends at the Tusculan villa followed his Socratic lectures as easily in Greek as in Latin. The striking passage in the *Pro Archia* will recur to our minds: "For if any one supposes less fame is acquired from Greek poetry than from Latin, he is greatly mistaken; for Greek is read among nearly all nations, whereas Latin is confined within our own rather narrow boundaries."

A comparison in the *Æneid* itself, perhaps, appeals to the familiarity of the poet's hearers with the masterpieces of Greek drama:—

"As the crazed Pentheus sees the Eumenides,
And two twin solar orbs display themselves,
And double images of Thebes; or as when
Orestes, son of Agamemnon, runs
Excited on the stage, and, maddened, flies
His mother, armed with torches and with snakes;
And at the door the avenging Furies sit."¹
(*Æn.* IV. 469–473.)

When Virgil, then, in his general-plot, his incidents, and his similes, connoted are intended merely to render the original more precisely.

stantly and openly follows Homer's footsteps, it is most fairly to be taken as a loyal acknowledgment of his supremacy. Incidents like the passing of Circe's island, at the beginning of *Æneid* VII., and the scene on the shore by *Ætna* (III. 588-681) are expressly intended to remind us that we are in the track of Odysseus' ships. Many a noble line requires its pendant from Homer to bring out its full beauty: as, for example,

"Our last day comes, the inevitable hour
Of Troy!"

recalls unmistakably Hector's foreboding,
"The day shall come when sacred Troy shall perish;"

and Andromache's words of farewell to the child Ascanius,

"O sole surviving image of my boy
Astyanax! Such eyes, such hands, had he,
Such features; and his budding youth would
just
Have equaled thine in years,"

(*Æn.* III. 489-491)

rely for their force on our remembrance of the famous parting scene in *Iliad* VI. Precisely because the tale of Troy divine was the most illustrious of Hellenic legends, the Roman poets were most anxious to work out a plausible connection between their ancestors and the Ilians, that they might cast upon their own origin at least a far-reflected ray of that primeval glory. Virgil is far from being a servile imitator. Sometimes he meets the Greek in bold rivalry on his own ground. This is splendidly exemplified in the passage (*Æneid* IV. 612-629) where Dido curses her recreant lover, and predicts the future appearance of one who will avenge her wrongs upon *Æneas'* descendants. The form is avowedly that of the Cyclops' imprecation upon Odysseus (*Odyssey* IX. 528-535), but the introduction of Hannibal raises the passage to a wholly superior plane. There could hardly be a more instructive study of literary methods than an exhaustive comparison of Virgilian passages with their Homeric models, to show us just where the polished

bookish Roman courtier shines or pales beside the unconventional minstrel of a ruder age.

We cannot but fancy that the world has lost something it could ill spare, because the sad-eyed Tuscan never really knew blind Melesigenes. On evil days though fallen, embittered, even if unbroken, by lifelong exile undeserved, fiercely disdainful of his contemporaries, Dante yet retained to the last a sweet, tender poet's heart. The poet of the *Odyssey*, with his exuberant delight in life and sunshine, would have been a fitter comrade for him than the melancholy and world-weary Mantuan. Remembering how many fine lines we owe to Virgil's companionship, we cannot but think reregretfully how many more lovely flowers would have blossomed along the pathway

"Upon the mountain that the souls doth heal,
And when descending into the dead world,"
(*Par.* XVII.)

with such a comrade.

The voices of great poets are the cries of warders high above us on the watch-towers of time. In the dust and turmoil of the struggle for existence, we hardly catch a glimpse of our true relations, nor of the goal toward which our efforts tend. Every true poet answers humanity's cry:—

"To tell the purport of our pain,
And what our silly joys contain,
Come, poet, come!"

It is a lingering fancy, which men would be sorry wholly to relinquish, that these same lofty watchers may perhaps catch a glimpse even of what is within the veil. We are tempted to cry to them,—

"Where are now those silent hosts,
Where the camping-ground of ghosts?"

But it is not the purpose of these pages to discuss the general subject of the conceptions which have been formed of the future life. Our object is the humbler one of gathering up whatever hints these great poets have let fall

upon a question we have all asked ourselves: "Do our dead know what is occurring in this world?"

II.

In the crowded battle scenes of the *Iliad* there is rarely a moment to think of the dead. The warrior falls with clanging armor; the soul, issuing from the wound (*Iliad* XIV. 518, 519), flees at once to Hades, grieving to leave so soon the joys of life and youth (XVI. 856, 857). But the foe press close; their war-shout rings in the ears of the survivors; it is time to fight or to fly, not to weep. The shadow of death lies upon the path of the young hero as he rides forth to battle, but he silences the prophetic voice, and only plunges the more fiercely into the fray.

"Xanthos, why prophesiest thou my death? Nowise behoveth it thee. Well know I of myself that it is appointed me to perish here, far from my father dear and mother; howbeit anyway I will not refrain till I give the Trojans surfeit of war."

"He said, and with a shout among the foremost guided his whole-hooved steeds." (XIX. 420-424.)

When we do get glimpses of the future existence, they are but the crude fancies of a rude, life-loving race. The dead exult in the vengeance inflicted on their foes:—

"Ah, verily, not unavenged lies Asios; nay, methinks that even on his road to Hades, strong warden of the gate, he will rejoice at heart, since, lo, I have sent him escort for the way." (XIII. 414-416.)

The living sacrifice food and animals to the departed, as if their needs were still the same:—

"And he set therein two-handled jars of honey and oil, leaning them against the bier; and four strong-necked horses he threw swiftly on the pyre, and groaned aloud. Nine house-dogs had the dead chief: of them did Achilles slay twain, and throw them on the pyre." (XXIII. 170-174.)

The body, not the fleeing soul, is usually spoken of as the man himself, though there are exceptions to the rule. Hades is, naturally enough, the pitiless, inexorable tyrant, most detested of all gods.

"Hades, I ween, is not to be softened, neither overcome, and therefore is he hatefulest of all gods to mortals." (IX. 158, 159.)

In the pause of the action around Patroklos slain, there is for the first time space upon the scene for the soul of the departed. If the thought were not too modern, we should say that Achilles, educated by suffering, learns in his bereavement and grief to think more deeply and earnestly of the future.

It is actually the soul of Patroklos, no mere dream, that revisits his friend, and bids him hasten the funeral rites.

The spirit has the shape and voice of the living Patroklos, and even wears his costume:—

"In all things like his living self, in stature and fair eyes and voice, and the raiment of his body was the same." (XXIII. 66, 67.)

He retains his affection for his comrade, and memory of their earthly life together. He foresees his friend's death, as he did not when alive:—

"Yea, and thou too thyself, Achilles, peer of gods, beneath the wall of the noble Trojans art doomed to die."

A most striking touch is that he does not yet realize that he cannot clasp his friend's hand.

This visit, however, is possible only because the funeral rites are incomplete. When once the body is burned, the soul will cross the river (of Charon there is as yet no mention), enter the gates, and revisit the living no more. Whether in the spirit land he will still see what is passing on earth Achilles does not know. Neither, perhaps, did Homer.

"Patroklos, be not vexed with me if thou hear even in the house of Hades that I have given back noble Hector unto his dear father." (XXIV. 592-594.)

The arrival of Hector's shade might alone suffice to show Patroklos that Achilles had given up the body for burial. At any rate, Patroklos makes no response, and the pages of the *Iliad* close without a full answer to our question.

III.

In reading the story of Odysseus' visit to Hades, we must remember that it is part of the marvelous tale of his own adventures with which he entertained the Phaiakians. On other occasions, the truth rarely falls from Odysseus' lips unmixed with cunning falsehoods. The poet does not distinctly vouch for his veracity on this occasion. The portions of the story related by the poet in his own person, and those put into the mouth of Nestor and Menelaos, show an acquaintance with the actual conformation of the Mediterranean not easily reconcilable with Odysseus' self-told trackless wanderings.

Moreover, in the opening scene of the Thirteenth Book, the poet has doubtless given us a covert warning not to take too seriously the episode of the Phaiakians and the stories told at their court. Homer himself seems to have felt that the fabric of his airy fancies must not come too closely in contact with the realistic pictures of Greek home-life which follow. The voyage from Phaiakia to Ithaka is the journey from Dreamland into Reality. All night long the weary wanderer lies in an untroubled sleep. All night the wondrous bark glides on her way swifter than the falcon flies, — the bark "that had no rudder, like other ships, but knew the thoughts and will of the mariners, and knew the cities and fertile lands of all men, and passed swiftly over the billows, shrouded in mist and cloud." When Odysseus wakes, he is alone upon his own shore. The bark and her crew have vanished forever. We are listening, then, to an old sailor's story.

This ancient mariner taxes our credulity at the outset. We are tempted to repeat his own words : —

"No man ever yet sailed to Hades in a black ship."
(Od. X. 502.)

We did not expect to find the spirit world across the sea. The conception of a Hades beneath our own feet had

been made familiar to us by the famous passage of the *Iliad* : —

"And the lord of those in the underworld, Aidoneus, was affrighted below, and in his terror leaped from his throne and cried aloud, lest the earth be cloven above by Poseidon, shaker of earth, and his dwelling-place be laid bare to mortals and immortals, — grim halls, and vast, and lothly to the gods." (Il. XX. 62-66.)

The solemn form in the oath

"And ye rivers and thou earth, and ye that underneath punish men outworn, whosoever swear-eth falsely" (Il. III. 278, 279),

sounds as if older than the poet of the *Iliad*. Expressions like

"In the house of Hades, beneath the secret places of the earth,"

are found in the *Odyssey* itself.

In obedience to Circe's directions, Odysseus sails to the sunless land of the Kimmerians, shrouded in mist and gloom. Here, on the bounds of ocean, he digs a trench, into which he pours honey, wine, water, barley, and the blood of sacrifices. The forceless ghosts of the dead come thronging about the trench. Odysseus' comrade, Elpenor, knows and addresses him, but this he can do because his body is still unburied. The blind seer Teiresias, also, by especial kindness of the gods, retains the powers he had in life; yet even he fears Odysseus' sword, and begs to drink of the sacrificial blood, which gives him strength to foretell to the hero the trials still awaiting him in life. As for the rest of the ghosts, their existence is a most pitiful one. Odysseus' own mother had been hovering near the trench, in a form which he had recognized at once; but she did not know her own son, nor had she, apparently, even the power of speech, until by Teiresias' direction she also is permitted to drink of the blood. Then indeed she knows Odysseus, and perceives that he is alive; yet her first words show she knows nothing of him since he left Ithaka : —

"Dear child, how didst thou come beneath the darkness and the shadow, who art a living man?"

... Art thou but now come hither with thy ship and thy company, in thy long wanderings from Troy ? And hast thou not yet reached Ithaka, nor seen thy wife in thy halls ?" (Od. XI. 155, 156, 160-162.)

The other ghosts are equally feeble.

The mighty Agamemnon appears : —

"And he knew me straightway, when he had drunk the dark blood."

He, too, knows nothing of his own family, except that Orestes cannot be dead, because he would have joined his father in Hades : —

"But come, declare me this and plainly tell it all,
If haply ye hear of my son as yet living. . . .
For goodly Orestes hath not yet perished on the earth."
(Od. XI. 457, 458, 461.)

Achilleus also asks with the utmost solicitude after his son and aged father ; and when he hears how worthily Neoptolemos has borne himself upon the Trojan battle-fields,

"The spirit of the son of Aiakos, fleet of foot, passed with great strides along the mead of asphodel, rejoicing in that I had told him of his son's renown." (Od. XI. 538-540.)

The latter portion of the Eleventh Book, describing the punishment of Tantalos, Sisyphos, and other mythical heroes, is generally believed to be a later interpolation, and is certainly difficult to reconcile with the previous picture of Odysseus sitting beside the trench, communing with the throng of helpless, flitting ghosts. However, the passage does not affect our general sketch, and we mention it only for the sake of Herakles, whose *eidolon* appears here, though he himself sits with his fair wife Hebe at banquets with the gods who live forever. The passage reminds us of Achilleus' exclamation after the vision of Patroklos : —

"Ay me, there remaineth even in the house of Hades a spirit and phantom of the dead !" (Il. XXIII. 103, 104.)

It would appear that the invisible

¹ That Achilleus had never before heard the account of his own funeral rites is merely one of those dramatic fictions which we must constantly grant to poetry. So, when we hear Priam, in the tenth year of the war, inquiring the names of the Greek chieftains, the incongruity does not offend

soul (*psyche*), passing from the dead body to the land of shades, was invested with an *eidolon*, a likeness of its former body, which could be seen and recognized even by living men. It is, however, plain that this existence was a most limited and aimless one ; and, in spite of Plato's stern reproof, we can hardly condemn, under such circumstances, Achilleus' exclamation : —

"Nay, speak not comfortingly to me of death, O great Odysseus ! I would rather live on earth and labor for another, for a landless man with little means of livelihood, than rule over all the departed dead that have perished." (Od. XI. 488-491.)

The prehistoric Greeks were too happy in life, too closely attached to outward nature, too fully in possession of a harmonious development of body and mind, to form any very vivid conception of the continued existence of the soul after its separation from the body.

The beginning of the last book of the *Odyssey* has been regarded by the critics, from Aristarchos down, as one of the latest additions to the poem. The appearance of Hermes conducting the souls of the suitors, the absence of sacrifices at Achilleus' funeral contrasted with the slaughter of animals and human captives at Patroklos' tomb, may be pointed out among the indications of more recent origin.

With the exception, however, of an impression of greater dignity here imparted to Achilleus and Agamemnon, the scene does not contradict the conception formed from reading the Eleventh Book.¹

It is noteworthy that the difficulty about the location of the spirit world remains to the last. In the opening account of the passage of the souls there is no hint of a descent : —

until the analytical critic insists on calling our attention to it.

No use has been made here of the famous passage Od. IV. 563-569, because it is not clear that in Homer, at any rate, the *ἡλύσιον πεδίον* is the "dead man's plain." It seems rather a far-off Western El Dorado in the world of the living.

"Hermes, the helper, led them along the dank ways. Past the streams of Oceanus and the White Rock, past the gates of the sun, they sped, and the land of dreams, and soon they came to the mead of asphodel, where dwell the souls, the eidola of men outworn" (Od. XXIV. 9-14);

while the closing words of the scene are,

"Even so they spake one to another, standing in the house of Hades, beneath the secret places of the earth." (Od. XXIV.)

In Virgil's time the commoner conception of an "underworld" was too fully fixed, or the actual geography too well known, to venture upon sending his hero on such a voyage, and accordingly Æneas lands and enters a cavern. Dante found it necessary to avoid altogether the question of the actual point where the underworld is entered.

IV.

The passages in the Æneid bearing upon our subject may be disposed of in a few words. Æneas' old companions-in-arms whom he meets in Hades (VI. 482-485) had known nothing of him since their own death. This may be gathered from the words

"They delight to linger,
And onward pace with him, and learn what cause
Has brought him hither," (Æn. VI. 487, 488)

and still more clearly when Deiphobus asks, —

"But thou, —
Tell me what fortune brings thee here, alive.
Comest thou driven by wanderings o'er the seas,
Or by the mandate of the gods? What chance
Pursues thee, that to these sad sunless realms
Of turbid gloom thou com'st?"

(Æn. VI. 531-534.)

Palinurus, indeed, knows the fate of his own body in the upperworld, but that was sufficiently evident from Charon's refusal to row him across the Styx. On the other hand, Anchises had watched with anxiety his son's varying fortunes since his own death,

¹ It may, however, be mentioned that dreams in the modern sense, that is, as phenomena caused by mere subjective conditions, are clearly recognized by Virgil, though it would probably be difficult to point out an example in the Homeric poems. (See, for example, Æn. IV. 465-468.)

"The cruel Æneas himself pursues
Her footsteps in her dreams ;

"What lands, what seas, thou hast traversed, O
my son !
Amid what dangers thou wert tost about !
What harm from Libyan realms I feared for
thee !"

(Æn. VI. 692, 694)

had foreseen his descent to the lower world,

"Thus in my mind I reckoned,
And numbered o'er the intervening times.
Nor have my anxious wishes been deceived,"

(Æn. VI. 690, 691)

and foretells his destiny : —

"He tells him of the wars that shall be waged,
The city of Latinus, and the lands
Of the Laurentian tribes, and how to bear,
How shun, the hardships of his future lot."

(Æn. VI. 890-892.)

But it is clear that Anchises' powers are exceptional, and necessary to his part in the machinery of the poem. The whole episode of Æneas' descent into Hades is apparently introduced chiefly in order that Anchises may show him their Roman posterity. It would seem probable that Anchises had actually returned to the living world previously (V. 722-742). At least, his appearance is not called a dream, nor is he sent by a god. It is not said that Æneas was asleep. Moreover, the information he had given his son on that occasion was quite true, and was one ground for the expectation of Æneas' coming shown by him in the passage quoted above. Hector also seems to have really returned to earth (II. 270-297) to warn Æneas of the imminent fall of Ilios.¹

V.

The visit to Hades is but a single incident in Odysseus' account of his marvelous adventures. Æneas' descent into the world of the dead is also one episode, merely, in Virgil's poem, and

And even unattended and alone
She seems, traveling along a lengthening road,
Seeking her Tyrians in a desert land."

In Homer, a dream may be vain and meaningless (*ὄνειροι ἀμύχανοι ἀκρίτουνοι*, Od. XIX. 560), but still "a god hath sent the dreams," or at least they have come forth through the ivory gate to delude mortals.

raised to vital importance only by the vision of the future glories of Rome. In the *Commedia*, on the other hand, the avowed subject is the pilgrimage through the abode of souls. So real is this world to the poet, so clearly does he make us see it with his eyes, that whoever has made the journey step by step with him must ever after find many of these ghosts more real than any other characters of fiction or history. They have become part of our own life.

And yet we are haunted throughout by one perplexing doubt, namely, Just how far is the poem allegorical? We never wholly forget that the true subject is Man, "*Subjectum est homo*;"¹ that the most real *Inferno* is sin and remorse, the truest *Purgatorio* repentance. From canto to canto of the *Inferno* the outlines of the fearful picture are more and more firmly drawn, and Hebrew prophecy, Hellenic mythology, history, tradition, the miseries of contemporary Italy, are fused in the fire of poetic genius into a harmonious whole; but it is impossible that Dante believed this to be a true picture of the actual torments of the damned. No one knew so well as he that here was a creation of his own imagination. Yet it is equally clear that he was terribly in earnest, and believed himself the inspired voice of warning, raised in the midst of a blinded and misguided world. Over the rift between these two truths is spread the mantle of allegoric significance. Every grotesquely fit form of torture which he devised symbolized the effect on man of his own sin. Even the most monstrous shapes of the Greek myths find their fitting place, because they assume in the poet's eyes a deeper figurative meaning.

For example, Virgil is Dante's guide through the *Inferno*, his companion on the *Purgatorial* mountain. The real Virgil could hardly have left his eternal

abode to wander with a living man through all the mysteries of the underworld. Still less could he have previously descended into deepest hell merely in obedience to a witch's incantations. (*Inf.* IX. 22-24.) But Virgil personifies Human Philosophy: Human, that is, as contrasted with Revealed Theology. We cannot, then, draw any conclusions from the fact that this companion always reads the heart of Dante, and answers the unuttered doubt. We must turn to spirits more thoroughly human to seek reply to our question.

On opening the *Inferno*

"Thou wilt find, after not many pages,"

the most realistic and unheroic figure of Ciaccio the glutton, a Florentine, and an elder contemporary of the poet. He had died in 1285, fifteen years before the time when Dante's journey is supposed to occur. The poet asks him, —

"But tell me, if thou knowest, to what shall come
The citizens of the divided city;
If any there be just; and the occasion
Tell me why so much discord has assailed it."
(*Inf.* VI. 60-63.)

Ciaccio's answer is so important that we cite it in full: —

"They, after long contention,
Will come to bloodshed; and the rustic party
Will drive the other out with much offense.
Then afterwards behoves it this one fall
Within three suns, and rise again the other
By force of him who now is on the coast.
High will it hold its forehead a long while,
Keeping the other under heavy burdens,
Howe'er it weeps thereat and is indignant.
The just are two, and are not understood there;
Envy and arrogance and avarice
Are the three sparks that have all hearts en-
kindled."
(*Inf.* VI. 64-75.)

Ciaccio, then, knows of the troubles in Florence since his own death; sees the treacherous policy of Pope Bonifazio at the very moment he is speaking; looks into the inmost hearts of the living Florentines; foresees the events of the next year, the year following, and the more remote future. Moreover, a moment later Dante inquires about some of the great Florentines of his time, and

¹ Quotation from Dante's letter to Can Grande, in which he explains the purport of his poem.

Ciacco, by his answer, shows that he knows the various divisions of the Inferno, and who are tortured in each:—

“They are among the blacker souls;
A different sin downweighs them to the bottom;
If thou so far descendest, thou canst see them.”
(Inf. VI. 85-87.)

There is evidently no bound set to the superhuman vision of this disembodied soul. We hope not to lack in reverence for Dante if we say it is perfectly clear that when he wrote these lines he had no thought of any such limitation. In composing this canto it suited his purpose to put into Ciacco's mouth a prophecy of his, the poet's, exile. Afterward, while the famous dramatic scene with Farinata and Cavalcanti was shaping itself in his imagination, he found it necessary to limit the knowledge of the latter; and he then put into Farinata's mouth a passage evidently intended as a complete exposition of the subject. Neither the speech of Ciacco nor that of Farinata is an essential part of the elaborate general framework of the poem. They seem to have sprung from Dante's desire to touch upon events just occurring and men still living at the time he wrote. Dante is always the scholar, the lover of truth and light; the highest bliss of his Paradise is to contemplate, in the mirror of the God-head, absolute truth, freed from all limitations of time and space. If, then, his purpose here had been merely the artistic one of portraying the misery of these souls forever cut off from God, it seems likely that their one greatest torture would have been mental darkness. We quote here the words of Farinata (Inf. X. 100-108):—

“We see, like those that have imperfect sight,
The things . . . that distant are from us;
So much still shines on us the Sovereign Ruler.
When they draw near, or are, is wholly vain
Our intellect, and if none brings it to us
Not anything know we of your human state.
Hence thou canst understand that wholly dead
Will be our knowledge from the moment when
The portal of the future shall be closed.”

(That is, after the Last Judgment, be-

yond which there will be no divisions of time, no Past or Future.)

This answer removes the perplexity of Dante, who had wondered that Cavalcanti asked anxiously if his Guido was still living, while Farinata saw clearly the future of Florence and of Dante himself.

In the remainder of the Inferno the limitations here established are usually remembered. Farinata's own knowledge of the cruelty shown his descendants by their fellow-citizens—

“Say why that people is so pitiless
Against my race in each one of its laws” —
(Inf. X. 83, 84)

might have been acquired from some Florentine recently dead, as indicated by his own phrase, “*s'altri non ci apporta.*” Pier delle Vigne, who is transformed into a tree, knows the fate awaiting him and the other suicides at the Judgment Day:—

“Like others for our spoils shall we return,
But not that any one may them revest.”
(Inf. XIII. 103, 104.)

Brunetto Latini gives his old pupil further information about the reverses of fortune to come (XV. 61-72), but the words

“If well I judged in the life beautiful”
(Inf. XV. 57)

remind us that he has no knowledge of what Dante has done since death parted them.

In Canto XVI. three citizens of Florence inquire as to the present state of the city, saying distinctly that their information is obtained from a companion lately descended from earth.

“For Guglielmo Borsier, who is in torment
With us of late, and goes there with his comrades,
Doth greatly mortify us with his words.”
(Inf. XVI. 70-72.)

The whole conversation is in striking contrast with that of Dante and Ciacco.

In Canto XIX. the two poets come upon Pope Niccolò, planted head downward in a crevice of the rock. He has

been able to read in the scroll of the future that Bonifazio is to come three years later to take his place, but hearing Dante's footsteps, and being unable to see him, he supposes that it must be Bonifazio, and cries out, —

"Dost thou stand there already, Boniface?
By several years the record lied to me;"
(Inf. XIX. 53, 54)

and he is not undeceived until Dante, prompted by Virgil, exclaims, —

"I am not he, I am not he thou thinkest!"
(XIX. 62.)

So, again, Guido da Montefeltro asks, with the utmost eagerness, after the fate of his beloved Romagna: —

"Say, have the Romagnuoli peace or war?"
(XXVII. 28)

and Mosca does not know that his own family had become extinct during the convulsions of recent years; while the detestable Pistoian Vanno Fucci can prophesy of Dante's future misfortunes merely out of malicious delight in the poet's unhappiness.

An incident of Canto XXX. is directly opposed to Ciacco's exact knowledge of the fate of his contemporaries. Maestro Adamo is tortured by dropsy so that he can never move from his seat. The consolation for which he is eager is to see the punishment of his enemies, the Counts of Romena. One of them is actually in the same circle, but Adamo only knows it by report.

Our closing citations from the *Inferno* require a mention of the most terrible fancy in Dante. When a treacherous murder has been committed, the assassin's soul is *instantly* hurled to the bottom of the *Inferno*, where it remains frozen into a sheet of ice. The man may apparently live on in the upper-world, but his body is occupied by a demon, who controls it in the soul's stead. With such a lost spirit, Fra Alberigo, Dante conversed. The wretch had no idea of the whereabouts of his own living body!

We said that from Canto X. on, the knowledge displayed by Dante's spirits was *usually* consistent with the limits there established. In the case here alluded to, there seems to be a striking discrepancy. Cavalcanti did not know if Guido were dead or living, and none of the shades we have since met had any information as to past or present not obtainable through the senses. Fra Alberigo, however, goes on to say of his next neighbor in the frozen lake, —

"Within the moat above, of Malebranche,
There where is boiling the tenacious pitch,
As yet had Michel Zanche not arrived,
When this one left a devil in his stead
In his own body," etc.

(Inf. XVIII. 142-146.)

Here it appears that Alberigo is familiar with the exact form of punishment in a wholly different part of the *Inferno*, and knows that a certain man was consigned to it. This is doubly unaccountable, because the murder of Michel Zanche occurred in 1275, or twenty years *before* the deed from which Alberigo's own punishment dated: so that it is impossible that his knowledge was gained by superhuman *foresight* since he was in the lower world.

VI.

After leaving the *Inferno*, we are no longer on classic ground. There is, indeed, toward the close of Virgil's account of Æneas' visit to Hades, a description of a sort of purgatorial process undergone by the souls of the dead. It is, however, intended to remove all traces of their earthly life, and thus fit them for re-incarnation; for Virgil clearly teaches the doctrine of the transmigration of souls. In this passage (*Æneid* VI. 735-751) he is following Greek, but not Homeric, models. It offers an interesting comparison with the Dantesque Purgatory, and especially the connection in which Lethe is mentioned might well have caused Matilda to say, —

"They who sang in ancient times . . .
Dreamed of this place perchance upon Parnassos."

If the expression "*et pauci læta arva tenemus*" means that the worthiest souls are eventually released altogether from the perpetual round of birth and death, and relegated to a permanent happier state, the comparison becomes much more complete. Nevertheless, the Purgatorio is a distinctively Christian conception. This is plainly shown by the changed nature of Virgil's companionship. His feet are upon new ground. He is reproved by Cato at the very portal for language unsuited to the place. He repeatedly inquires his way, or bids Dante do so. He appeals to Statius for an explanation of phenomena he does not comprehend, and in reply to the exposition of the latter frankly acknowledges that he now for the first time understands the nature of the mountain.

"Now I see the net
That snares you here, and how ye are set free,
Why the earth quakes, and wherefore ye rejoice."
(Purg. XXI. 76-78.)

In fact, Virgil tells Dante most plainly (XVIII. 46-48), —

"What reason seeth here
Myself can tell thee; beyond that await
For Beatrice, since 't is a work of faith."

What we have seen to be true of the doomed spirits is not, then, necessarily true of those in Purgatory. They are indeed both tortured, and they are provided for the purpose with similar bodies; but the Inferno is sunk deep in earth and gloom, the Purgatorio rises high into eternal sunshine. The air of the one is heavy with curses, that of the other with prayers. The agony of the condemned souls is embittered by despair; the pains of Purgatorio are lightened by the prospect of that bliss for which they are the needed preparation.

Nevertheless, in the Purgatorio, as in the Inferno, Dante appears to have given his spirits a varying degree of

¹ In the latter passage is a hint that they were not free to reveal to Dante all they could themselves see: —

. . . "Shall be clear to thee
That which my speech no farther can declare."
(Purg. XXIV. 89, 90.)

knowledge, according to the dramatic exigencies of each scene. Statius shows acquaintance with the penalties suffered in the Inferno, —

"Revolving I should feel the dismal joustings,"
(Purg. XXII. 42)

that is, the punishment of misers and prodigals. There are several examples of prophetic vision, as where Corrado Malaspina foretells the kindly reception his kinsmen will give the poet six years later (Purg. VIII. 136-139), and Forese Donati foresees his brother's tragic death (XXIV. 82-87).¹

That all did not possess this foresight seems clear from Canto XIV. Here the friends Guido and Riniero sit side by side, sharing their suffering. Riniero hears the story of the future crimes of his own nephew from the lips of Guido, (Purg. XIV. 58-66) with evident surprise and regret: —

"So I beheld that other soul, that stood
Turned round to listen, grow disturbed and sad,
When it had gathered to itself the word."
(Purg. XIV. 70-72.)

Passages like

"And he has one foot in the grave already"
(Purg. XVIII. 121)

point to an ability to see what is occurring at the moment in the living world; and in the sweeping denunciation of his own descendants put into the mouth of Hugh Capet, the poet has quite forgotten to set any limit to his knowledge.

It is plain that Corrado Malaspina has no news from home. His inquiry,

"If some true intelligence
Of Valdimagra or its neighborhood
Thou knowest, tell it me, who once was great
there,"
(Purg. VIII. 115-117)

is very like that of Guido, quoted above (Inf. XXVII. 28). The latest and most thorough commentator, Scartazzini, who considers that the vision of spirits in the Purgatorio is not limited, as in the In-

"For other things
The Destinies forbid that thou shouldst know,
Or Juno wills not that I utter them."
(Æn. III. 379, 380.)

ferno, suggests that this ignorance of Corrado is peculiar to the Vale of Kings, where the poets are at this time. The theory is hardly defensible, because in this very valley Sordello, while pointing out the shades of famous monarchs recently deceased, shows equal familiarity with their living successors (*Purg.* VII. 91-136), and Visconti knows that his widow has put off her mourning and is about to remarry, —

“I do not think her mother loves me more,
Since she has laid aside her wimple white;”
(*Purg.* VIII. 73-74)

while on the other hand, in a wholly different portion of the *Purgatorio*, Forese knew nothing of the fortunes of his kinsman Dante, though he does foresee Corso's fate, and so far discerns the ways of Providence as to know that his good wife's prayers have shortened his penance. Scartazzini is unwilling to admit the possibility of an oversight on Dante's part. “As I cannot concede that Dante wrote thus through inadvertence.” (Note on *Purg.* VIII. 115.)

VII.

In the *Paradiso*, the eyes and thoughts of the blest spirits are never diverted to the earth that lies so far beneath them. They are absorbed in eternal contemplation of God. But God is the source of all love and of all truth. Hence in the light radiating from Him each worthy earthly affection is clarified and strengthened, not lost. Dante's own love for Beatrice in Paradise is no allegory; it is still the real passion which had been the guide and guardian of his youth. And knowledge is limited, in Paradise, only by the capacity for receiving it. Not even the archangels fathom all the depths of His purposes. The humblest soul dwells contented in the light of His presence.

VIII.

It is the aim of the preceding pages to bring together all the important passages bearing upon the question pro-

posed, namely, “How far do the dead know what happens here?” We have passed as lightly as possible over everything which does not directly illustrate this subject. The results may be summed up very briefly. In the Homeric poems, the dead, after they have reached their permanent abode, have no knowledge of earthly events. The same statement is true of the *Æneid*, with the important exception of Anchises, who can perhaps hardly be regarded as primarily an illustration of the poet's religious belief. In the *Commedia*, all the spirits, even the damned, have a more or less perfect knowledge of what occurs on earth.

In both the classic poets, the future life is a pale reflection of the present one. In Dante, on the other hand, the disembodied soul, wherever it may be, has much greater intellectual powers than when incarnate. In other words, the Hellenic delight in physical life, the sense of the inseparable harmony of body and mind, is lost, and in its stead we have the Hebrew belief that the flesh is the prison-house of the soul. Of course such a belief is not unknown to the Hellenes; perhaps no one has given it so striking and imaginative expression as Plato; but it is quite opposed to the spirit of the Hellenic prime.

The problem of the origin of the Homeric poems does not concern us here. We may at least use the term “Homer” or “the poet,” as the Hellenes themselves often did, to designate the mass of verse which was transmitted to the age of Perikles under the rubrics *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, without implying that it was all the work of one man or one generation. It is so informed throughout by the spirit of the age which gave it birth, and that age is so largely foreign to the life, the institutions, the thoughts, of the historic Hellenes, that for our purposes, at least, it is a unit.

That Virgil's greatness has been somewhat exaggerated is perhaps generally agreed. One of his strongest claims upon our gratitude and regard is the peculiar manner in which he forms a link between the two loftiest poets of all time. In this he is typical of Latin literature as a whole. How often have we reason to rejoice that the Romans hold a mirror, dim and uncertain though it be, wherein we discern some outlines of their Hellenic models now lost! Perhaps we might apply more truly in this connection the beautiful figure put into the mouth of Statius :

"Thou didst as he who walketh in the night,
Who bears his light behind, which helps him not,
But maketh wise the persons after him."

We have expressed the wish that

Dante might have known the Odyssey. Not, indeed, that he could have been greatly different from what he was. The gentler side of his nature might have been brought out more fully, but for such a man in such an age life could be nothing but war. The church militant is no mere figure for him. He must drop the lyre for the trumpet; must be, not the sweet-voiced minstrel, but the grim prophet of wrath. The uproar of battle, the tumult of life, are in his verse.

In history and literature Dante's position is unique. In him we find the crystallized expression of all the vague strivings and conflicting currents of the ages we call dark, yet he is also the clear-voiced, eagle-eyed herald of the dawn.

William C. Lawton.

THE GROWING POWER OF THE REPUBLIC OF CHILE.

THE American Geographical Society has just printed in a neat pamphlet¹ of eighty-eight pages an address delivered before the society in New York, on the eighteenth day of February last, by Mr. Albert G. Browne, Jr., formerly a distinguished member of the Suffolk bar. The title of the address is that which heads this article. A few months ago Mr. Browne visited the republics of South America, and made a special and careful study of Chile under circumstances exceptionally favorable for observation and judgment. Some of the ripest fruit of this study is garnered in this brief *brochure*. Mr. Browne's style is admirable in its vividness, succinctness, and lucidity, and his treatise, though packed as full of learning and information as an egg is full of meat, is highly entertaining. The keen interest which

its perusal will command in all intelligent readers cannot fail to be mixed in Americans with a lively sense of shame and irritation. Altogether the publication is noteworthy, and the reading thereof will make an era in the experience of a great many cultivated persons.

Chile is a wonderful country, and its brief life has abounded in extraordinary and romantic incidents. Leaving out of account the nitrate-bearing districts of Peru and Bolivia, which were the cause of the recent five years' war and which have become the spoil of the victor, Chile is substantially a long, narrow strip of land, lying wholly within the temperate zone, between the Andes and the Pacific Ocean. Its most southern point is in latitude corresponding to that of New York; and "then the coast breaks up into a labyrinth of islands which reach as far as the Straits of Magellan." All of these islands, Cape

¹ *Bulletin* (No. 1) of the American Geographical Society. No. 11 West 29th St., New York. Printed for the Society.

Horn being a part of one of them, belong to Chile. In territory Chile is the smallest but two, and in population probably the smallest but three, of the South American states. It covers upon the map about the same space as Dakota, and its population, by the census of 1875, was very nearly that of Missouri, being but a little in excess of two millions. This is the state which has recently defeated, in a long and almost uninterruptedly successful war, the allied powers of two South American nations, either of which was its apparent equal in resources; which has torn away from the conquered states the richest part of their possessions, without compensation or the promise of compensation, and has thus made itself the wealthiest government of its size in the world; which has now become "the first American power in the Pacific," and in its progress to this position has administered to the United States a snub as complete and successful as was ever given by one nation to another.

Mr. Browne's essay deals rapidly, but clearly and convincingly, with the causes, both near and remote, of this remarkable growth. During all the period of the Spanish supremacy in America, Chile was regarded as a barren and unrewarding region, and was "a poor and humble, almost a despised, dependency to the vice-royalty of Peru." Mexico and Peru, with their comparatively advanced civilization and developed mineral wealth, drew to themselves most of those European noblemen and adventurers who sought the Spanish possessions in the New World, while Chile was colonized by hardy immigrants, mostly from the northern provinces of Spain. Court favorites sought appointments where the spoils were richest. Upon the west coast "Lima was the point where greed and ambition centred," while Santiago di Chile "was esteemed as undesirable a post as a British governor might deem St. John's in Newfoundland in compari-

son with Ottawa." Chile, "thus escaping foreign rapacity, was abandoned more to self-government than were the other Spanish dependencies." It also suffered peculiar hardships; its chief coast town, Valparaiso, being sacked by buccaneers in the seventeenth century, and thrice in the two succeeding centuries nearly destroyed by earthquake. The consequence of these disasters was that "the colonists smelted with the vigorous Indians, and a new race was developed." The Araucanian Indians, who were indigenous to the Chilean soil, were an exceedingly powerful people, and had been the last of the native South American tribes to yield to the prowess of Spanish arms. An almost perfect union of these two absolutely unrelated races took place. The population of Chile, quite unlike that of Peru, which includes thirteen half-castes, is now made up simply of the pure-blooded descendants of the Spanish, who number one fifth of the whole, and a single half-caste of Spanish and Indians, who are the remaining four fifths. "Indian blood pervades not only the middle and lower classes of the people, but many of the most powerful and wealthy families also, and no such contempt attaches to the mixture as does in most other Spanish-speaking countries." Nothing like this, or of ethnological significance comparable with this, has happened anywhere else in modern times. The general result of the operation of these and other causes is succinctly indicated in one of Mr. Browne's neatest sentences: "Lima was the Athens of Spanish America; Santiago became its Sparta." In the wars for independence which were waged with Spain at the beginning of this century the fighting capacity of the Chilean race was displayed; and after Chile, with the help of its Argentine allies, had achieved its liberty, it at once joined its forces with those of Bolivar and Sucre for the liberation of Peru, which was proclaimed at Lima in 1821.

After the final expulsion of Spain from the continent in 1824, the republic of Bolivia was organized, and the creation of this state, Mr. Browne says, "was an event which lies at the foundation of almost all the modern political and military history of the west coast of South America. From that time Chile has steadily aimed to restrain Bolivia and Peru from a union, and twice has gone successfully to war to prevent it."

After the perfection of its national independence, the Chilean government soon passed into the permanent control of civilians, "while the other governments of the west coast remained prizes for military chieftains." Its present constitution was framed in 1833, and though it is only half a century old "*it is the oldest written national constitution in force in all the world except our own*, unless the Magna Charta of England be included in the category." The political history of Chile during the fifty years of its life has been that of a well-ordered commonwealth, but one of a most unusual and interesting sort. Its government has never been forcibly overthrown, and only one serious attempt at revolution has been made. Chile is in name and in an important sense a republic, and yet its government is an oligarchy. Suffrage is restricted to those male citizens who are registered, who are twenty-five years old if unmarried and twenty-one if married, and who can read and write; and there is also a stringent property qualification. The consequence is that the privilege of voting is confined to an aristocracy: in 1876, the total number of ballots thrown for president was only 46,114 in a population of about two and a quarter millions. The president of Chile has immense powers of nomination and appointment, and when he is a man of vigorous will he tyrannically sways public policy, and can almost always dictate the name of his successor. The government has thus become practically

vested in a comparatively small number of leading Chilean families. There is no such thing as "public opinion" in the sense in which we use the phrase, and the newspapers, though ably conducted, do not attempt, as they do not desire, to change the existing order of things. "History," says Mr. Browne, "does not furnish an example of a more powerful political 'machine' under the title of republic; nor, I am bound to say, one which has been more ably directed so far as concerns the aggrandizement of the country, or more honestly administered so far as concerns pecuniary corruption." The population of Chile doubled between 1843 and 1875; the quantity of land brought under tillage was quadrupled; copper mines were discovered, and so worked that Chile became the chief copper-producing country in the world; some of the silver mines rivaled the Comstock lode; more than one thousand miles of railroad were built; a foreign export trade of \$31,695,039 was reported in 1878; and two powerful iron-clads, which were destined to play a most important part in Chilean affairs, were built in England. Meanwhile, the constitution was officially interpreted so as to guarantee religious toleration, and the political power of the Roman Catholic priesthood diminished. Almost everything good, except home manufactures and popular education, flourished. The development of the nation in these years was on a wonderful scale for a South American state, and the contrast between Chile and Peru was peculiarly striking. Comparative purity and strength of race, born out of hardship and producing political stability and honesty and personal courage, seemed to be the prime factors in the Chilean distinction. And yet the two peoples were the descendants of the same European race and of kindred Indian races. Doubtless the difference in climate was entirely favorable to Chile. Apropos, one recalls Mr.

Edward Everett Hale's rule for determining in advance the length of a South American outbreak: "Multiply the age of the president by the number of statute miles from the equator; divide by the number of pages in the given constitution: the result will be the length of the outbreak in days. This formula includes an allowance for the heat of the climate, the zeal of the leader, and the verbosity of the theorists."

Early in 1879 began the great series of events which were to make the fortune of Chile. We use the word "great" in its low, superficial sense, and without the attribution of any moral significance to the adjective. The aggressor in the war between Chile and Peru was inspired by the most purely selfish motives, and it remains to be seen whether the just gods will not win in the long run, even though the game of their antagonists be played with heavily plated iron-clads. There is, however, something quite refreshing in the frankness of Chilean belligerency as compared with the reserve and duplicity of modern European war-making. South American character is by no means distinguished by candor, it is true, but the conditions and needs of the southern portions of the New World are incomparably simpler than those of the Old; and the European diplomatist may here behold with an admiring shudder a contest unblushingly prosecuted in that spirit of greed and hatred which he has long and well known at home, but always under some disguise of face or name. At the date last mentioned Chile was suffering, like many other nations, from a general depression in business pursuits. Its people were in no serious trouble, but as a government it was in a bad way. Its treasury accounts had for several years shown a deficit, which was increasing. The public income in 1878 was about \$14,000,000; the outgo \$21,000,000. There was a domestic debt of \$16,916,022, and a for-

eign debt of \$46,481,000. The means to keep up a sinking fund for the foreign debt had failed, and the Chilean five per cents were quoted in London at sixty-four. "A political cloud also was darkening again in the north in the renewal of something like a confederation between Peru and Bolivia." In this state of things the governing oligarchy of Chile decided, rather suddenly Mr. Browne thinks, upon a scheme which was sure to result either in splendid prosperity or absolute ruin, and which contemplated nothing less than a war of conquest against Peru and Bolivia, with a view to seizing the most valuable territory of the former country. There is a certain strip of land bordering upon the Pacific and about four hundred miles long, of which the northern three quarters belonged to Peru and Bolivia, the remaining one quarter to Chile. Upon this land a heavy rain never falls, and often years pass in which the soil does not feel a shower. It is of course void of vegetation, and the fresh water used by its people is either distilled from the sea, or brought up or down the coast on shipboard. Yet this hideous region blooms and blossoms like a rose in the eye of the capitalist and economist. Its money value is immense. "From this region the world derives almost its whole supply of nitrates — chiefly saltpetre — and of iodine;" its mountains, also, are rich in metals, and great deposits of guano are found in the highlands bordering the sea. The nitrate-bearing country is a plain, from fifty to eighty miles wide, the nitrate lying in layers just below a thin sheet of impacted stones, gravel, and sand. The export of saltpetre from this region was valued in 1882 at nearly \$30,000,000, and the worth of the Peruvian section, which is much the largest and most productive, is estimated, for government purposes, at a capital of \$600,000,000. Chile was, naturally, well aware of the wealth which lay so close to her own doors, and

to possess herself thereof, and thus to rehabilitate her national fortunes, she addressed herself to war. The occasion for war was easily found. Bolivia was first attacked, a difficulty which arose at her port of Antofagasta, with respect to her enforcement of a tax upon some nitrate works carried on by a Chilean company, affording a good pretext; and when Peru attempted intervention her envoy was confronted with Chile's knowledge of a secret treaty between Peru and Bolivia, and war was formally declared by Chile upon Peru, April 5, 1879.

This war lasted, with some breathing spaces, for almost exactly five years. At the outset the two belligerent powers — Bolivia being soon practically out of the contest — seemed to be about equal in ships, soldiers, and resources; but the supremacy which Chile soon gained upon the seas substantially determined the war in her favor. Each nation owned two powerful iron-clads, and six months were employed in settling the question of naval superiority. "This process," to quote Mr. Browne's graphic paragraph verbatim, "was like a game of chess when the board has been cleared of all the pieces except two bishops and a few pawns on one side, and two knights and a few pawns on the other. The wooden ships of Peru and Chile corresponded with the pawns, and the two iron-clads on each side with the knights and bishops." On the 21st of May, 1879, the Peruvian fleet attacked and almost destroyed the Chilean wooden frigates which were blockading Iquique; but in chasing a Chilean corvette the larger Peruvian iron-clad — the *Independencia* — ran too near the shore, and was fatally wrecked. "So Peru lost one of her knights. The game she played with the other — the *Huascar* — was admirable, but a losing

one;" and on the 8th of October of the same year the *Huascar* was attacked by the Chilean fleet, which included two iron-clads, and was finally captured "after a desperate resistance, in which the one martial hero of Peru, Admiral Don Miguel Grau, was blown to pieces by a shell; and of the four officers next in rank two were killed and two wounded." From this moment the Peruvian coast was at Chile's mercy: the Chilean arms prevailed in every pitched battle, at San Francisco, at Tacna, at Arica; and finally, on the 17th of January, 1881, after a series of actions which resembled in some of their details the engagements that preceded our capture of the City of Mexico, the victorious army of Chile took possession of Lima, the capital of Peru.¹

A few months before the Chilean occupation of Lima, the government of the United States of America entered upon the abortive series of attempts at mediation or intervention which constitute as a whole one of the most ludicrous — or melancholy — failures in diplomacy that have been seen in modern times. To appreciate the fullness of the Chilean triumph in these transactions, it is necessary to know something of the financial situation of Peru. This was very bad indeed. Peru had long suffered from intestinal feuds and factions, and had scarcely known the meaning of the word "stability" since the inauguration of its first president. The rapacity and corruption of its officials had been intensified by their sense of insecurity. But the pecuniary resources of the country were seen to be so vast after the discovery of the guano and nitrate districts that the state had been able to be a large borrower in Europe. In 1872 Peru had a foreign debt of about two hundred million dollars, the greater part of which was due to citizens proves that cold-blooded butchery was practiced upon the wounded on the battle-field. The proportion of killed to wounded in our battle of Gettysburg was less than one to five.

¹ Most of these battles were sanguinary, and all of them were horribly brutal. In the figures of loss it is common to find the *number of the killed equalling the number of the wounded*, a fact which

of England and France; and one hundred and eighty million dollars of this amount had been raised upon *bonds which expressly hypothecated to the holders all its guano and nitrate fields discovered and to be discovered, and the income derived therefrom*. And so badly were the Peruvian finances managed that, in spite of the enormous wealth of the country, interest upon its public debt ceased to be paid in 1876, and has never been resumed. This was the condition of things when, by the fall of Arica, the complete military success of Chile seemed practically assured. And it was at this point of time, in October, 1880, that there occurred the fruitless conference between envoys of the belligerents on board a United States corvette in the harbor of Arica, under the mediation of Messrs. Christiancy, Adams, and Osborn, President Hayes's ministers to Chile, Peru, and Bolivia respectively. At this conference Chile's prime demands as conditions of peace were a money indemnity of twenty million dollars and the absolute cession to itself of the entire Bolivian littoral and the great Peruvian nitrate-producing province of Tarapacá. Peru and Bolivia rejected the demand for territorial cession, and offered instead a money indemnity. They also offered to submit the question of terms of peace to the arbitration of the United States,—a proposal which was promptly and peremptorily declined by Chile. It will be seen at a glance that the parties deeply interested in the settlement were not only the three belligerent powers, but also the unsatisfied European holders of Peruvian bonds. And it was the hope of Peru, as well as the apprehension of Chile, that "Great Britain or France, one or both, might intervene for the assertion of the financial rights of their subjects," especially as Chile had now seized and proposed to hold the nitrate region which had been mortgaged to the European holders of Peruvian securities.

The government at Lima was in a desperate state, but after some vacillation fixed its hopes upon the projects of the *Crédit Industriel*, a French corporation representing nearly all the foreign debt not raised in England, which proposed to help Peru to a treaty of peace without a cession of its territory, by persuading Chile to accept a large money indemnity simply. The sum needed for this purpose was to be advanced by the *Crédit Industriel*, which in turn was to receive, as trustee first for itself and its own great advantage, and then for Peru, an assignment of the entire guano and nitrate district. And to this project, or something like it, with a contemplated "guaranty or protectorate by the United States of the *Crédit Industriel*'s possession of the guano and nitrates, to insure the stability of the project," Mr. Hayes's administration through Mr. Evarts substantially committed itself.

But Chile, as capable in diplomacy as in war, was more than equal to the situation, and managed matters with an admirable combination of cunning and audacity. In the first place, she played on the disgust of the outraged creditors of Peru in Europe, and made a large number of the English and other bondholders believe that they would fare better at the hands of Chile than of Peru, even if the latter nation were stripped of all its wealth by the former. But Chile's master stroke was made in her use of the United States. There was nothing she so much dreaded as active European intervention, and this she defeated by encouraging our government to mediate, and stimulating us to such a vigorous assertion of the Monroe doctrine that neither England nor France thought it best to interfere; and having accomplished this she turned upon our government, snapped her fingers in our face, and went forward to the complete despoiling of Peru according to the plan she had originally proposed to herself. The issue with us was not sharply made

until after the close of the Hayes administration. Mr. Garfield had then become President, and Mr. Blaine had succeeded Mr. Evarts. Mr. Christiancy was promptly superseded in our mission to Peru by General Hurlbut, an intimate friend of Mr. Blaine; and our Secretary of State — acting from motives which we, following Mr. Browne, “will not debate” — entered upon a highly vigorous and aggressive policy, the apparent aim of which was to carry through, in favor of Peru, the *Crédit Industriel* scheme already described. General Hurlbut, on his arrival in Lima, had found the Peruvians almost ready to purchase peace by any sacrifice; but recognizing as the government the faction which was least disposed to make territorial cession, he succeeded in filling its leaders with confidence, and publicly proclaimed to Admiral Lynch, the Chilean commander then in possession of Lima, that “the United States would support Peru in refusing to cede a foot of her territory to Chile until proof should be afforded of the inability of Peru to furnish a war indemnity in some other form.” Admiral Lynch’s response to this proclamation was soon made in the suspension of the Peruvian government which Mr. Hurlbut had inspired, and by the transportation of Señor Calderon, its *soi-disant* president, to Chile, where, until a few weeks ago, he was closely imprisoned. At this juncture of affairs President Garfield died. Mr. Blaine began to “wind up” the business of his office; telegraphed to General Hurlbut, “The influence of your position must not be used in aid of the *Crédit Industriel*, or any other financial or speculative association,” but sent Mr. Trescot, one of our most experienced diplomatists, as a special envoy to the three belligerents, with instructions which might have resulted in yet deeper entanglements. At Santiago Mr. Trescot met the president of Chile, and was informed that his country would accept

war with the United States rather than submit to our dictation of the terms of peace. Whether Chile was sincere, and whether she would have been firm in this position, no one knows or will ever know. Mr. Frelinghuysen came into office under President Arthur, and at once revoked “any and all discretion given to Mr. Trescot to press Chile to a peace without territorial cession of Peruvian territory.” And this revocation was first communicated to Mr. Trescot by the Chilean minister of foreign relations at Viña del Mar, — “a personal humiliation as great,” in Mr. Browne’s opinion, “as any to which one of our envoys ever was subjected.”

The results of the war have thus far exceeded the wildest hopes of Chile. She has taken absolute possession of the whole nitrate region, has cut Bolivia off from the sea, and achieved the permanent dissolution of the Peru-Bolivian confederation. As a consequence, her foreign trade has doubled, the revenue of her government has been trebled, and the public debt greatly reduced. The Chilean bonds, which were sold at sixty-four in London in January, 1879, and fell to sixty in March of that year, at the announcement of the war, were quoted at ninety-five in January, 1884. She now owns three iron-clads of the first force, any one of which would sink every wooden vessel in our navy, and she is preparing to buy others. The behavior of our government towards the late belligerents has entirely ruined our prestige in South America; and if we were to go to war with Chile to-morrow our Pacific coast would be entirely at her mercy. A single but important point connected with the territorial cessions of Peru is not finally settled. It is probable that at the outset Chile did not dream of appropriating the nitrate fields without a recognition of the foreign debt for which they had been mortgaged by Peru, the equity of redemption being ample to satisfy her early

greed. But now for a long time Chile has refused to admit any claim on the part of the European mortgagees, holders of Peruvian securities, citing as a precedent for her course the behavior of Germany in annexing Alsace and Lorraine without assuming any part of the French national debt. But since the delivery of Mr. Browne's address, the English and French governments have entered a formal remonstrance and protest against the course of Chile in this regard; and perhaps Chile may yet be

obliged to recede from her extremely selfish construction of her rights and duties.

It hardly need be said that such a brief summary as that which has been presented of Mr. Browne's essay does the author and his treatise great injustice. Our attempt and hope have been simply to inspire the readers of *The Atlantic* with an interest in the subject, and to convince them of the brilliant and masterly character of Mr. Browne's presentation of the same.

RECENT POETRY.

OF the minor works for the stage which Lord Tennyson has at last put forth in book form,¹ the first is called a tragedy, and the second is offered without any sub-title to indicate what manner of piece the author considers it to be. *The Cup*, although moulded in two acts, would perhaps be better described as a sketch for a tragedy than as a full-grown play. There are, of course, two ways in which it may be considered: as a composition expressly intended for acting, or simply as a poem in dramatic form. But, taken under either category, it falls short of success, and remains unimpressive. Structure it certainly possesses, and some merit of scattered phrase, — one would hardly expect less from Tennyson, even in these days; but strong characterization, true and moving passion, dramatic action, are all absent from its pages. There is a single dramatic point, at the end, but what precedes does not go towards that point with force; and the climax itself is weakened by an excess of vague and broken utterance.

Synorix, an ex-tetrarch of Galatia, who had been driven away by his people, returns with the Roman forces as their traitorous ally. He is in love with Camma, wife of his successor in the tetrarchy, whom he had seen three years before,

"A maiden slowly moving on to music,
Among her maidens to this Temple;"

and now he sends her as a gift a cup of the kind used in Galatian marriage services. He makes acquaintance with her husband, Sinnatus, and prepares to win her away from him. His plot results in the death of Sinnatus and Camma's retirement as a priestess in the temple of Artemis. Synorix woos her, however, and on the very day when he is crowned King of Galatia she accepts him, only to poison him, at the wedding ceremony, with wine from the cup he had given her. This, certainly, is a situation proper to the theatre; but the plot is worked out with a scantiness of invention that makes it seem bare and inadequate. So far as Synorix is a personality at all he is a very unpleasant one; he unmasks the villainy, also, of his brutal and treacherous passion with a cool frankness that robs him of inter-

¹ *The Cup, and The Falcon*. By ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, Poet Laureate. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1884.

est ; while the husband, Sinnatus, who should be opposed to this dull villain as an object of strong sympathy or admiration, is too lightly sketched as a "rough, bluff, simple-looking fellow" to excite a spark of concern in the reader, or, if we may judge, in the imagined audience. Camma alone stands out with a degree of distinctness as an actual being, a woman of pure, strong character, having the charm which is lacking in the others ; and charm, or its substitute fascination, is indispensable in the personages of a drama. Camma, by the way, is given a brief song —

"Moon on the field and the foam,
Moon on the waste and the world" —

which recalls in a measure the tender and rolling melody of the earlier Tennyson. Elsewhere the language is sometimes commonplace, as in the aside of Synorix when watching Camma : —

"The bust of Juno, and the brows and eyes
Of Venus ; face and form unmatchable!"

In this, as in *Queen Mary and Harold*, the lines seldom strike those rich concords that formerly gave the author his supremacy in blank verse over all poets since Milton. Camma's eloquence makes an exception, when, speaking to Sinnatus, she recalls, —

"That there, three years ago, the vast vine-bowers
Ran to the summit of the trees, and dropt
Their streamers earthward, which a breeze of
May
Took ever and anon, and open'd out
The purple zone of hill and heaven : there
You told your love ; and like the swaying
vines —
Yea — with our eyes — our hearts, our prophet
hopes
Let in the happy distance, and that all
But cloudless heaven which we have found to-
gether."

But what could be weaker than the ending of the chopped verse with which Sinnatus answers ? —

"First kiss. There then. You talk almost as if it
Might be the last."

Technical carelessnesses which would be natural enough in Byron seem to have been introduced from choice in this latter-day work of Tennyson's ; and

throughout *The Cup*, when the Laureate writes well, the play lags ; while as soon as an attempt is made at action, the diction declines.

The *Falcon* is so slight a performance that it requires little consideration. Founded on the same story, from the *Decameron*, which supplied Longfellow with his *Falcon of Ser Federigo*, in the *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, it develops the one incident of that pleasing little fiction not ungracefully so far as the hero and heroine are concerned, and with a mixture of the poet's own invention. But the effort at humor in the parts of the two servants is so spiritless as to mar the effect, instead of furnishing the advantageous contrast they were meant to give to the sentiment of the lovers. A mannerism of repeating the same words in close conjunction is so diligently practiced that even in the short space of one act it becomes excessively wearisome ; and, on the whole, we cannot see that anything has been gained by putting the tale into dramatic form, when it could easily have been wrought into a captivating idyl. To the stage it is perhaps as well adapted as, for example, Coppée's *Le Passant*, but it denies itself the half-lyrical quality which the French writer's little episode in verse shares in common with genuine acting poems like Milton's *Comus*. We can conceive that *The Cup*, with scenic aid, might be rendered with an effect akin to that of a series of tableaux accompanied by metrical explanation, and that *The Falcon* might serve agreeably in private theatricals ; but, regarded as serious dramatic productions, they must be criticised for the constraint and timidity that have befallen a master poet who has chosen of late years to appear as an amateur.

In Mr. Bunner New York has a poet whose first book of verse¹ may suggest,

¹ *Airs from Arcady and Elsewhere*. By H. C. BUNNER. New York : Charles Scribner's Sons. 1884.

to some minds fond of looking at divergent lines as parallel, that another Halleck has come to light. Such a suggestion might be inspired by the twofold strain of serious song and lightly playful rhyme contained in the volume; but Mr. Bunner's pen is more agile and his art more fastidious than Halleck's, and the writer whose influence has been paramount with him would seem to be Austin Dobson. Mr. Dobson has tilled his chosen field with such perfection of skill as makes it difficult for a fresh hand to cultivate any flower of poesy, on the same soil and under similar conditions, which shall not be named of the Dobson variety. Mr. Bunner, however, enters upon the competition with very sufficient resources of his own. His poetic faculty is evidently inborn, but his manner has been acquired and applied more than it has grown out of that faculty.

Arcady, which was first given to readers of *The Atlantic* a few months ago, is also the first of these poems, and is likely to be thought by many readers the best; for it is quaintly graceful, it sings itself, and rises well to a climax that is at once a lesson and a tender sentiment. But *The Appeal to Harold* has more of intensity and fire in its embodiment of a distinctly original conception, by which a man is made to appeal to the king for redress against a woman who has wasted his life. There are boldness and the strength of despair in these lines:—

'Haro! Haro!
Tell thou me not of a greater judge,
Haro!
It is He who hath my sin in grudge.
Yea, from God I appeal to thee;
God hath no part or place for me.
Thou who hast sinned, judge thou my sin-
ning."

The execution of this poem, however, is hardly so good as that shown in handling less ambitious motives. *Holiday Home* is unmistakably a song, and where Mr. Bunner approaches the song-form

his aptitude gives him success. This is exemplified again in *Robin's Song*,—

"Up, up, my heart! up, up, my heart,
This day was made for thee!"—

which is delightfully buoyant and breezy; and it should be borne in mind that the purely lyrical note thus sounded is a very rare one. Among the pieces included in the division called *Philistia*, *Candor* is excellent for its crispness and its "cunning" purport, though coming under the head of rhyme, not of poetry. The group entitled *Bohemia* will perhaps commend itself less to the author as time goes on; but his *Betrothed* deals skillfully with an unpleasing theme and a deliberately morbid mood. A writer chiefly engaged, as Mr. Bunner is, in comic journalism, naturally incorporates some of his humorous pieces with the rest; and his travesties of Swinburne, Bret Harte, Pope, and Walt Whitman, illustrating how these might have written *Home*, *Sweet Home*, are worth preserving. But in the nondescript story of a school-girl who cuts her throat because her boy-love is offended with her, the author seems not to have been sure as to his aim or method. It is difficult to understand such an error of choice in a writer of so much discrimination,—one who could give us the fine stanzas of *Triumph*, with its conclusion:—

"For the space of a heart-beat fluttered her
breath,
As a bird's wing spread to flee;
She turned her weary arms to Death,
And the light of her eyes to me."

A defect of judgment is also apparent in *Strong as Death*, perhaps the noblest of the serious poems. As originally printed in this magazine,¹ the third and fourth lines of the second stanza read,—

"Let no faint perfume cling to thee
Of withered roses on thy brow."

This has now been changed to—

"Come not with graveyard smell on thee,
Or withered roses," etc.,—

an alteration which not only sacrifices the gentle flow of syllables in the first

¹ See *Atlantic Monthly* for July, 1882.

version, but also brings up a very disagreeable suggestion. The mistake made is that of supposing that ugliness is synonymous with strength. But Mr. Bunner at least shows a greater range of voice than any of our younger poets; and if he continues to give only the best of his quality he may fulfill the expectations which the *Airs from Arcady* lead us to form.

The careers of Theodore Winthrop and Fitz-James O'Brien were alike in that both were men of uncommon promise, with a dash of the gayly heroic in their characters; both, by a destiny resembling that of the German poet Körner, whose fate was also theirs, became soldiers; and both fell early sacrifices in the war for the Union. They were born in the same year, 1828, and O'Brien received his death-wound less than a twelvemonth after the author of *John Brent* was laid low at Big Bethel, when only thirty-three years of age. The brilliant Irish-American had made his reputation as a story-writer before he volunteered, while Winthrop's reputation had to wait for the posthumous appearance of the novels he had left in manuscript. Yet O'Brien's *Poems and Tales* were not collected until 1881, and it is only in the present year that the fragmentary poems of Winthrop have been published, with a memoir by his sister.¹ Winthrop, though he had not attained to the fluency and finish that mark the style of O'Brien, was much the more powerful man of the two: indeed, we can hardly accord to the latter anything more than an exceptional talent, but Winthrop had the gift of genius. It was not genius if measured by the absurd gauge proposed by Anthony Trollope, — a man's power of "sitting," — for Winthrop was restless, active, a sufferer from ill-health, and, during some years of his short life, a

wanderer; but it was genius of a more nervous and penetrating, a higher, kind.

His parentage and ancestry were of the purest American stock, for he was descended from John Winthrop and the Long Island Woolseys. With such blood in his veins, and an intermixture from the Huguenot Lispenards, it was natural that he should have been of a religious nature, and have developed a literary faculty, a taste for adventure, strong patriotism, and an inclination towards soldierly achievement. It is a curious reflection that his gallantry and his large mental grasp might, had his life been spared, have opened to him on the field a way to some wholly different renown from that which now attaches to his memory, and one that possibly would have caused the suppression of the works that survive him. But he seems to have been often haunted by a feeling akin to a premonition that his life would be frustrated; and, by an odd coincidence which his sister mentions, while he was almost the first Union officer who died in battle, the last officer lost on the same side was his cousin, General Frederic Winthrop, killed at *Seven Pines*. This record of Theodore Winthrop's life is principally made up from his letters and journals. At twenty-one he went to Europe, and some of his scattered observations made there are trenchant and disclose an early maturity. He also went twice to the Isthmus of Panama, visited California and Oregon, and rode East across the plains; absorbing on the way material which he afterwards used with power in his prose. The extracts from his journal are meagre, and of interest only as illustrating his clear and manly spirit.

The editor, we think, makes a mistake in hinting a kinship of genius, on his part, with Hawthorne, notwithstanding the support of Professor Nicoll's opinion. His line of imagination was different; his whole mode of evolving problems was different. But it is on his

¹ *The Life and Poems of Theodore Winthrop*. Edited by his Sister. With Portrait. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1884.

wild and original fictions and on his fresh, vigorous, though harsh and broken style, that whatever fame accrues to him must rest. The poems, which are introduced at various stages of the Life, were never revised; many are incomplete; and only two have appeared in print before. They can add nothing to his reputation. In prose he had the ambition "to form a truly American style, good and original, not imitated;" but in these hasty passages of verse there is almost nothing original, excepting the blank-verse story, *Two Worlds*. Twice we encounter this fragment:—

"'T is the wild battle, 't is the crashing charge,
The shout of victory, the maddened shout,
The ecstatic agony of victor death."

Two Worlds is also full of warlike imagery. Its narrative is vague and interrupted, and the verse is monotonous, spasmodic; but here and there occur strong and felicitous touches of description, like the following:—

"At last in moonlit glory overhead
Suddenly shone the mount like God's calm face."

"Then silence felt the rustling of a tone
Soft as the shiver of moonlighted leaves;"

or of statement, like this one:—

"A thought had quivered like a dagger drawn;
A thought and word had stolen from man to man,
And whispers grew to shouts."

The sister of the novelist has preferred to make the aim of her biography a lesson in the worth to others of an aspiring life and an unselfish patriotism. She has accomplished it well, in a modest and loving spirit, so that it is impossible to read it without being touched, or without recognizing in it a gain to the simple annals of American literature. One recalls Matthew Arnold's lines on *Early Death and Fame*:—

"But when immature death
Beckons too early the guest
From the half tried banquet of life,
Fuller for him be the hours!
Give him emotion, though pain!
Let him live, let him feel: *I have lived.*"

Winthrop did not taste the fame which this wish, if fulfilled, would have given him, but he had the life of full emotion: he knew that he had striven well, and his guerdon is remembrance.

What we have said touching the error of mistaking ugliness for strength may find exemplification on almost every page of Miss Robinson's new volume,¹ and might, in fact, with such a text, be expanded into a long critical essay. But we shall content ourselves with briefly pointing out the manner in which this English poetess has gone astray. The main part of her volume consists of stories of country life; but they are very far from being idyllic. On the contrary, they are chosen expressly as illustrations of the evil and the misery which exist amid rural scenes. The authoress says with truth, and not without force in her way of saying it,—

"Alas, not all the greenness of the leaves,
Not all their delicate tremble in the air,
Can pluck one stab from a fierce heart that grieves.
The harvest-moon slants on as sordid care
As wears its heart out under attic eaves,
And though all round these folded mountains sleep,
Think you that sin and heart-break are less deep?"

In passing it may be questioned whether any power could ever *pluck* "a stab;" but the gist of Miss Robinson's idea is plain, and the metrical pieces forming *The New Arcadia* are all designed to enforce that idea. In our judgment it is a wholly unpoetical one; not because poetry need be what Carlyle once vehemently declared that all poetry in this age must be,—namely, "lies,"—but because there is a great deal of beauty in nature, which has a refreshing and ennobling influence upon most minds, and accordingly aids the true function of the poetic art, which is to lift up, refine, and inspire us. Moreover, those whose homes are placed in surroundings of

¹ *The New Arcadia and Other Poems.* By A. MARY D. F. ROBINSON. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1884.

natural beauty often show in their lives much of worth and virtue; and to select only detestable or painful traits of human nature in such scenes, for the theme of verse, is unfair as well as unpoetic. But Miss Robinson seems to have gone into the country with a very artificial notion that existence among the fields and hills must be quite devoid of sin or wretchedness. She was greatly shocked at discovering the reverse, and so decided to wreak her disappointment upon the public:—

“For I do not sing to enchant you or beguile;
I sing to make you think enchantment vile;
I sing to wring your hearts, and make you know
What shame there is in the world, what wrongs,
what woe.”

This is the announcement made in her Prologue. But it may as well be said at once that she succeeds in wringing, not our hearts, but only our patience. In the first piece, *The Hand-Bell Ringers*, the authoress gives a very good picture of some peasants who come to celebrate Christmas by ringing bells. She sees them through the window, and wonders what their lives may be. It is a picture colored by her own mood, nothing more; and in so far the result is good. But when she comes to deal with particular stories, as in the poems that follow, she fails entirely of artistic effect. In one instance she treats the misery of an old woman who has decided to go to the poorhouse with her blind husband, rather than be dependent on their married son; in another she relates how a young woman, deserted by her father and brothers, betakes herself to a life of shame, merely for the sake of companionship. But in both cases we are repelled by the subject and by the treatment, instead of finding our sympathies enlisted. Janet Fisher is a narrative showing how an imbecile girl carried a deserting soldier, who had sought her aid in making his escape, out to sea in a boat, drowning both the soldier and herself. It may well be asked what there is in this laphazard incident to

sustain Miss Robinson's versified indictment against life in the country; but, further, there is nothing in such an occurrence to furnish the basis of a poem, be the aim what it may. Of the next piece, *The Rothers*, the theme is as abhorrent as possible, and is developed with a minuteness of loathsome detail which finds no justification in any canon of true poetry. *Cottar's Girl* is equally disgusting; being simply a recital of the murder of a young woman by her mother, who administers a dose of shot to save the girl from disgrace. Now, all these things may be realities, but if they are subjects for poetry at all—which we very much doubt—Miss Robinson certainly proves her inability to render them poetic by her mode of presentation. One cannot positively conclude that this is due to incapacity, because here and there, in the landscape portions above all, the writer manifests a graphic quality which could come only with observation and some skill in the handling of words. Take, for example, this sunset scene from *The Rothers*:—

“The country caught the strange bright light;
The tufts of trees were yellow, not green;
Gray shadows hung like nets between.”

“Such yellow colors on bush and tree!
Such sharp-cut shade and light I saw!
The white gates white as a star may be;
But every scarlet hip and haw,
Border of poppies, roof of red,
Had lost its color, wan and dead!”

“So strange the east, that soon I turned
To watch the shining west appear.
Under a billow of smoke there burned
A belt of blinding silver, sheer
White length of light, wherefrom there shone
A round, white, dazzling, rayless sun.”

Miss Robinson's error consists in an ill-advised selection, and in her obvious but feeble imitation of Browning's manner. The same faults obtrude themselves in the miscellaneous poems which compose the second section of this volume; and for confirmation of our opinion we need only refer readers to the tedious monologue, *Jützi Schultheiss*, which both by its title and execution

justifies the belief that Miss Robinson, whether consciously or not, has succumbed to the enticement which Browning's dullest mood apparently has for certain minds.

The technique of this feminine versifier is so bad that it is impossible to criticise it in detail. Her rhythm halts and hobbles; her verses are redundant where she evidently intends them to be strictly within rule; and her rhymes are deliberately and copiously atrocious. For example, she forces "incommunicable" to chime with "well;" she attempts to bring into companionship, at the ends of lines, "gone," "on," "moan," and in another place "rough," "enough," and "of." Altogether, in stumbling over these strange verses, one is made to think of the remark of Schaunard, in Mürger's *Vie de Bohème*: "Truly, my rhymes are not millionaires, but I did not have time to make them richer." It is possible that Miss Robinson, if she takes more time, may not only improve her verses, but may also, by eliminating that which appertains only to prose, establish her claim to the title of poetess.

There are men and women who, from time to time, are singled out and greeted by the discerning critic because of some spark of promise emitted from their first book of verse. Most frequently the promise thus recognized remains unfulfilled; but although we may not be led to found vast expectation on Miss Guiney's tentative volume,¹ it certainly deserves more than passing consideration. These firstlings of the Muse bring with them not a little of genuine merit and charm. So far as the tone and the execution are concerned, their inspiration comes largely, we incline to think, from Longfellow and Lowell, with a slight

side-influence from the latest English school in sundry details of versification and expression. But the poem which begins the collection, Gloucester Harbor, is none the less a successful and semi-pathetic exposition of the spell which broods over a New England seaside community, prompting the children always to follow the path of the waves, notwithstanding the disaster that has overtaken the fathers. The Cross-Roads is a more ambitious effort, describing the escape of a prisoner, who is driven by desperation to suicide in the sea. One of the most noticeable things about Miss Guiney's verse, because it is unusual in beginners is the careful completeness of her ventures in the sonnet form; but the critical reader will be quite as much struck by the neatness, the finish, the well-nigh epigrammatic turn of certain bits of rhyme contained in these Songs at the Start. Among them we may mention the three stanzas On Not Reading a Posthumous Work (*à propos* of Hawthorne's Doctor Grimshawe), the title of which is in itself so unexpected that it has the value of a witticism, and the six lines which appear under the heading of Vitality:—

"When I was born and wheeled upon my way,
As fire in stars my ready life did glow,
And thrill me through, and mount to lips and
lids:

I was as dead when I died yesterday
As those mild shapes Egyptian, that we know,
Since Memnon sang, are housed in pyramids."

Miss Guiney's motive is generally sufficient, and her lines are for the most part carefully polished. That she should sometimes betray crudity is not surprising. Within its limits, Miss Guiney's work is good; and if one judges by the standard of pure poetry, these pages are much more deserving of praise than Miss Robinson's.

¹ *Songs at the Start*. By LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY. Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co. 1884.

PETER THE GREAT.

MR. SCHUYLER'S *Peter the Great*,¹ which has finally appeared, is equally creditable to American typographical art and to American historical scholarship. A strict criticism might indeed complain that the illustrations detract somewhat from the dignity of the work, while also unnecessarily increasing its cost. But this is a question of taste. The illustrations are generally good and, with some marked exceptions, pertinent; and the author makes, perhaps, a modest concession to the nature of his subject when he consents to encourage the interest of the reader by pictorial stimulants.

We can meet Mr. Schuyler's frankness by conceding in return that, if the subject is obscure, he is probably the only writer outside of Russia who is competent to take it up successfully. We say this, too, in full knowledge of the great impetus which has been given in recent years to the study of Russian history, Russian institutions, and even Russian antiquities; in full recognition of the merits of Frenchmen like Rambaud, Leroy-Beaulieu, and Molinari, of Englishmen like Ralston and Wallace. Some of these also show in special lines of investigation gifts which are perhaps wanting in Mr. Schuyler. M. Rambaud, whose two volumes cover the whole period of Russian history, has a dispassionate judgment, and great skill in condensation, combined with no little power of graphic narration. Mr. Wallace has unrivaled powers of observation and analysis. Mr. Ralston has thrown much light upon the early folk-lore of Russia, and M. Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu's great work is the most complete account of Russian governmental forms and methods which the literature of any country

has produced. But Mr. Schuyler needed for the accomplishment of his task not so much the attainments of the specialist as those of the general historian, — patience in investigation, knowledge of trustworthy sources, familiarity with languages, an exact eye for the springs of political and diplomatic action; and the possession of these qualifications is abundantly revealed in his *Peter the Great*. It might even be said that in one respect no Russian is fully qualified to furnish just the life of Peter which the present age requires. The art, or at least the science, of history has doubtless made great advances in Russia; the Imperial Historical Society is a worthy sister of similar institutions in other countries. But when we find even in Prussia writers like Droysen, Treitschke, and Ranke studiously and systematically defending, or at least excusing, every act of Frederic the Great, it is folly to expect Russians to rise triumphantly above all national prejudices, all impulses of patriotism, in the treatment of their own historical hero. The least trustworthy of all of Peter's biographers are still, however, foreigners, like Voltaire and Ségur.

There are few great characters as recent as Peter who have so long remained enshrouded in myths, and have so long resisted the process of modern historical criticism; there are few who have been painted in such different colors. He has been described as a Caliban and as a Bluebeard; as an enlightened statesman, far ahead of his age; as a blunt, rough, honest man, somewhat narrow-minded and subject to outbursts of passion; as a gifted, poetical nature, though cast, like his people, in a rough mould. Mr. Schuyler knows that none

¹ *Peter the Great, Emperor of Russia*. A Study of Historical Biography. By EUGENE SCHUYLER,

Ph. D., LL. D. Two vols. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1884.

of these portraits are true; some are overdrawn, some are inadequate. But he provokes no quarrel with rival artists, however gross their errors. "I have told the story of Peter's life and reign as I understand it," he observes modestly in the preface.

Yet it must be said that while Mr. Schuyler tells this story fully, and as we believe accurately, his two elaborate volumes furnish not so much a portrait as the material for a portrait. The events in Peter's life which are historically established are related with justifiable confidence. Familiar statements which are true are carefully distinguished from others which are unsupported by evidence, which are improbable, or which are false. Thus the story of Peter's visit to Holland, to learn the art of ship-building, is reduced to its true proportions. The account given by the vivacious Princess Wilhelmina of Bayreuth of the Tsar's visit to Berlin is pronounced, on the authority of the best German criticism, to be greatly overdrawn. The ancient fable that Catherine sold her jewels in the campaign of the Pruth, in order to bribe the grand vizier to accept a peace, is calmly dismissed. And where there is doubt, as in regard to the fate of Peter's son Alexis, between the common story, which puts him to death by order of the Tsar, and the later more charitable version, which attributes his death to the hardships and cruelties of his prison life, Mr. Schuyler simply gives the authorities on one side and the other, without advancing any opinion of his own. The firm grasp of facts, wherever facts are accessible, is everywhere apparent. Something may be said, too, in defense of that school of historical writing which, deliberately discarding art and pathos, human sympathy and human indignation, aims only at the discovery and presentation of unimpassioned facts. The influence of Germany is apparent in Mr. Schuyler's choice of a method. Yet we

are not sure that the Germany of the last century would not have put him on his guard against a too great distrust of pictorial effect, of color and warmth, in historical writing. The so-called pragmatic histories, which were the terror of Carlyle's life, were the highest triumphs of the purely documentary style of recording events. From the materials which these furnished could be worked up graphic narratives, full of feeling, of discrimination, when necessary even of passion, and yet without any sacrifice of truth or judgment. Mr. Schuyler has not fully adopted either of these methods. The systematic avoidance of interpretation, of anything like complete portraiture, suggests the pragmatic order of treatment; while, on the other hand, the orderly division of the topics and the continuous narrative indicate the writer, and not the mere compiler. In a work designed for popular readers, the picturesque, sympathetic, interpretative style would unmistakably have been the better; and we are the more free to express this opinion because there is internal evidence that Mr. Schuyler's method was not forced upon him by any limitations of his own powers, but was deliberately adopted as an act of choice.

One of the results of a careful comparison of Mr. Schuyler's hero with some of the contemporary rulers will probably be the discovery that the Russian was a less abnormal product than has commonly been supposed. He was emphatically the child of his time. It is chiefly when contrasted with his own people that Peter's peculiarities become so conspicuous. He seemed eccentric to Russians because he was himself so little of a Russian, because he was almost a foreigner in his own country. For outside of Russia many of his characteristics can be found reproduced. His fondness for practical jokes was almost an universal passion at the Northern courts. If Peter had his court fool crowned king of Sweden, Frederic William I. of Prus-

sia made a court fool rector of a university, and Charles XII. of Sweden found amusement as a youth in knocking down innocent pedestrians on the street. Augustus the Strong of Saxony had more illegitimate children and was a greater drinker than the Tsar. The wisest measure connected with Peter's reign, although by no means the most popular, was the introduction of foreigners into the different branches of the Russian service; yet even for this policy he had the example of other rulers. It was the policy of the house of Prussia at a very early day, and was continued under several generations, to attract useful foreigners — artisans, capitalists, scholars, soldiers — to that country, and when necessary the most liberal inducements were offered them. Prussia welcomed the French Huguenots; Peter took the Germans, whom they displaced, together with Frenchmen, Dutchmen, Englishmen, and others, and thus gave a certain European varnish to the surface of Russian society.

Yet the Tsar was, on the other hand, enough of a barbarian to arouse the most piquant interest whenever he traveled in the west. His curiosity, his application, his simplicity, his tastes, his appetite, his arrogance, were as noticeable outside of Russia as were the liberality and the rationalism which in Russia cut off beards and long sleeves, adopted European dress, and smote the prejudices of his people with so firm and heavy a hand. Hence while the coffee-houses of Holland and England gossiped about the caprices of a Muscovite savage, the boyars and monks and priests of Moscow had only stories of a Tsar who had forsaken the path of his fathers, and fallen into the traps of the infidels. In his own land and in foreign countries Peter had, however, schools of admirers as well as schools of detractors. Both alike went to ridiculous lengths of exaggeration, and the material left by both needs to be sifted with great care.

Peter's activity was apparent in every sphere of public affairs, and nearly always as a constructive reformer. We may briefly call attention to some of his reforms.

The earliest manifestation of his individuality was his love of the sea and of ships. From the mere boyish pastime of building sail-boats on the Russian lakes he gradually rose to the conception of a great naval policy, and pursued it with singular ardor to the last moment. Even his wars had this end largely in view; for the possession of the Crimea was essential to the maintenance of a fleet on the Black Sea, and the conquest of the Swedish provinces on the southern coast of the Baltic gave him the secure ports of Riga and Kronstadt, with the opportunity to found the present capital of the empire. But he did not succeed in making Russia a great maritime power; the natural and other obstacles were too formidable even for his strong will. In the work of stimulating commerce and domestic industry, — by bounties, by franchises, by monopolies, and by crude though improved fiscal regulations, — he was indeed more successful, though even this success had the insecure support of the false economical principles then universally adopted in Europe.

First in the order of importance and of success we should place Peter's administrative reforms. Mr. Schuyler has some admirable chapters on this subject the one in which his style appears to the best advantage. Some of these measures were extremely hazardous, like the disbandment of the *streletsi*, or national guard, — the pretorians, — by a young prince who was hardly yet assured of his throne. Another class struck at the privileges of the boyars and the great nobles, and provoked opposition from them. Still a third group of reforms, those aimed at the monks and priests, created another class of enemies, who were indeed non-combatants, but had

many means of annoyance, and were supported by all the ignorance and superstition of Russia. Peter committed, in the course of this policy, some errors of judgment, was often harsh and cruel, and needlessly shocked the national feelings. But he had on the whole a quick eye for the evils of old systems, and generally a just perception of the remedies which ought to be applied.

Peter's wars, though not uniformly successful, yielded in the end good results, both in territory and in prestige. As a conqueror, his career reached its culmination in the final overthrow of Charles XII. at Stralsund; for although the capture of the city was actually effected without the aid of Russian troops, and although the diplomacy of Ilgen, the Prussian minister, was rather finer than that of Dolgoruky, the military preponderance of the Tsar was not the less indispensable to the allies. For a time Peter was nearly a dictator in Northern Europe. A few years later he openly interfered in behalf of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg, whose assault upon the liberties of the estates had been condemned by the emperor and nearly all the princes of the empire; and on other occasions he spoke in tones of authority strangely prophetic of those of Nicholas, a century later.

Peter's military triumphs, and the introduction of occidental culture among his people fairly ushered Russia into the family of European states. It is the opinion of Mr. Schuyler that this was an error. "One blame may, we think, be rightly attached to Peter," he says, in one of the few places where he pronounces a judgment on his hero: "that he brought Russia prematurely into the circle of European politics. As to the effect upon Europe, contemporary national rivalries hinder a fair conclusion. As to that upon Russia, there can be but one opinion. The result has been to turn the rulers of Russia away from home affairs and the regular develop-

ment of home institutions to foreign politics and the creation of a great military power. In this sense it cannot be deemed beneficial to Russia."

This judgment is probably in the main correct. The evil was felt during Peter's own life; his constant preoccupation in foreign wars and foreign diplomacy lamed the energy of home reforms. Even the reforms themselves were not rendered more popular by being introduced under foreign auspices, or, at least, under the influence of impressions which Peter had received abroad. Twenty years after his death his own daughter, Elisabeth, on her accession, swept away the hated foreign element, and won the hearts of her subjects by returning to the old national Russian methods. Yet there is one obvious qualification to this view. If it be granted that reform was necessary, could it proceed otherwise than along the general course already traversed by more advanced nations? Or, again, would Peter have received the impulse to reform and the secret of its method, if he had not sought and utilized that very contact with western civilization which proved in so many ways to be an evil? The case is in effect one of those, so frequent in politics, where it is difficult to say what is cause and what effect. The aggressions of James II. of England were undoubtedly an evil. Yet without those aggressions England might not have had the Bill of Rights.

Our own estimate of Peter as a statesman is rather enhanced than lessened by Mr. Schuyler's work. The man remains much as the world had regarded him before; the change, if any, is only quantitative, not qualitative. He may drink and eat somewhat less, may have less numerous *liaisons*, may send fewer men to the block, than in earlier biographies; but even in the book before us, where nothing is extenuated, nor aught set down in malice, the Tsar is still a glutton and a drunkard, a lover of low com-

pany, male and female, a cruel and bloody tyrant. It is only as a statesman that he rises enlarged and ennobled from Mr. Schuyler's pages. And this is not so much by reason of what he actually achieved, though his achievements were striking and valuable, as by reason of the formidable obstacles that he had to

surmount, and the almost heroic labors by which he surmounted them. It is not necessary to enumerate these. They are given by Mr. Schuyler with a fullness and clearness not to be found elsewhere except perhaps in Russian works, and which leave little to be desired by the inquiring reader.

SCHLIEMANN'S TROJA.

IN Troja¹ Dr. Schliemann has published the results of his later excavations at Hissarlik and its neighborhood in 1882, and they prove an important correction and amplification of his previous work, *Ilios*; in a new edition of the latter the substance of the present volume must finally be embodied. Without restating the theories that have been superseded, it is enough to say that the Homeric Troy, which was formerly supposed to be the third of the prehistoric settlements whose *débris* have been cut through and partially uncovered in the great mound, is now identified with the second, and that the description of this last has been modified in essential particulars. Unlike the others, it may be styled a city, without suggesting any misconception of its extent and consequence. It consisted of the small acropolis, or upper city, strongly guarded by massive towered walls, with gates opening into the lower city and of difficult approach, within which were inclosed a few temples and other buildings, apparently palaces. Close under the shelter of this fortification, on the plain to the east, south, and southwest, stretched the broad streets of the town; and that, too, was defended by a wall, which sprang from

and returned to the acropolis. In the citadel itself, which alone has been thoroughly explored, the ruins show two stages in the building activity of the inhabitants of this period: in the first, the irregular plateau of the summit was artificially leveled by filling up, and temples, houses, and gateways were erected; in the second, these structures were rebuilt, with a different axis and general arrangement, and the approaches were somewhat changed and greatly strengthened and improved. The material used, except for the foundations, which were of stone, was bricks, fired after the walls were up, according to a custom practiced by primitive peoples from Babylon to Wisconsin. Of especial architectural interest is the fact that the front ends of lateral walls were faced with wooden beams, which, starting from a secure stone foundation, helped to protect and consolidate them, and to support the roof of beams, rushes, and clay. Here is seen, for the first time, the original constructive use of the ornamental *antæ* of the Greek temple. That all these buildings were destroyed at once by a great fire there is ample and overwhelming evidence, — such, indeed, that this fact cannot be regarded as materially

¹ *Troja*. Results of the Latest Researches and Discoveries on the Site of Homer's Troy, and in the Heroic Tumuli and Other Sites, made in the year 1882, and a Narrative of a Journey in the Troad in 1881. By Dr. HENRY SCHLIEMANN,

Hon. D. C. L. Oxon., etc. Preface by Professor A. H. SAYCE. With one hundred and fifty woodcuts and four maps and plans. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1884.

strengthened even by the speaking testimony of the multitude of new objects found with marks of the fierce conflagration they survived. For the most part, these articles, although interesting in detail, do not differ sufficiently from those illustrated in Ilios to affect a general view; but it should perhaps be observed that no relic was discovered that is incompatible with the generally received conclusion of archaeologists that the civilization of this city was prehistoric, and unaffected by either Hellenic or Phœnician influence. The comparatively slight excavation of the lower city disclosed little more than the smooth bed on which the defensive wall ran, and masses of the lustrous black pottery, which, by its peculiar character, proves this settlement on the plain to have been contemporaneous with the existence of the second city on the hill. In this outer wall Dr. Schliemann supposes that there was but one gate, the *Scæan*, through which the old road descended by the fig-tree and the springs in the rock, now entirely excavated, out toward the sea.

Such, in the barest outline, is the plan of the city of Priam as it is now inferred from a few foundation walls covered with heaps of burnt ruins; and certainly it is far more credible than the idea of Troy which Dr. Schliemann formerly asked us to accept, when he confined its limits to the narrow platform of the acropolis. Indeed, this second city on Hissarlik corresponds too remarkably with Homer's description to allow of much doubt that it is the site he had in mind, and few will hesitate longer to believe that its utter and violent destruction by fire was the calamity that tradition so wonderfully preserved and exalted. One has but to remember how small the walled towns in the East usually are in proportion to their importance, to recognize in a city of the size indicated by these remains a seat of power and wealth, whose possessors not

only must have dominated the Troad, but were of consequence enough to be named among the associated invaders of Egypt in the reign of Ramses III., and in their turn, a century later, to call to their aid numerous allies to resist their own enemies from Europe. At any ancient time this was the only city in the Troad which could have been the object of a long and doubtful national war. In addition to this fact, the topography of the citadel, its temples, palaces, towers, and walls, as well as the lay of the ground in its neighborhood, answer as closely as could be expected to the traditional description of Homer. In this rediscovery of the actual ground which a noble legend has consecrated there is a certain satisfaction to the literary mind, not merely because of an increase of emotion due to a sympathetic local attachment to the soil on which great deeds have been done, but because an element of reality is added to the poems themselves. They will seem more truthful to ordinary men; they will make their way better in this age, if Achilles and Patroclus are regarded not as purely ideal, but as the Roland and Oliver of antiquity.

To the scientific mind, however, Dr. Schliemann's work means a great deal more. In the first place, he has justified the tradition of the Greek world, and accredited it as the guide of investigation; in other words, he has dealt a death-blow to the scholarship that would resolve the history of the world before Herodotus into a sun-myth. As Professor Sayce well remarks in his fine preface, science is now adding to our conception of the antiquity of the globe and of man that of the antiquity of civilization. In this field the contents of the mound of Hissarlik have a different and wider interest, entirely independent of the *Iliad* or the *Odyssey*. In the city immediately below Troy, and belonging to the late Stone Age, objects were found that go to indicate that its inhabitants

were of the same race as the people of the same period in Southern Europe. Of more certain meaning is the discovery, in the tumulus of Protesilaos, on the shore of the Thracian Chersonese, of pottery and other objects contemporaneous with those found at Troy, such as have been unearthed nowhere else. Professor Sayce regards this fact as an important and well-nigh conclusive addition to the evidence that the Trojans were originally from Thrace, and of Aryan blood. On the other hand, their civilization was derived from their Asian neighbors on the east. This is determined, of course, by the character of the art shown on the objects of ivory, gold, bronze, porcelain, or stone found in the ruins. To sum up the matter, nothing of the Greek age, either in coins, inscriptions, or pottery, is to be discerned in the relics. Porcelain and ivory, it is true, might have been brought from Egypt by the Phœnicians, but as there is no trace either of Phœnician or Assyrian workmanship a still earlier source must be sought. There remains only the great nation of the Hittites (our knowledge of which may be said to be a thing of yesterday), and to this people Professor Sayce attributes the tutelage of the Trojans in their early culture mainly on the ground (1) that the idols of the Trojan goddess Atê (identified by the Greeks with Athêna) have the well-known characteristics of the Hittite 'Athi, a modified form of the Babylonish deity; (2) that the stone cylinders indicative of primitive Chaldaic influence occur to the exclusion of the lentoid seal of the Assyrian age; and (3) that the ornamentation of some of the vases and gold-work points to the same art origin. The Trojans, then, if these inferences be accepted, were an Aryan tribe from Europe, civilized by influences coming from primitive Chaldee by way of the Hittites, whose rule extended from Cappadocia to the Euxine, and from the Euphrates to the Hellespont. This conclusion,—

which harmonizes with the little that is known of the art, language, race, time, and locality involved,—would fix the date of Troy in the twelfth century B. C.

No particular interest attaches at present to the four upper layers of prehistoric ruins on Hissarlik, or to the wreck of the Æolic Ilium that lies above these. The ancient Troy was never rebuilt; for the little settlements on the rock, although they continued the religious and art tradition, can be regarded only as the merest villages. The stones of the wall of the lower city were probably carried off by Arkhaianax to build Sigeion, as Dr. Schliemann observes on the authority of Strabo. No mark of Greek occupancy is met with, except after the period of the peculiar pottery ascribed wholly hypothetically to the Lydians; and after the Æolic settlers arrived they did not build on the plain until a long time had elapsed. These various facts reconcile the conflicting testimony in classical authors that the site of Troy was a waste, and that it was inhabited by a remnant of men. All this is accepted by scholars of note, except Professor Jebb, of Glasgow, to whose criticism Professor Sayce plainly refers (though not by name) when he ends his protest against the ignorance and presumption of English scholars, who suppose they understand archæology because they can write Greek verses, by saying that "to look for a Macedonian city in the fifth prehistoric village of Hissarlik is like looking for an Elizabethan cemetery in the tumuli of Salisbury plain."

Dr. Schliemann also publishes in this volume the results of several excavations in the neighboring tumuli of the Trojan plain, but these were for the most part fruitless. In an appendix he adds a narrative of a journey through the Troad, which is of much interest; but to keep up the distinction hitherto observed, it stirs the literary rather than

the scientific spirit. On the summit of Gargarus, from which Zeus looked on the great battle and launched his lightnings to plow the ground before the chariot of Diomed, there is still the ancient throne-like rock, and in its crevices hyacinths and violets still blossom, as when they sprang to strew the couch of Zeus and Hera. Near Sarikis, the other peak of Mt. Ida, at the foot of its northward wall, just below the topmost crag, still lies the marble slab of an altar; and what is more likely than that it is the last fragment of

"the altar to ancestral Zeus,
Upon the hill of Ida, in the sky,"

of which Æschylus sang? On the slope the crocus and the lotus-leaf flourish, as when Ænone fed her flocks among the pines. To the scientific mind, looking off hence to the famous mound lying like a button in the far distance, there may rise a vision of new knowledge to be conquered from the past; but to the imagination there is a finer possession in the reflection that the most enduring of human works on yonder plain were the poet's song and heaps of broken shards.

AN AMERICAN STORY WRITER.

How much American literature would gain in freshness, variety, and local color, were it not systematically discouraged by an unjust, unpatriotic, and myopic policy on the part of the government, is occasionally hinted by the appearance of some new writer, who persists under adversity, and finally succeeds in producing delightful results from phases of our life which otherwise would remain unchronicled and unknown. Of such writers the most noticeable are Bret Harte and George Cable; but we must name, as instancing similar native and independent tendencies, Miss Jewett and Charles Egbert Craddock, the latter of whom has recently issued his stories in collected form.¹

To most readers the title chosen for this charming and unusual volume will convey no very clear idea of the contents; but Atlantic readers will know that, instead of being a book of travels or an essay on geology, *In the Tennessee Mountains* is a series of tales, the

subjects and the artistic worth of which are uncommon.

Within these covers there are eight short stories, every one of which has an idea, a motive, amply qualified to sustain its interest. They are told with a sincerity, a simplicity of manner, and a closeness of observation that recall at moments the rare gift of Thomas Hardy; they are as unpretentious, as mellow and quiet in tone, as Miss Jewett's narratives; and they describe an existence as curious and unusual as that of the Creole society which Mr. Cable has taken for his province. Yet the author's atmosphere is completely his own: we do not detect any trace of imitation in his conception or his manner. If his effects are less pointed and his pathos is less deep than Mr. Cable's, he has the advantage of being less artificial in his method than the Louisiana novelist. On the other hand, the situations that he chooses are more intense than those which we have grown used to expect from Miss Jewett. Possibly Mr. Harte's success with Californian themes may have inspired the writer who veils his identity under the name of Craddock; but

¹ *In the Tennessee Mountains.* By CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The Riverside Press, Cambridge. 1884.

if that be so, there is nothing servile in the inspiration, and we are inclined to think that Mr. Craddock is a great deal truer to the dialect and the general probabilities of the region in which he is an explorer than Mr. Harte is in his studies of humanity on the Pacific slope. *Drifting Down Lost Creek* is presumably the author's favorite production, since it is placed first in order, though this may be due simply to its primacy in length. Certainly it is a very thorough piece of work, and embodies a situation abounding in elements of interest which are all thoroughly brought out; and it is no more than fair to remark that, while the scene and the study of dialect are somewhat like those of Joel Chandler Harris's story *At Teague Poteet's*, Mr. Craddock preëmpted the field some time before Mr. Harris was heard of at all. The motive in this delicate and affecting miniature romance is quite Mr. Craddock's own; and all the accessories are touched in with so perfect a regard for the total impression that the every-day feminine tragedy of Cynthia Ware's history, gilded by the light of her trustful heroism, will be apt to live long in the mind of the reader. *Electioneerin' on Big Injun Mounting* is an episode of a sturdier kind, which contains more of the dramatic, both in matter and manner, than any of the other sketches. It strikes at the close a chord of feeling so true to the better part of human nature that one is thrilled by a certain elation, at the same time that the sudden tenderness of the rude mountaineers towards the man whom they had misunderstood touches the springs of pathos. The study, also, which the author has here made of an aspiring young politician, whose stern sense of justice makes him unpopular with the lawless constituency from which he sprang, strikes us as being a careful, original, and very suggestive one.

In *Old Sledge at the Settlement*, again, a group of card-players is presented, one

of whom is gambling away everything that he owns — even to his corn and hogs, and his house and land — in play with the man whom his wife had jilted. The way in which this picture of the gamblers throwing their cards on the inverted splint basket, by the light of a tallow dip and a pitch-pine fire, while the moon shines without and the uncanny echoes ring back from the rocks and woods, is highly imaginative, yet as realistically graphic as one of Spagnoletto's paintings. Indeed, we are constantly reminded of the pictorial art by the effects which Mr. Craddock evolves from the use of words, from his sense of color and his keen vision of the significant traits in the physical surroundings.

These are especially to be remarked in the descriptions of mountain scenery, with all the shifting phases of spring and autumn, of sunset, mist, and forest fires, which he introduces so aptly. Accessories of this kind are lavished with a free hand that discloses the range and minuteness of the author's observation; and although in each story we find three or four carefully wrought landscapes in little, no one in the whole gallery of the volume repeats any other. Here, for example, is a night-piece: "The foliage was all embossed with exquisite silver designs that seemed to stand out some little distance from the dark masses of leaves; now and then there came to his eyes that emerald gleam never seen upon verdure in the daytime, and only shown by some artificial light, or the moon's sweet uncertainty." Here is another, nearly the same, yet different: "The moon's idealizing glamour had left no trace of the uncouthness of the place which the daylight revealed; the little log house, the great overhanging chestnut-oaks, the jagged precipice before the door, all suffused with a magic sheen, might have seemed a stupendous alto-relievo in silver repoussé." We are incessantly yet

unobtrusively reminded of the large and solemn presence of nature. The moment any lull occurs in the action of the personages, the mountain solitudes come in to play their part: the sylvan glades, the foaming cataracts, the springing flowers at their due season, and the wild birds and animals all assume the function of *dramatis personæ*, that say nothing, but carry on a strange, inarticulate chorus, which seems to interpret the melancholy or the emotion of the human actors. In this utilization of forces not human Mr. Craddock, we incline to think, is not surpassed by any writer of the time.

But, more than this, each particular story holds some idea of striking value in its bearing on sentiment or conduct, yet arising spontaneously out of the conditions of the peculiar community depicted by the writer. We have the mountain girl, who, by the most terrible exertions and by long journeys on foot, secures the pardon of the unjustly imprisoned man whom she loves, only to find that he does not even know who rescued him, and to pine away in lonely maidenhood while he marries some one else. We have, again, the weak and slender Celia Shaw, who painfully toils through the wintry woods for many miles, at night, to warn and save the men whom her father and his friends had decided to "wipe out;" and the case of the brave ex-chaplain, who by his coolness, though unarmed, prevents a murderous affray at a rough up-country "dancin' party." This last story ends with a touch of grim humor. The young man who has been restrained from killing the outlaw, Rick Pearson, who had stolen a bay filly, expresses gratitude at being saved from the crime; for, he says, "the bay filly ain't sech

a killin' matter, nohow; ef it war the roan three-year-old, now, 't would be different." But in every instance there is a strong idea; a good lesson is modestly taught; the heart is stirred with refining pity and admiration. Not less excellent is the artist's exposition of the lonely, self-reliant, and half-mournful life of the mountain folk; and particularly of the sweet, pure, naive young women, and the faded older women "holding out wasted hands to the years as they pass, — holding them out always, and always empty." The dialect is employed well and without effort, although at times the speeches assigned to the characters are a trifle prolix. One or two other limitations upon the author's ability in carrying out his plans suggest themselves: such as that in the delineation of his heroines he leaves us with a somewhat slight and unsatisfactory account of them; and that, while he chooses situations full of dramatic possibilities, he too often obscures the climax by his own quiet reflections, instead of leaving it to affect us by its inherent strength. These defects, however, may be pardoned to one who writes with so much sincerity, so much poetic feeling, and such exquisite art of detail as are manifested in this volume. It is odd that the American people as a whole have little genuine appreciation for the most delicate and deserving productions of native literary artists, notwithstanding that American imaginative writers are to-day distinguished above their English fellows for refinement of idea, phrase, and effect; but we cannot do otherwise than hope that Mr. Craddock will take his place among the exceptions which prove that genius in this country, even when unassuming, need not always be debarred from popularity.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

FRESH from reading Professor Wood's ingenious paper on The Trail of the Sea-Serpent in the last Atlantic, I lighted on the following passage in Thoreau's new volume, Summer, — a volume wholly made up from the author's unpublished manuscripts, and filling one with a desire instantly to have further draughts from those seemingly inexhaustible fountains. The passage in question, which would admirably have served Professor Wood's purpose, had he chanced upon these pages, is dated at Plymouth, Massachusetts, June 14, 1857: "B. M. W—— tells me that he learns from pretty good authority that Webster once saw the sea-serpent. It seems it was first seen in the bay between Manomet and Plymouth Beach by a perfectly reliable witness (many years ago), who was accustomed to look out on the sea with his glass every morning the first thing, as regularly as he ate his breakfast. One morning he saw this monster, with a head somewhat like a horse's, raised some six feet above the water, and his body, the size of a cask, trailing behind. He was careering over the bay, chasing the mackerel, which ran ashore in their fright, and were washed up and died in great numbers. The story is that Webster had appointed to meet some Plymouth gentlemen at Manomet and spend the day fishing with them. After the fishing was over he set out to return to Duxbury in his sail-boat with Peterson, as he had come, and on the way they saw the sea-serpent, which answered to the common account of this creature. It passed directly across the bows only six or seven rods off, and then disappeared. On the sail homeward, Webster, having had time to reflect on what had occurred, at length said to Peterson, 'For God's sake, never say a word about this to any one; for

if it should be known that I have seen the sea-serpent, I should never hear the last of it, but wherever I went should have to tell the story to every one I met.' So it has not leaked out till now."

— I lost myself for an hour or two the other day — and very pleasantly — over the thirty-fifth volume of the No Name series. My studies in that quiet walk of literature had been suspended for a good while. I had, in fact, almost forgotten that the procession of the "great unknown" was still defiling away over the sands of time, when there arrived this new anonyma, clasped with the horseshoe and wreathed with the clover as of old, and having a tale to tell full of freshness and charm. Though new to the American public, the author of Diane Coryval is evidently not new to her work. To great natural vivacity she adds the ease of a thoroughly practiced writer, and her pictures of French rural life, especially of purely provincial types of character, like Madame Brae and the Brothers Byarson, are delightful. The heroine of the little story is a dear creature, too; the hero (why is this so often the case, in the novels of women?) a rather poor one. There is a terrible mortality among the secondary characters, but that, happily or unhappily, is not unnatural. What is so is the hero's resuscitation after he had been a year or two drowned. I am sure that the skilled author of Diane Coryval never intended this. I recognized the miracle, on the instant, for a *publisher's dénouement*; and it is this rattling, clanking descent of the *deus ex machina* against which I here take occasion seriously to protest, both on the writer's behalf and the reader's. Publishers are a great deal too tender-hearted, as a class; and they credit the

reading public with a similar weakness. They think that the average "consumer" of novels would rather see two young people preposterously made happy than have his own artistic instincts gratified; but I venture to think that they are entirely wrong. The world — that is to say, the reading world — is so very much more artistic nowadays than it is romantic! The veracious author of John Bull et son Ile, in his brief but brilliant review of the æsthetic movement, informs us that *en 1881 on s'est mis à adorer le beau*, and ever since then *art for art's sake* has been as common as dandelions in May. The comparison is exact. It is like Lord Tennyson's weed:—

"Most can grow the flowers now,
For all have got the seed."

When, therefore, the exigencies of high art plainly require it, let the novelist slay his creatures without mercy, and sternly resist their galvanization. "Three hulking brothers more or less don't matter;" but "form" does matter, and "symmetry," and "unity," and "tone," and "chiar-oscuro," — especially *oscuro*!

— At a recent meeting of the Club a contributor became truly pathetic over the fate of the letters *h* and *r* in the "American" language, and referred very neatly to a kind of color-deafness as the cause of the evils he laments. This color-deafness, I take it, is the source of all that differentiation of sound which finally results in clearly marked dialects. I have heard some very amusing experiments with persons from a certain capital, who can no more see why Bostonians laugh at them for calling *bird* "byud" and *first* "fyust" than the Bostonian can see why the Westerner is scandalized at hearing "bu-u-hd" instead of "bir-r-rd." My especial grief is for the danger which threatens our short *ö*. A very careful teacher in the grammar school taught me that *o* has two sounds, — *ō* as in "no," and *ö* as in "not;" and until lately it seemed quite clear how "not" was to

be pronounced. If here and there one heard the sound "näht" one wrinkled one's nose, said scornfully "New York!" and dismissed the barbarism. Now, however, it is really getting dangerous. I heard a lady say that a certain gentleman must surely be named "Martin," for she had heard members of his family call him "Mart." The name proved to be "Mott." A professor of German in Harvard College tells his students that the German word "hat" is pronounced like the English word "hot." The family referred to was from Philadelphia, the professor was from New York. These are cases of oral transmission of an error. But now comes Life, with its keen eyes and ears, to add the force of the printed word to the destructive power of color-deaf conversation. In its gentle satire on Boston pronunciation, it can find no better expression for the local "pápa" than "popper," and enforces the point by an illustrated "joke," as follows: Small boy to sister popping corn: "You've got two papas, — your real papa and your corn-popper." Now why not "cahrn-pähpper," and done with it? Let any one carefully pronounce "corn" and then "pop" as it should be pronounced, and he will find that the vocal organs are in precisely the same position in the two cases. In other words, the *o* in "pop" pronounced like the *ö* in corn, but held during a shorter interval, gives the true short *ö*. Let us have, therefore, either "corn-popper" or "cahrn-pähpper." In the former case, the lips, in pronouncing both words, are carried forward, and slightly approach; in the latter, they are drawn backward and slightly apart. All that is needed is a little training of the ear in early life, so that the true value of sounds shall become fixed. A learned gentleman, who has always lived in Eastern New England, assured me that both the Life jokes were wholly unintelligible to him, while a young man, belonging west of the Connecticut in

Massachusetts, being asked how he would express the sound of "pápa," promptly answered "popper," in complete agreement with the New York journal.

But the worst remains. My own household is invaded! My daughter, the descendant of an almost unbroken line of New England sailors on the one side, and of New England farmers on the other, now in the second year of her life, is devoted to her "dähllies" and her "dähggy."

Is there no remedy? Must this really valuable sound be lost to our language, because a fraction of our people are too indolent to throw their lips forward when they come to it? Where is the missionary who will march through the land and teach the color-deaf how they may be healed?

— In the *Revue Politique et Littéraire* of April 5th, M. Abraham Dreyfus, one of the most promising of the younger Parisian playwrights, prints a lecture recently delivered by him in Brussels, on the Art and Mystery of Writing Plays. The lecture owes its chief interest to the letters it contains from the leading dramatists of France, in answer to M. Dreyfus's request that they should set down for him in writing the secret of their success. Oddly enough, the letters all agree in declaring that a play makes itself somehow, and that no rules can be laid down for its making. The younger Dumas writes that he once asked his father how to write a play, and that the elder Dumas answered, "It is very simple: the first act clear, the last act short, and interest everywhere." M. Émile Augier declares that he knows no more about the methods of play-making than M. Dumas, and he, too, quotes from another, who prescribed "the steeping of the last act in gentle tears, and the sprinkling of the preceding acts with wit." M. Labiche says that his method is simple; strangely enough, the frank humorist is almost the only one of M. Dreyfus's correspondents who

seems to know how he works. M. Labiche, when he has no idea, bites his nails and invokes Providence; when he has an idea, he still invokes Providence, but with less fervor, for he thinks he can get along without its aid. Having an idea, he writes out a detailed plan of the play, scene by scene, from the rising of the curtain until the final falling thereof. Finally, declares M. Labiche, to make a gay play you must have a good digestion. M. Legouvé's advice is like unto M. Labiche's: In a play you begin at the end; or in other words, while a novel may ramble about whithersoever it will, a play should be a straight line, the shortest distance between two points. The nearest approach to a formula was furnished by M. Denney: "Take an interesting starting-point, a subject neither too old nor too new, neither too commonplace nor too original, so that you may not shock either the stupid or the clever." The perusal of M. Dreyfus's clever pages may be recommended to the new school of American dramatists.

— The recent discussion as to the origin and adventures of Mr. Charles Reade's story *The Picture* has prompted the *Saturday Review* to a declaration of the Ethics of Plagiarism. The writer begins by girding at the American literary detectives who are always on the alert to catch the tripping Briton; and then, a little later, justifies the existence of this detective force by speaking of "the cultured city of Michigan." Nor is he quite frank in referring to the English novelist accused of plagiarism because he borrowed a bit of local color from an obscure description of the Southern States. The allusion, we take it, is to Mr. Thomas Hardy's unavowed appropriation for use in an English novel of a comic sketch of a militia muster, from Judge Longstreet's *Georgia Scenes*. But these slips on the part of the English journalist do not impugn the soundness of the three principles which he

lays down: (1.) "In the first place, we would permit any great modern artist to recut and to set anew the literary gems of classic times and of the Middle Ages." (2.) "Our second rule would be that all authors have an equal right to the stock situations which are the common store of humanity." (3.) "Finally, we presume that an author has a right to borrow or buy an idea, if he frankly acknowledges the transaction." Under the first head come the borrowings of Virgil from Homer, of Plautus from Menander, of Shakespeare from Plutarch, of Molière from Plautus; and in more recent times, of Gray, Tennyson, and Longfellow from the poets of the past. Gray's great poem, for instance, may be shown to be but little more than a cento, but it is not the less Gray's own. Of course the difficulty lies in the application of the law. Who is to declare whether a writer is great enough to be allowed to annex the outlying property of his predecessor? And who is to declare the date-line which divides conquering from theft? Poe was severe on Mr. Longfellow and Other Plagiarists, but he borrowed for his *Marginalia* Sheridan's joke about the phoenix, and Whitbread's poulterer's description of it; yet we should not hesitate to excuse Poe's use of Mudford's Iron Shroud as an incident in his own *The Pit and the Pendulum*, the fundamental idea of which may be Mudford's, while the appalling effect is Poe's. A very important question is the relative value to the borrower of the thing borrowed. The man of genius touches nothing that he does not adorn, and he may be allowed the dangerous privilege of "resetting gems." The plagiarist is he who steals his brooms ready made. M. Sardou had read Poe to advantage when he wrote his *Pattes de Mouche*, but it is absurd to call that delightful comedy a plagiarism from *The Purloined Letter*.

The second rule is indisputable. No

man has a monopoly of the *Lost Will*, of the *Missing Heir*, or of the *Infants Changed at Nurse*. Whoso will may get what effect he can out of these well-worn properties of the story-teller. The law is clear, but it is a question of fact for the jury whether or not any given situation is common property. It is to be remembered also that when a writer makes a new combination of the stock situations, it is plainly enough plagiarism to repeat this combination, however old may be the single situations of which it is composed. The third rule is even more difficult to apply exactly. All depends on the frankness and fullness of the acknowledgment of obligation. M. Sardou once brought out a farcical comedy which was at once seen to be an adaptation of one of Charles de Bernard's stories. M. Sardou met this exposure by proof that he had the permission of the owner of the Bernard copyright, for which he was paying a share of his royalties from the play. This was an inadequate defense, as the transaction had been secret, and would have remained secret but for the exposure, and M. Sardou would have received credit for a humorous invention not his. In like manner, Charles Reade sought to meet the charge that he had taken the plot of *Hard Cash* from the *Pauvres de Paris* of MM. Nus and Brisebarre by the assertion that he had bought the right to adapt the play from the French authors. This, of course, is not an adequate defense, even if Mr. Reade had paid MM. Nus and Brisebarre, which, in fact, he never did, — so M. Nus informed the present writer ten years ago. We are not altogether sure that the three rules of the *Saturday Review* may not be contained in two, or rather in one with a double clause, namely: A writer is at liberty to use preëxisting material as he will, provided always, (1) that he does not take credit (even by implication) for what he did not invent, and (2) that he does not interfere with the

pecuniary rights of the original owner. It was this second clause that M. Sardou obeyed in arranging with the holders of the Bernard copyright, and that Charles Reade respected in agreeing to pay for the use of the plot of the *Pauvres de Paris*. But when Reade made his play Shilly-Shally out of a novel of Trollope's, and his play Joan out of a novel of Mrs. Burnett's, in each case against the will of the original novelist, he violated this second clause. The charge of plagiarism is very easy to bring and very hard to refute; it ought therefore to be brought with the greatest circumspection, and when unsubstantiated it ought to recoil heavily to the lasting discredit of the bringer.

— If I owned Pegasus and a few acres of good upland, not too cold and dry, I would go plowing; and as I shaped the course and depth of the furrow, grasping the stilts with firm hands, I would sing a pæan for the plow. Every great plowman, from the founder of Rome to the finder of the mountain daisy crushed by the share, should be celebrated in my song; and I would teach that there is still something sacred about the furrow, as there was when Romulus marked out the walls of his city and lifted the share over the places designed for gateways.

The heroic-romantic interest which some attach to an old, dismantled, peace-enduring cannon I find in the plow during its winter vacation. All its features, if I may so speak, express the idea of enforced idleness: the out-thrust handles assert its impatience to be taken afield; the share and the mould-board, though they have gathered rust, signify their readiness and avidity.

I would like to see again certain plowed fields of my childhood's haunting, — fields next the woods, slowly, by repeated grubbing and burning, won over from wild nature. Here and there are beds of ashes; also, charred stumps, out of whose hollow centres dart occa-

sional slender flames, pale in the sunshine: one might fancy that these are some species of harmless small snake native in such places. The plow works its way among the stumps, and leaves untouched many a defiant oasis of weeds and wild grass. Would it not be well to remodel the verse which represents the soil as "patient of the bending plow"? Here, the bending plow, or rather the plowman, must be patient of the soil. But the scent of the fresh-turned earth, of baked clods and charred wood, with now and again whiffs of smoke brought along by the moist wind, is, memory declares, incense most grateful to the rural deities.

To some extent, new-uncovered land satisfies my desire to visit new-discovered land. The plowed field which I visit to-day was a meadow last year. Such turning and reshaping of the old garment of the soil should give this spot of earth span-new attractiveness in my eyes. As I listen to the snapping of grass roots (stout stitches in the old garment!), as small stones tinkle against the plowshare, and as I see the turf quickly and cleanly turned by the invisible iron or steel toothed rodent, I am ready to applaud: "Well said, old mole! Canst work i' the earth so fast? A worthy pioneer!"

The furrow-slice, — does it not look appetizing to a hungry eye? And the field, when it is plowed, — does it not somehow suggest a giant brown-loaf, or gingerbread, methodically cut in impartial pieces? How cordially the earth invites the husbandman! It is either, "Ho! here is your racy soil for corn;" or, "Here is your choice land for wheat;" else, "Why seek you further for a vegetable garden plot?"

As this dry-land keel pursues its course, lifting the brown waves around it and leaving a permanent wake, scores of adventurers flock hither. What bird of the air spread the news among his kind that this field was to be plowed to-

day? Before one furrow's length is completed the farmer has a following of blackbirds and robins ready to share the toils and profits of tillage. Say what you will, this is coöperation: the birds have man to thank for to-day's entertainment, and man has the birds to thank for their services in behalf of future harvests. Down these feathered throats, almost too much engrossed with the pleasures of the palate to exchange the civilities of the day, goes the angle-worm, with all its knots and kinks; *item*, cutworm, slug, beetle, and mischievous larvæ unnumbered. Some one with a turn for numerical statistics has by calculation ascertained that "a redbreast requires daily an amount of food equal to an earthworm fourteen feet long." Consider, O man of toil, how greatly thy own welfare depends upon this surprising appetite: if the redbreast should be out of health but for a single season, what ill fortune might befall thee and thine!

The ground that was broken this morning is, long before sunset, disputed over by wandering clans of gnats. These fretful children of the earth have not yet learned that their air privilege extends beyond the limits of the furrow whence they come. Flies lazily sail hither and thither, their wings glimmering in the sunshine; fireflies of the day-time, I see, carrying sparks of argent light and leading fancy along the sylph trail. In a few hours after the plowing the ground is often covered with fine webs; delicate springes, perhaps, with which to catch the swarming gnats and flies.

Cannot you read yonder furrowed field? If the early Greeks wrote their language from right to left and from left to right, alternately, the system resembling, as they thought, the turnings made by the oxen in plowing (*Boustrophedon*), why should not the plowshare be likened to an immense pen or style, and the field which it traverses to a written

page,—or at least to a ruled page, in which sundry themes of great antiquity are copied in endless repetition? A plowed field is a writing of the palimpsest sort, in which year after year one theme is erased to give place to another, not a trace of the earlier hieroglyphic remaining. In the "rotation of crops," the order is, commonly, corn, oats, wheat, grass or clover, to which procession the plow fixes the period. To me, there is something of poetic justice in the precedence given, in this agricultural series, to the red man's plant: it is as though the virgin soil refused to be propitiated, or tamed to other use, until Indian Mondamin had been commemorated in the plumed and pennoned ranks of the maize. At any rate, it is recognized as good farming strategy to set the native plant to subdue the soil for the adoptive cereals.

Not all the fields which I have seen plowed this season are to be sown or planted. Some must run a course of discipline under the harrow, to rid them of the weeds they have gathered. Some worn fields, for good service done, are granted a time for rest, to lie in the sunshine and mellow during the longest days of the year; though no harvests be ripened here, this season, the soil itself is ripening. With these seemingly idle fields I have great sympathy. Pegasus plows for summer fallow.

—"All signs fail," we say in seasons of particularly bad weather, and the proverb applies equally well to times of disturbance in the world's moral atmosphere: we recognize the impossibility of predicting accurately what changes may occur in periods of political strife and social disorder, when old laws and precedents have lost authority and prestige, while no new ones are yet formed to serve in their place. The French war of the Fronde in the seventeenth century, though not without significance, was one of party rather than of principle: neither side was urged to the struggle

by any deep moral convictions; each strove for place and power, indifferent as to the means by which these were to be gained. So when La Rochefoucauld took his seat in M. Mazarin's carriage, beside his late-reconciled enemy, with the remark, "Everything happens in France," he described in a word the nature of the contest just come to a close, and in so doing characterized himself and other participants in it. We do not imagine that his remark was made to cover the least embarrassment with the situation; his own easy change of attitude seemed to him the most fit and natural thing possible. The pliant duke appears to me a type of a good many people less famous than he, of whom the world will never be without a fair proportion, and La Rochefoucauld's saying applies to individuals as well as to nations and political crises.

Everything happens with certain persons; they may do or say almost any conceivable thing, and the explanation of their aberrations is to be found without much searching. It is simply that such persons are without character, in the true sense of the term. Their words and acts cannot be taken to mean what they would in the mouths of others, as indications of permanent convictions and settled habits of feeling, but only as the expression of temporary, fluctuating opinions and impulses. Character is good or bad; but of whatever sort it may be, character is always force, and whenever we find it we recognize it as the index of conduct. What may not the man do who has no sense of honor, no loyalty to principle, no steadfastness in friendship? And what may the woman not do who is without dig-

nity and the self-respect that implies respect for others?

Half the people who are called eccentric deserve to have a much worse epithet applied to them. Here and there a man or woman is found whose oddities of opinion and erratic conduct are genuine, and the outcome of some real inborn twist in their mental and moral disposition. Such persons are generally tolerable, and sometimes very likable, their idiosyncrasies serving as a gentle entertainment rather than as an annoyance to us. We feel that they are quite unaware of their own queerness, which is the result of a native incapacity to comprehend the ordinary conventions of society. But there are other people whose eccentricities are not, or ought not, to be endured. They are not innocently ignorant, but willfully disregarding of a reign of law in the social world. The world's judgments are no doubt superficial, and therefore very commonly defective or false; but the world's conventions—that is, its rules tacitly agreed on for the preservation of the order and decency of social intercourse—are on the whole respectable and to be observed. But the unendurable "eccentric" prides himself upon being a law to himself in these matters. He likes to know that his acquaintance are saying of him, "Oh, that is Mr. B.'s way, you know. He is not like other people; he always does and says just what he pleases." And the notable fact is that so many persons are imposed on by this absurd affectation that they will let certain behavior pass for independence and originality which is nothing but simple rudeness, the expression of egotism and ill-breeding.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

History. Mr. H. H. Bancroft's thirteenth volume of *History of the Pacific States of North America* is the first volume in the subdivision *California*. (A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco.) The history is brought down to 1860 in this volume, and the minuteness of detail makes one somewhat apprehensive of the number of volumes which will be required to complete the set. Whatever may be said of Mr. Bancroft's plan of work, there can be no doubt that he is putting an immense amount of material into a shape accessible to historical students. — Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, by Paul Barron Watson (Harpers), is a careful study of all the printed material relating to the Emperor, with ample foot-notes, fortifying the author's position and making the book an admirable thesaurus for the student. The book necessarily involves a study of Christianity in the second century, and Mr. Watson has treated his theme with a reserve and a patient search for the true facts which impress one with a sense of his honesty and candor. He does not often allow himself to comment upon his subject, and the conclusions which he draws have therefore a higher value. He has, for example, a suggestive passage upon the relation of the Thoughts to the time in which they appeared, in comparison with modern religious speculation. The work is not a brilliant one, but it is every way creditable to the industry of the author. — Our Chancellor, sketches for a historical picture, by Moritz Busch (Scribners), is a Boswellian report of Bismarck and an entertaining and personal reading of modern European history. To Mr. Busch history is a capital story, with Bismarck for the central hero. — James and Lucretia Mott, Life and Letters, edited by their granddaughter, Anna Davis Hallowell (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.): a family memorial of two people whose life was a public life in the best sense. The Motts were as devoted to humanity as two *religieuses* might be to the Church. Their work was done within the pale of the Society of Friends, and as they enjoyed a reputation for heresy one may read of conflicts with that most peaceful sect which appear to differ chiefly in name from similar religious controversies among the people whom the Quakers protested against. The personality of Lucretia Mott is very vividly shown, and if the circumstance of life, as reproduced in this book, seems somewhat limited, all the more significant is the power of the woman who rose above it. Nowhere else, perhaps, can one find so clear a picture of Quaker life as developed upon its most protestant and aggressive side. — In the American Men of Letters series (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) the latest volume is Margaret Fuller Ossoli, by T. W. Higginson. Mr. Higginson has the advantage of coming after other writers, of having much interesting material not heretofore made public, and of being permitted by the scope of the series in which it appears to treat the theme in other than a strictly biographical manner. The free-

dom of handling is one of the agreeable characteristics of the book. Mr. Higginson has sketched a fine portrait of a notable woman; he has added a great many touches which increase one's perception of the character, and he has filled in the background with details which do not distract the attention from the portrait, but give it greater value. Of course it is Margaret Fuller as Mr. Higginson sees her, but that is just what gives value to a portrait and makes it superior to a photograph. — In the series of Biographies of Musicians which Jansen, McClurg & Co. are publishing, the latest number is Nohl's Life of Liszt, translated by George P. Upton. The book is more anecdotal and chatty than the previous books in this series have been. The author has wisely forborne to make a formal biography of a living man, and has contented himself with sketching his characteristics as they strike those who come into contact with him. — Wendell Phillips is a commemorative discourse by H. W. Beecher (Fords, Howard & Hulbert), and has a value for its personal reminiscences, not so much of Mr. Phillips as of the anti-slavery movement. — The lover of Americana will be certain to add to his collection *A Journal Kept in Canada and upon Burgoyne's Campaign in 1776-77*, by Lieutenant James M. Hadden. (Joel Munsell's Sons, Albany, N. Y.) General Rogers's explanatory chapter and notes are very valuable, though their value lies chiefly in the material rather than in the style, which lacks clearness and precision.

Science. Dr. Elliott Coues's *Key to North American Birds* (Estes & Lauriat) appears in a second edition, revised to date, and entirely rewritten. The first edition was published twelve years ago, and the present represents the author's studies as enlarged and ripened. The work has grown in dimensions, and includes his *General Ornithology*, an outline of the structure and classification of birds, and *Field Ornithology*, a manual of collecting, preparing, and preserving birds. The work is thoroughly illustrated, and like other books which have grown under favoring conditions makes for itself a commanding place. — The six numbers of *Science Ladders* (Putnam's), to which we have referred in their separate form, have now been gathered into a single fat volume. The author is the lady who writes under the pseudonym of N. D'Anvers. — *Brain Exhaustion*, with some preliminary considerations on Cerebral Dynamics, by J. Leonard Corning, M. D. (Appleton's), treats in a more technical and comprehensive manner of the subject popularly illustrated by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell in his admirable little tract *Wear and Tear*. This work is not, however, for professional readers alone, but of value to all students who watch their own and other people's symptoms, indicative of vital exhaustion through excessive brainwork. The study involves some curious researches into social life — *The True Theory of the Sun*, by Thomas Bassnett (Put-

nams), has the further descriptive title Showing the common origin of the solar spots and corona, and of atmospheric storms and cyclones, with the necessary formulæ and tables for computing the maximum and minimum epochs of solar activity, and the passages in time and place of the chief disturbers of the weather from the equator to the poles in both hemispheres. — Machinery of the Heavens, a system of physical astronomy, by A. P. Fichereau (Plaindealer Printing Co., Galesburg, Ill.): a series of essays, with an introductory letter, in which the author offers his revolutionary views upon the subject of worlds, comets, tides, and such universal themes with an airy lightness which would become a young man who should dig his father's grave with a tennis racket.

Poetry and the Drama. Pine Needles, or Sonnets and Songs, by Héloïse Durant (Putnams): a volume of a hundred short poems, in which the author appears rarely to have strayed away from her own self-consciousness. Surely the poetry which lives in the help of others springs from the power to see others. — Legends, Lyrics, and Sonnets, by Frances L. Mace (Cupples, Upham & Co.), has passed to a second edition. The legends are especially graceful, that of The Two Doves being simply and sweetly told. — Above the Grave of John Odenswurde, a cosmopolite, is the mysterious title of a volume of verse by J. Dunbar Hylton, M. D. (Howard Challen, New York.) The late Mr. Odenswurde does not appear in the volume except in the most incidental manner, and the poems are none of them elegiac. With the poems is bound up another work of art, The Præsidicide and Battle of Antietam. Dr. Hylton with just pride tells his readers that the title is a word of his own coining, and "is not to be found in any dictionary published up to this date." However, a general explanation is vouchsafed in the opening lines on the poem entitled Poets, where we are told,

"Poets are a wild, mysterious race,
The world is all their own;
They throw a darkness o'er the brightest place,
And make fair the drear and lone."

Dr. Hylton does all but the last. — The Parlor Muse is a selection of *vers de société* from modern poets. (Appleton.) It would certainly seem that the editor might have made a better selection. In the Conservatory belongs to the kitchen-parlor muse, and An Idyl of the Period also belongs downstairs. — Plantation Lays and other Poems, by Belton O'Neill Townsend. (Charles A. Calvo, Jr., Columbia, S. C.) Mr. Townsend surely need not have published these verses. They show so much general talent of another sort than poetical that among his qualities should have been some reverence for poetry as an art. He has treated poetry as if it were an accident. — Lyrics of the Law (Whitney, San Francisco) is a collection of songs and verses pertinent to the law and legal profession, selected from various sources. It is curious how many of these poems came from other than lawyers themselves. — Charles Brother & Co., of Philadelphia, send us a large pamphlet entitled Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, an Earthquake of Critic and Criticisms, by Professor C. C.

Schaeffer. This Shakespearean study, which involves a consideration of the Brooklyn Bridge, is further described as "an Engine sent ahead to clear the track for Professor Schaeffer's New System of Teaching Languages," which it appears is done by steam, or possibly by electricity, since the professor undertakes to impart a full knowledge of the French verb (he does not say which verb) in ten minutes. — Ballads and Verses Vain (Scribner's Sons) is the title of a collection of highly finished lyrics, chiefly in old French measures, by A. Lang, selected and arranged by his friend Austin Dobson, who, in a bit of very graceful verse, introduces the volume to the American reader.

Fiction. Mr. Crawford's novel A Roman Singer has been published in book form by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The style of dress is very agreeable. — Dearly Bought, by Clara Louisa Burnham (Sumner, Chicago), is a youngish story. — Miss Toosey's Mission and Laddie (Roberts Bros.), two little English stories charmingly told, and with the pathos which comes from contrasts of social life. — The Surgeon's Stories, by Z. Topelius (Jansen, McClurg & Co.), approaches completion. The fifth and penultimate volume is Times of Linnæus. With leisure enough one could extract much pleasure out of these minute pictures of life. — Stratford by the Sea is the fourth number in Holt's American Novel series. It is an excess of patriotism which would prefer it to any of the Leisure Hour series. — The Entailed Hat, or Patty Cannon's Times, a Romance, by George Alfred Townsend (Harpers): a story *à l'outrage de mon chapeau*, and with as many turns and embarrassing creeks as the Eastern shore which it celebrates. — Thorns in Your Sides, by Harriette A. Keyser (Putnams), is a novel founded on dynamite. There is some rough force in the novel, too. — Archibald Malmanson, by Julian Hawthorne (Funk & Wagnalls), is prefaced by an admirable bit of easy philosophy. The story itself is a strong piece of work. — A Commercial Trip with an Uncommercial Ending, by George H. Bartlett (Putnams), is a lively story, the hero of which is a bachelor commercial traveler. The business in which he was engaged clearly affected his literary style. — Good Stories of Man and other Animals, by Charles Reade, appears in Harper's Franklin Square Library. — The third volume of Stories by American Authors (Scribner's Sons) contains The Spider's Eye, by Fitz-James O'Brien; A Story of the Latin Quarter, by Mrs. Burnett; Two Purse Companions, by G. P. Lathrop; Poor Ogla-Moga, by D. D. Lloyd; A Memorable Murder, by Celia Thaxter; and Venetian Glass, by Brander Matthews. — Bound Together and Doctor Johns (Scribner's Sons) are the latest two volumes added to the new edition of Donald G. Mitchell's complete writings. Bound Together is the title of a group of miscellaneous papers, and Doctor Johns, which the elder readers of The Atlantic will recall pleasantly, is the author's most elaborate attempt at fiction. Since these lines were in type, a third volume of the series has been issued — a collection of rural and architectural studies under the title of Out-of-Town Places.

Education and Text-Books. The thirtieth Annual Report of the Superintendent of Public Instruction for the State of New York has been received. The letters from the various county superintendents are often curious reading, since each superintendent writes independently of all the rest. It will surprise some to know that New York educates over a thousand Indian children. — The Art of Oratory, system of Delsarte, has been translated from the French of the Abbé Delaunoy and Madame Arnaud, who were pupils of Delsarte. The volume also includes Delsarte's solitary essay on The Attributes of Reason. The work is translated by Frances A. Shaw and Abby L. Alger. It is a second edition of a work which we have already noticed, and has an interest for students of psychology as well as students of oratory. (Edgar S. Werner, Albany.) — Word Lessons, a complete speller, adapted for use in the higher primary, intermediate, and grammar grades. In this work all the complications and ingenuities of our fearful English speech are set before the child in a manner designed to lure him into correctness. (Clark & Maynard.) — The same firm has added to their school series of English classics a selection of Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare, Bryant's Thanatopsis and other poems, and passages from Shakespeare adapted to declamation. — The Academic Orthoepist is the title of a useful little number in the same style as the preceding, in which words most likely to be mispronounced are given with their correct and their incorrect pronunciation. The work is not final, however. In spite of it, good speakers may still say *hurth* for *hearth*, and *ec*onomical. Walter Bagehot also was called by his nearest relations *Ba'jut*, not *Ba'jut*, unless we are greatly mistaken. The little book will offer endless opportunities for social wrangling. (Clark & Maynard.) — Hazen's Complete Spelling-Book, for all grades of public and private schools, by M. W. Hazen. (Ginn, Heath & Co.) Like other improved spelling-books it combines dictation exercises and synonyms. — A revised and enlarged edition of Warren Colburn's First Lessons has been published. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) The gradation has been made more even, the number and variety of examples have been increased, the antiquated and thus unfamiliar forms have been dropped, but in no essential particular has a system been discarded which has stood the test of sixty years' use, and been made the basis of many other mental arithmetics. In its present form the book gives promise of an equally long and useful life. — Scott's Quentin Durward, edited by Charlotte M. Yonge, has been added to Ginn, Heath & Co.'s excellent series of classics for children. Miss Yonge's introduction and notes are not especially adapted to the intelligence of children, and we think it would have been well to add a table of pronunciation of the many foreign names and words. — History Topics for the Use of High Schools and Colleges, by William Francis Allen. (Ginn, Heath & Co.) It is a useful little manual for teachers who desire to give out topics for study. We wish that Professor Allen would draw up a similar manual, designed to teach the logic of his-

tory. — Professor John W. Burgess, of Columbia College, has written an essay on The American University, When shall it be? Where shall it be? What shall it be? (Ginn, Heath & Co.) It is an interesting contribution to the subject, but strikes us as too doctrinaire in treatment, with not sufficient consideration of those elements of national and social life which must determine the conclusion rather than the actual precedents of Germany.

Books of Reference. The Globe Pronouncing Gazetteer of the World, descriptive and statistical, with etymological notices, being a Geographical Dictionary for popular use, with thirty-two maps. (Putnams.) The titles are very brief, and as regards the United States not always accurate. Massachusetts is not bounded on the south by Long Island. It is natural that Amherst, a town of 800 inhabitants in Australia, should be admitted, and one also in Nova Scotia, while the seat of an influential college is omitted. — A brief Handbook of American Authors, by Oscar Fay Adams (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is a companion volume to the same editor's Handbook of English Authors, and is even better done. Those who consult it will be surprised at the number of living authors whom Mr. Adams has caught for his collection. Our only criticism is upon his occasional judgment upon books and authors. These judgments are too brief to be thorough, and occur just often enough to irritate. It would have been better to have refrained altogether from comment. — The United States Art Directory and Year Book, compiled by S. R. Koehler (Cassell), has reached its second year. It is a practical guide for all interested in the progress of art. It contains an Artist Directory and very full alphabetical list of art schools, with sufficient details to characterize them. It contains also a record of exhibitions and a great deal of useful information. If Mr. Koehler is able to keep his work up each year, making it more and more accurate, he will render great service. — A Complete Index to Littell's Living Age, by Edward Roth (1135 Pine Street, Philadelphia), is in process of publication. It is classified and printed only on one side of the leaf, so that it can be extended and annotated by the owner.

Politics and Political Economy. Politics, an Introduction to the Study of Comparative Constitutional Law, by William W. Crane and Bernard Moses (Putnams): an admirable treatise, full of suggestive thought. It may be doubted if the authors have given sufficient attention to the innate force of the commonwealth, when they point out the gradual fusion of the States into one nation which is going on. That is, there is in the commonwealth a power which may be recovered by the people and still used for defense against a possible tyranny of the general government. — Six Centuries of Work and Wages, the history of English labor, by James E. Thorold Rogers. (Putnams.) Mr. Rogers, in this valuable historical work, reaches some very interesting conclusions as to the political vitality of the English people as distinguished from the merely administrative operations of the government. He is disposed to rest the development of modern society

upon industrial occupation, and in his study of wages and prices never loses sight of the political relations. — *The Woman Question in Europe*, a series of original essays, edited by Theodore Stanton, with an introduction by Frances Power Cobbe. The several papers are by special authorities. Mrs. Fawcett, for example, writes of England. They are all interesting, and give an admirable means of taking a general survey. (Putnams.) — *Wages and Trade in Manufacturing Industries in America and in Europe*, by J. Schoenhof, is a tract published for the New York Free Trade Club (Putnams), and directed chiefly against Mr. Robert P. Porter's letters to the New York Tribune. — *Repudiation*, by George Walton Green, is a tract published by the Society for Political Education in New York.

Travel. *The High Alps of New Zealand, or a Trip to the Glaciers of the Antipodes*, with an ascent of Mount Cook, by William Spotswood Green. (Macmillan.) Mr. Green has the enthusiasm of the mountain-climber. This took him to New Zealand, and he gives an animated account of his excursions there, with incidental pictures of colonial life. — *Fifth Avenue to Alaska* is the work of another lover of adventure. Mr. Edward Pierrepont left Fifth Avenue the last day of May, 1883, and in four months had made a tour of between twelve and thirteen thousand miles. He kept a full note-book, and has printed it with some enlargement. It is a boyish sort of book, but we wish other boys would spend their time as sensibly. — *In the Heart of Africa*, by Sir Samuel W. Baker. (Funk & Wagnalls.) The author's name is attached to the book, on the ground that he wrote the larger works from which this is condensed. There is a slight disingenuousness in the title. — *The Historical Monuments of France*, by James F. Hunnewell (J. R. Osgood & Co.), is notable for its intention and its illustrations rather than for its letterpress.

The House and Household Economy. *My House, an Ideal*, by Oliver B. Bunce (Scribners): an agreeable little book, in which a man who has seen many houses, and has not lost his reason, draws off upon paper his views as to the house he would build for himself. As he is a sensible man, open to impressions of beauty, but not carried away by the latest craze into whimsical notions, he succeeds in suggesting a very reasonable house, both without and within. — *Virginia Cookery-Book*, compiled by May Stuart Smith, professes to contain recipes drawn from the experience of old Virginia housekeepers; and tradition makes Virginia the aunt of the family of States as well as the mother of Presidents. (Harper's Franklin Square Library.) — *The Franco-American Cookery-Book*, by Félix I. Déliée (Putnams), is a complete kitchen library in itself. The volume contains upwards of two thousand receipts, and gives an admirably arranged *menu* for each day in the year. The work has been prepared with great care and a thorough knowledge of the subject. Mr. Déliée has long been known as an experienced *chef* and caterer.

Literary History and Criticism. *The Goethe Jahrbuch*, published in Frankfurt by Rütten &

Loening, contains a translation into German of a paper by Horatio S. White, on Goethe in America, which gives a summary of Goethean scholarship here. — Dr. Anton Schönbach sends us from the University at Graz his *Beiträge zur Charakteristik Nathaniel Hawthorne's*. — Mr. S. E. Dawson's *A Study*, with Critical and Explanatory Notes of *The Princess*, has passed to a second edition (Dawson Brothers, Montreal), which has an added value in containing a letter from Tennyson, which takes up several points discussed by Mr. Dawson. The *Study* is not so scientific as Mr. Genung's *Study of In Memoriam*, but it will interest many students. — *A Printer's Hints to Authors* is the title of a little book in boards, sent out from the Riverside Press, and designed for authors who are about to print. It conveys in a delicate and considerate way hints with regard to the preparation of copy, and the politeness of the little book ought to turn away a great deal of wrath. — *Essays and Leaves from a Note Book* by George Eliot. (Harpers.) The essays are chiefly on literary topics, and the notes have a reflective turn by an author upon her vocation. The book served its end in its original form of contributions to magazines, but it is doubtful if it will now gain many readers, even from the admirers of George Eliot. — In the *English Men of Letters* series (Harpers), R. W. Church contributes the volume devoted to Bacon. He sums up well the great offense of Bacon in the words, "It was the power of custom over a character naturally and by habit too pliant to circumstances." — Ralph Waldo Emerson, a paper read before the New York Genealogical and Biographical Society, with *Afterthoughts*, by William Hague, D. D. (Putnams.) Dr. Hague gives personal reminiscences, and also makes an examination of the general drift of Emerson's philosophy, which he pronounces in its issue anti-Christian. — The fifth and sixth volumes of Bryant's complete works (D. Appleton & Co.) contain his literary, biographical, and descriptive essays, and his sketches of travel at home and abroad. Though Bryant was the master of a singularly clear and compact prose style, it is his poetry that will give him his rank in American literature. The admirable *Life of Bryant*, by Parke Godwin, which occupied the first two volumes of this edition, was reviewed in *The Atlantic* for September, 1883.

Theology. *Sermons to the Spiritual Man*, by W. G. T. Shedd. (Scribners.) The work is a complement to the author's sermons to the natural man. The difficulty which some readers will find lies in the separation of the two bodies of hearers. There is a spiritual man and there is a natural man, but is he necessarily two citizens? — *The interesting and suggestive Teaching of the Twelve Apostles* has been printed in a neat pamphlet, the Greek text and English translation being accompanied by very brief introduction and notes by Professors Hitchcock and Brown. (Scribners.) — *The Clew of the Maze and The Spare Half Hour*, by Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon. (Funk & Wagnalls.) The former part of the work is a rhetorical plea for faith as a guide in life; the latter part is made up of incidents and reflections of a homely sort relating to the religious life.